THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Clarence Budington Kelland—Ben Ames Williams—Elizabeth Frazer—George Pattullo

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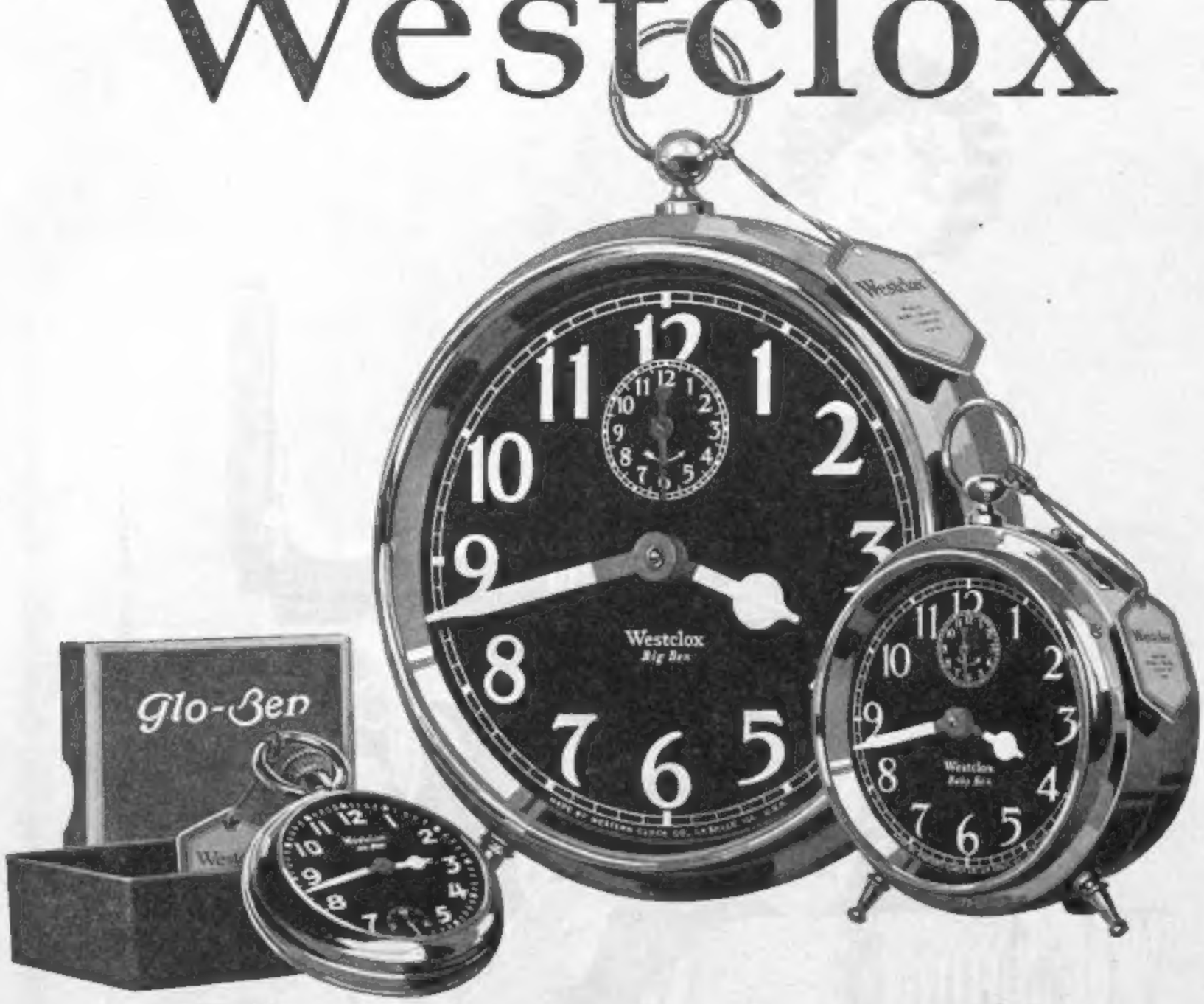

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OUR AMERICAN DIPLOMAT

By Richard Washburn Child

ONCE Elihu Root said to me that if the peoples of the world rather than governments and diplomats were to determine foreign policies, it was time for the peoples of the world to have education about foreign affairs.

The bare truth is that we are still lacking in good education of this kind. We have plenty of discussion clubs and conferences and publications, but too many of these wear the mask of searching for the truth, when in reality they are tying up the opinions of the gullible with the leading strings of some sentimental crusade or with some special foreign or domestic selfish interest which can afford propaganda and goose-stuffing. Unvarnished fact is what we need—and want.

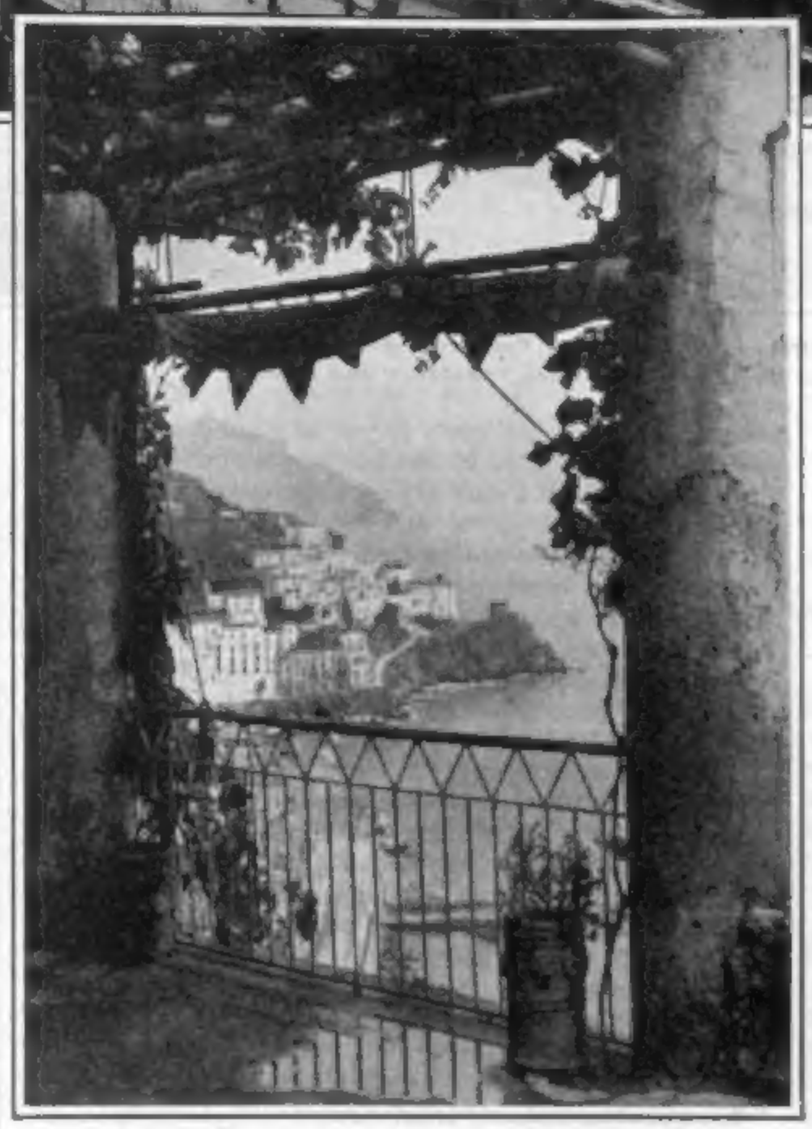
Almost every day I am astounded by the dark ignorance, even of educated men and women, as to American diplomacy, as to the methods of handling international business, as to the difference between foreign affairs as they are presented in utterly meaningless though noble phrases by impractical dreamers and sentimentalists, and foreign affairs as they are presented by cold, hard facts mixed with workable idealism. Misconceptions as to American diplomacy buzz around like troublesome gnats in the mists of sentimental slogans and mushy thinking, and most Americans who are stung by the common species, Benevolent Ignoramus, are stung merely because they are in the dark.

Ignorance in High Places

IGNORANCE of American diplomacy perches in high places. When the President gave me a choice of three foreign posts and I chose to go as ambassador to Italy, there was rejoicing among certain old-guard senators who, suspecting that I represented Roosevelt liberalism, were glad to see the ocean between us. Senator Penrose, however, a man of fine education, abilities and bluntness, could not restrain these words: "All right. So far as anything of consequence is concerned there is nothing in it. The Senate will confirm the appointment, the boat will sail, the credentials will be handed to the king, another ambassador will be

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Upper End of the Forum and Arch of Septimius Severus, Rome



AT LEFT: PHOTO. COPYRIGHT BY BURTON HOLMES. FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Amalfi, From the Capuchin Convent Garden

called 'Your Excellency' and then it is all over but the shouting." The fact is that Penrose was uttering rubbish; I found that the job of an American diplomat is a serious, eight-hour and sometimes eighteen-hour a day job, more useful and constructive than some senators' labors, and if a diplomat does not find the task like that he can always make it large enough. For the man who takes the job as a job and not as something pinned on his chest, there is hard work enough.

The next man who advised me was a journalist whose name is known to every reader of political subjects. He turned on the following old disk record: "In the past, before the cable and the radio and fast ocean mails, a diplomat had to use his own judgment and act on his own initiative; today, however, he is only a messenger boy who receives his instructions by code message and carries out these instructions to the letter."

Are Ambassadors Messenger Boys?

IN MY experience I often thought of this misconception of the facts, and I have seen occasions when so much was left to me to handle that I found myself wishing that I had more instructions rather than less. Of course if an emissary sent abroad by the United States knows it all and feels that he is a preaching missionary who has the function of reforming the world, if he gallops over to his post ready to teach everybody and everything and is bored by the process of learning, if he wants to make a personal record and have his name and face in the papers, if he wants to spring trick plays—then, of course, he may be irritated by commands from the President or the Secretary of State. If, on the other hand, he can see that the foreign affairs of his country are a big and humane business, founded upon broad world-wide policy, conducted by wise organization more efficiently than it could be conducted by the personal whimseys of individual diplomats, he will be delighted that no matter how much he may be called Your Excellency and honored by foreigners as if he were a generalissimo, so far as the State Department and his country are concerned

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Rospigliosi Palace, the Residence of the U. S. Ambassador

he will be a good soldier, and a general only when generalship is called for.

Of course in the days of President Wilson the messenger-boy fashion reached its top. The White House sought Secretaries of State who would supply unquestioning obedience first and their own judgment afterward. In a general way this system of organization was passed down to ambassadors and ministers. Worse yet, some representatives abroad were checked up as to their opinions by informal investigators. When the Administration was fearful that Page in London was leaning with Conservative thought in England, an American journalist turned up to get the Laborites' viewpoint. I went to China and Japan in those days before we entered the war, and no small part of my mission was to report outside the usual channels the political attitude of the Far East, the loyalty of various nations to the Allied cause and the strength of our own position in Asia.

The Long Rope of Discretion

I TRUST I performed a useful service, but I have since had doubt as to the fairness or wisdom of the State Department, directly or indirectly, doing investigating or playing politics around its representatives or behind their backs. Secretary Hughes does not engage in organization methods of this type. If the representative sent to a foreign country is unable to make accurate observations and report them and if his negotiating faculties are short weight the square remedy is to get a new representative.

A wise Secretary of State, instead of making a dependable ambassador or minister a mere messenger boy, will realize that often the man who is on the playing field knows more about the game than the manager of the team who is sitting in the home office, and he will give his representative a long rope of discretion. At the Conference of Genoa, for instance, I went, not as a member of the conference either officially or unofficially but merely as ambassador to Italy interested in the international conference attended by more nations than any other in history. It was my duty to report progress just as I would report any other large political event in Italy; it was my duty to disclose in a friendly spirit, when asked to do so, the attitude of my Government. I found myself in the delicate but advantageous position of unselfish detachment. Every bit of our power to help would have been lost by taking membership. As it was, official representatives of the conference, even those of the large European powers, came constantly to our hotel rooms for informal discussion and suggestions. By having the confidence of various partisans, the American representative was often able to soften suspicions and avert useless conflicts of short-sighted selfishness. Looking back on that conference I am doubly assured that the United States was properly out of an affair which appeared to us futile and, in any case, none of our business. All the good offices and helpfulness we could render were rendered in an open and friendly spirit, and no small part of that result was due to the fact that President Harding and Secretary Hughes felt that their representative might have a loose rein. When a tight place came on one occasion my code clerk, who had just untangled a code message from Secretary Hughes, threw it onto my desk with a grin.

"The Secretary certainly understands the signals," said he, forgetting diplomatic plush phrases in his enthusiasm. "He's thrown to you at second, and that means a put-out for the foxiest base runner on the whole European team. If I may say so, Charley can certainly play ball!"

On the whole, the notion that the modern diplomat is a messenger boy is nonsense, but it persists even among foreign correspondents of the American press, some of whom I discovered know a great deal. Some of them even know inside information which has not the slightest foundation. When I endeavored by plain words at the Conference of Lausanne to procure the extension of recognition for our universal open-door principle of international dealing, when I asked that the recognition given the Hay doctrine in the Far East should be applied to the Near East, I did it not by specific instructions from Washington. I did it because the open door is United States policy. The people of the United States, furthermore, believe that no strong nations by force or intrigue should endeavor to monopolize the resources of smaller nations. As I have said, the foreign policy of the United States as restored in the last few years, is this—a simple statement:

We will steal nothing from others;

We will allow no others to steal from us;

We are against the others who steal from others.

The average citizen knows that this policy is sincere, that as a people and as a government we mean it, that if it is carried out in action rather than in lithographed crusades or by meaningless molly-talk or by worthless documents signed with a flourish, it will do more for peace than all the emotional claptrap on the whole junk pile.

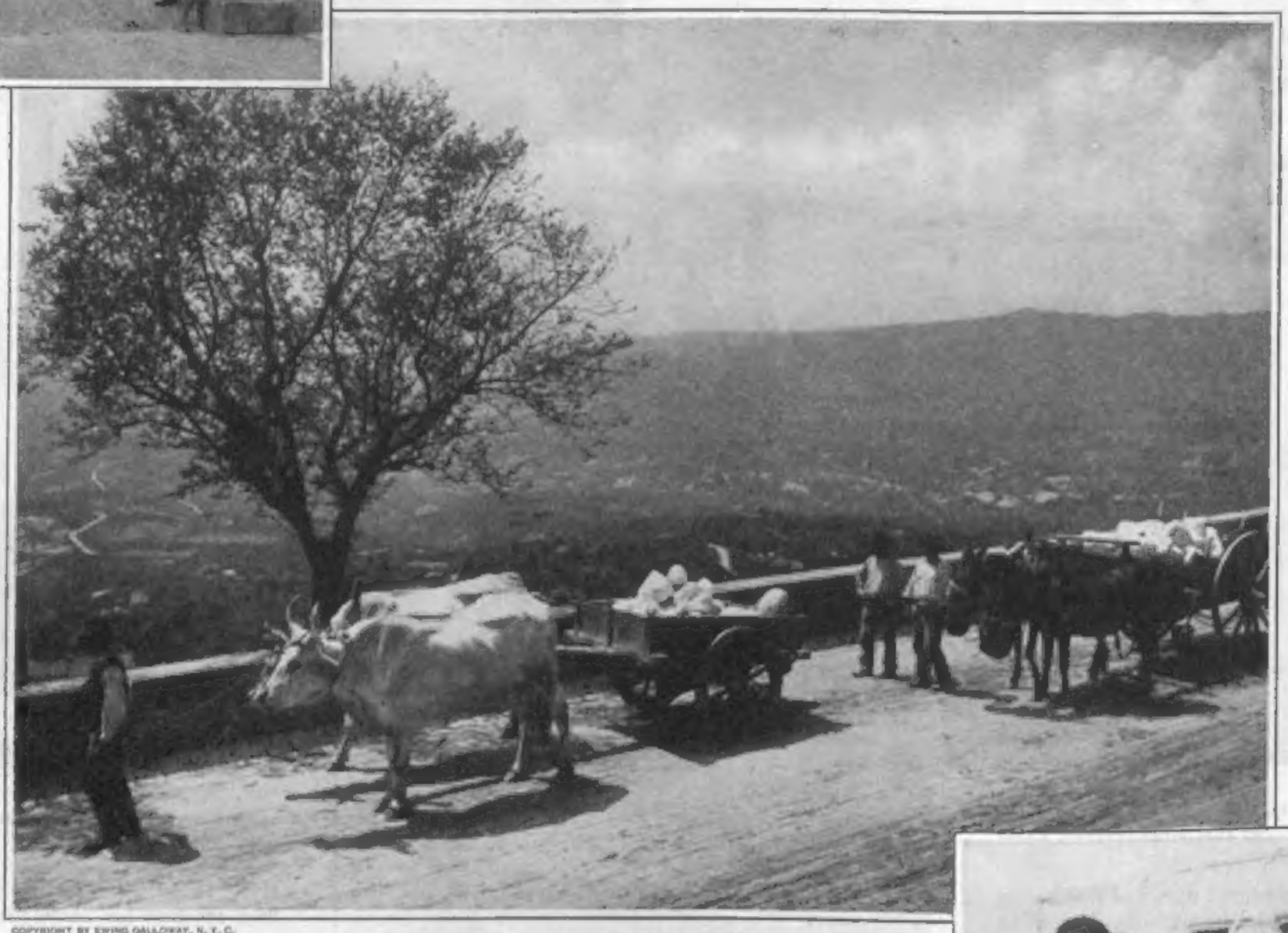
So I saw no reason why I should not say so, and I said so.

This startled some of my newspaper friends. They were still more startled when within twenty-four hours the representative of Great Britain felt moved to declare that Great Britain was also in favor of the open-door policy. Some of these correspondents feed newspapers at home which are siding with a foreign policy the slogan for which is, apparently, "More sentiment and less sense." Any reader of THE POST will know the kind of shelved politician or organization or newspaper that is always saying that our foreign policy should be free from political partisanship. Unfortunately these are often the very office-hungry, blubbery or scheming vehicles whose partisanship is directed at undermining the structure of our national foreign policy, discrediting what they can and often grossly misrepresenting facts.

At the Lausanne Conference

AS AN example: I went to the Lausanne Conference as the chief delegate of the United States. I and my associates sat next to the inviting powers. Our names were printed on the official rôle with the others. All I had to say went into the official record and can be found there. One of the purposes of the conference was to make a treaty of peace with Turkey, but since the Wilson Administration had refused to declare war on Turkey it would be difficult to see how the Harding Administration could sign a treaty of peace with Turkey. One of the chief delegates of the allied powers complained to me rather bitterly that the voice of the United States attracted more attention than his. The United States delegation did not vote; neither did any other delegation. There is almost never any such thing as voting in modern international conferences, but when it came to keeping the Black Sea open to the world it was the

(Continued on Page 118)



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Bringing Alabaster From the Mountain Quarries at Volterra. At the Right—Ambassador Child, Mrs. Child and Their Daughters, Constance and Anne

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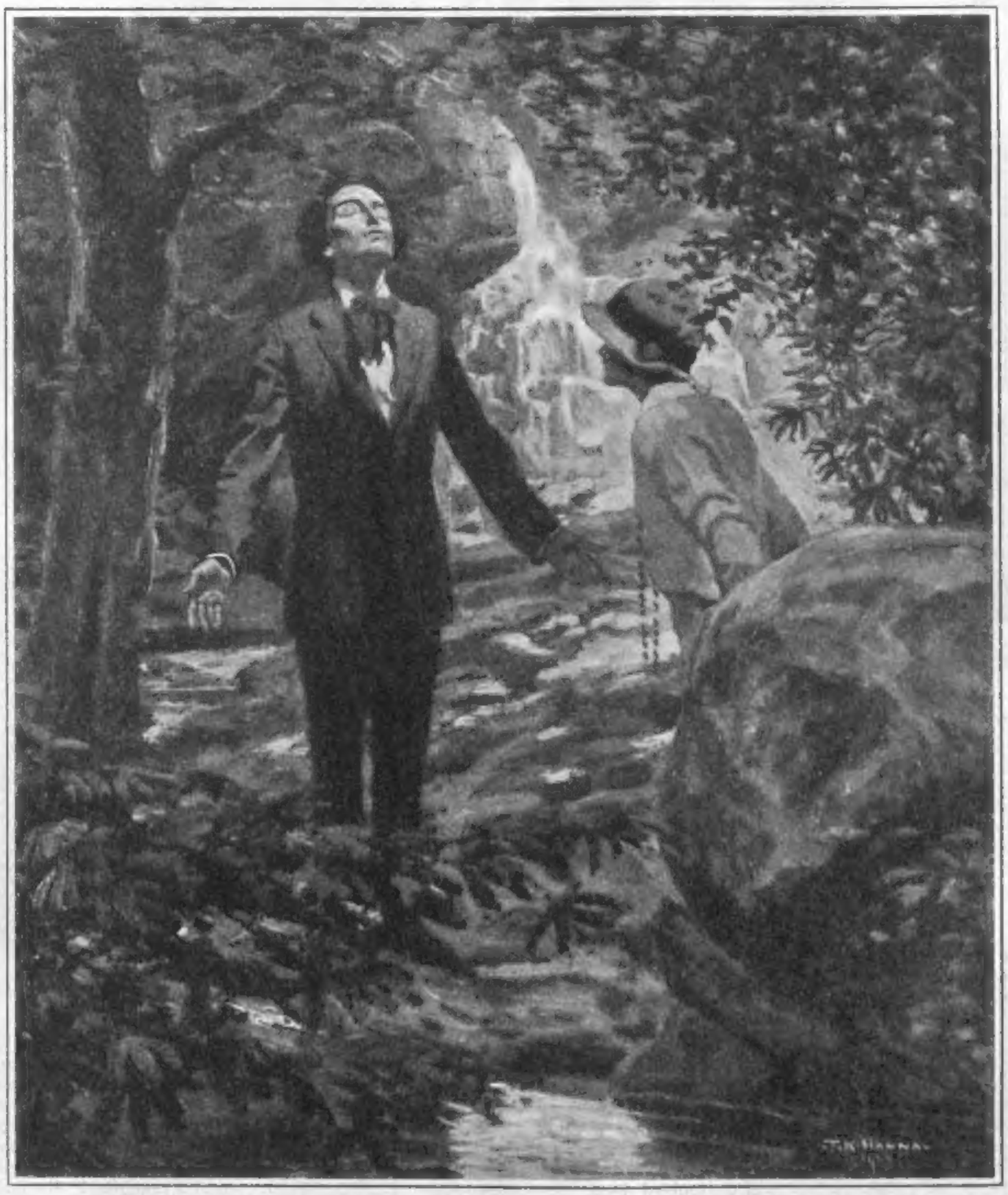
STILL FACE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA

IT WAS an incredible room, and gruesome, this in which Col. Amadeo Perna preserved for his future satisfaction plastic records of his miracles. Tables, shelves, cabinets supported plaster-of-Paris life masks, always in pairs; and it was much more wholesome to study the cast which stood upon the right than that which stood upon the left, because that one recorded the completed miracle, whereas the one to the left presented the horror upon which the miracle had been performed. When a shell fragment tears away a human face the result is not to be contemplated with equanimity. Nevertheless, one can imagine the young men who bore the right-hand faces giving thanks to the Virgin for the genius and the peculiar art of the great colonel-surgeon.

The room was on the ground floor of that edifice in the city of Rome to which popular tongue had given the name of the Hospital for Monsters. Its official title contained the word *stomatoiatrico*, signifying those who are wounded in the mouths. It was reached through a huge graveled courtyard, high-walled, in which wandered aimlessly scores of young men in stiff blue-gray garments resembling pajamas. The half of these young men presented faces to the sun—where a month ago had been no faces. It is true their mothers would not have known them, for these were not the countenances with which they had been born, nor which had grown with them since childhood, developing with the developments of their several characters. But they were good, serviceable, working faces, fit to walk the streets and to be looked upon by children. The other half of the wanderers in the courtyard hid behind masks and gauze and bandages that with which they might not walk the public thoroughfares or exhibit to the public gaze, while they awaited their turns in that operating room where Colonel Perna exercised his genius for sculpture in the clay of Adam.



"I See You Free, Signorina—Free, at Peace, Swept Clean of Resentments and of Hatreds"

At that hour, if one had asked the sister at the door if it were possible to see the colonel, she would have replied, "It may not be, sir; the doctor works a miracle." And her voice would have been low, reverent, as befits one who speaks of a holy thing.

It was true, sleeping under an anæsthetic, there lay upon the table one who from his heels to his chin was a man. When one says that there were eyes it is best to pause and wait and forgo description. Over him the colonel bent, austere, calm, studying with the artist's eye. Presently he set about his work, deftly, surely, and in due course the thing was accomplished—upon that man's body a man's face was made to appear.

Then the surgeon, having finished, would have withdrawn but for an exclamation by the sister who had seconded his labors.

"Oh, sir," she said in the Italian tongue, "look, behold!"

In her voice was such a note of awe, of wonder, almost of fright, that the colonel arrested his departure to turn and peer down upon his handiwork; and there he, too, stood amazed, startled by the thing he saw, the face he had created.

Though the face was blotched, discolored; though there remained visible unhealed seams and junctures and the needlework of surgery, yet the shape and character of the countenance were revealed; and the colonel marveled if chance or heaven or hell had guided his hand in the fashioning of it. First he was impressed by the potential beauty of it; but this was only momentary—might have been gratifying to the artist, nothing more. There succeeded the perception that here was not mere comeliness, but something more, something greater, a thing to marvel at. It was as if he had sculptured a soul, lofty, serene. It was the face of one who dwelt upon mountain tops, pure, detached from life, the face of a thinker of lofty thoughts, of one who had sought and found purity in contemplation. It was the face of one selected by mysterious forces to master and to propound some high esoteric philosophy, to answer some cosmic riddle. Purity and serenity were the foundation notes of it. So might have looked Gautama or Mani or one of ancient Egypt who had mastered the mysteries of life and death and dwelt in thought with Osiris and Isis and Horus.

The colonel withdrew a step.

"Sister," he asked, "what manner of man was this before ——"

"That, sir, is unknown to me," she said in a whisper.

"When"—the colonel hesitated—"when he has healed, when Nature has completed my feeble efforts, see that he is brought to me."

"I understand," said the sister.

In good time this man with the new face walked the graveled courtyard with the other convalescents; but he was not one of them, for the countenance he wore set him apart; they withdrew from him and whispered, peasants that they were, and exhibited a curious fear. The processes of the colonel's miracle were being erased rapidly from his face by healing, so that it was smooth, oval, and of an arresting pallor. The Italian sun was without power to turn it to bronze. This transparent ivory only made more perfect the modeling of the features, which the man himself scrutinized daily in his mirror. He scrutinized his features and strove to visualize the face which had once identified him, and he knew—knew that no living being could look upon him and say, "This man is that man." At this certainty he did not smile with satisfaction or frown with disappointment. Indeed, no emotion showed upon his face, no thought of his mind wrought a change of feature. Whatever he might have known internally of agony or of joy, of love or hatred, of fear or hope, his face remained the same, lofty, detached, serene. For though the colonel was able to give form, he had not been supreme to give life. One thing he could not restore, and that was play of feature. He could create a face, but forever it must remain a face of one expression, unchangeable, invariable, still.

Upon the day of his discharge Colonel Perna sent for him, and standing over the man regarded him with a feeling of unease.

"My man," he said, "I have your name from the records. You are of the Sixth Battery of Mountain Artillery."

"Yes, excellency."

"By your tongue you are of Naples."

"Yes, excellency."

"Before the war you were—what?"

"A man, excellency; only a man."

"Ah!" The colonel frowned. "God has made me his instrument to give you a new face. My ease would be greater did I know what manner of man wears that face. It is such a face, my man, as it may be a great good for the world to have loosed upon it—or a great evil."

"It contents me, excellency."

"How shall you make use of it?"

"As other men make use of their faces, excellency."

"No, my man, because the faces of other men are such as their lives and their thoughts and their actions have made them. Each face tells its story, my man, gives its assurance or its warning. But your face is not your face—it is a mask of flesh. It betrays nothing. Because it is what it is, it may mislead."

"That, excellency, is not my doing."

"No, and therefore I am troubled. I would know if you are a man whose self entitles him to wear such a face."

"Nothing, excellency, save my conduct can answer that."

"True, true. . . . You are dismissed."

On that day the man was discharged from the Hospital for Monsters, no longer a monster, carrying out into the world a face which was not his face. He vanished into the mass of that great city which had known its Ahenobarbus and its Marcus Antoninus; its Maximianus, the swineherd emperor, and its Saint Peter; its gods of Olympus and its God of Nazareth. . . . He vanished.

II

THE old lady stared down into the bowl of blackness where the village lived. It was a lake, to her fancy, for she was an imaginative old lady, and waves of darkness rolled in lazily and broke at her feet; it was a darkness with substance and movement, and it seemed to breathe. Out toward the middle where the lake was deepest—she was given to homely similes—it breathed like a pot of

Suddenly Faith Screamed and Shrank Against the Resented Young Man. "There!" She Said in a Whisper. "There!"

corn-meal porridge. She could see great bubbles arise, slowly, deliberately, and burst, leaving craters which filled lazily. Oh, her nightcap—not a fancy affair of lace and chiffon, but substantial and of linen, down over the ears and tied under the chin—covered an imagination which seventy years of experience had supplied with marvelous raw material.

She knew all about nights. She had married a husband, mothered a son, married off a son, and welcomed a granddaughter, so she would know all about nights. Sleepless nights! Nights of anxiety, nights of disillusion, nights of hope, nights of disappointment, nights of waiting! She knew all the sounds that ought to belong to nights, and the length of night, and the varying shades of the consistency of it. She was a connoisseur of nights. Sleepless nights of waiting for her menfolks to come, or for her menfolks to do—for them to succeed or for them to fail! The woman of seventy who does not know all about nights has not been a woman complete, ornamented and made whole by love and by grief.

She knew the sounds that belonged to night, and that was why she stood now in her nightcap looking down into the mountain cup brimming with its fluid blackness, and with the village settled at the bottom like tea grounds—because she had heard a sound that did not belong to the night, a sound that had no right in the night, and that had disturbed her ear by its irrelevance.

Nothing but silence and impenetrability! Then there moved on the air a stealthiness, slithering, creeping, light touches as of a hand fumbling door or window. The old lady reached behind her to lift something from a chair, and, leaning forward, dropped it from both hands. From the brick walk beneath resulted a startling clash, and then, as the old lady worked her arm up and down, a clanging and jangling as of a number of tin cans tied to a frightened mongrel's tail. It was not the sort of sound the most phlegmatic night prowler would have prepared himself to hear, for there was something humorous and jeering about it as it continued for half a minute. Then it ceased, and only light intermittent jangles occurred as the old lady drew up her line and lifted over the sill an assortment of kitchen ware. She chuckled.

"I calc'late we won't be murdered in our beds this night," she said, and forthwith retired to the comfort of her feather tick—the one possession from which nothing but the final summons could part her. Presently the listening room was soothed as to its startled nerves by gentle nasal quavers such as any gentlewoman might offer as an earnest of untroubled sleep.

In such manner, utilizing an invention of her own, did Mrs. Malachi Newton maintain the sanctity of her dwelling—or, more accurately, of her granddaughter's dwelling—against whoever or whatever was abroad in the night.

As had been her custom these fifty years, Grandma Newton was up and doing before the cow was milked. She aired her bed, went to the window and looked down again upon the bowl of a valley which tipped up on all sides with the evident intention of keeping the village of Westminster from running out of it, and considered how reassuring was the daylight. There was no lake of ink now with waves breaking at her feet, or distant lazy bubbles breaking its surface. On the contrary, it glowed. It was as if a dam had burst, inundating the nestling place with radiance—a freshet of sunlight out of the east. White houses extraordinarily neat and clean. They straggled about aimlessly like Holsteins pasturing in a meadow. White churches with twinkling spires. Gracious mountain slopes foaming with green. The span of the bridge, and off to the right of it a long, squat ugliness crawling down the river bank. This was the Red Mill. One could not be apprehensive and look at all that. The subject of the painting framed by Mrs. Newton's window was Contentment. Nothing could happen there that had not been accustomed to happen; such a scene would tolerate no innovation.

Grandma Newton, having arranged the mass of her white hair, gathered softly her lethal tinware and bore it surreptitiously to the kitchen. Then she aroused the hired girl, whose name was Huldy, and breakfast commenced to have itself prepared. Not until then did grandma climb the broad staircase from the great entrance hall to introduce her granddaughter to a new day.

Faith Newton awoke resentfully; she had awakened resentfully on a number of hundreds of past mornings—ever since, in fact, the splendid mansion on the lip of the valley had ceased to teem with servants and to rollic with guests. Marks of it showed faintly now at the corners of a mouth which it was a sin so to blemish, and in eyes of a peculiar, almost startling liquid blackness. Breakfast in bed, served on one of those short-legged trays, was a thing well remembered, but only remembered. A saddle horse and a runabout! She looked in her mirror, taking inventory of her stock. It was fresh and, properly offered, should find the right sort of purchaser—one who could pay in breakfast trays and saddle horses and runabouts.

She was twenty, and all her toys had been snatched away from her when she was eighteen—an age not apt at philosophy or sure in its judgment of values. Two years of resentment! She felt resentment against Amassa Newton, her father, who had built this ostentatious house and an ostentatious fortune. Against Carl Phillips she directed a bitter, burning hatred. Phillips, it is true, rather deserved the hatred. But Amassa was dead and beyond reach of her reproaches; Carl Phillips had evaded pursuit and was in an unreachable somewhere in the enjoyment of his booty. . . . Faith completed the clothing of her slender, lovely figure and went down to breakfast.

Grandma Newton made no mention of the sound she had heard in the night, or of the sounds she had heard on preceding nights, but stepped directly into the argument where it had been left off at the last sitting.

"I'm goin' to do it," she said.

"It's nonsense, and I won't be laughed at."

Grandma's pert cameo face was determined.

"It's all we got—the Red Mill and eight thousand dollars. We can't set and live up the money."

"The idea!" said Faith.

"The's money-makin' in the Newton blood."

"Money-losing," said Faith.

"I calc'late to be as capable as any man ever lived," grandma said, clipping her words as was her way, "and so be you. You're a Newton, spite of falderals. Want to take in summer boarders?"

"I'll starve first."

"Mebby. Pride works cur'ous wonders. But my foot's set down. I'm your guardeen, when it comes to that, and my mind's made up."

"You shan't! I won't be made to look like a fool—ruining my chances!"

"What chances?" grandma asked grimly. Then, "Um—millionaires in a marryin' frame of mind ain't plentiful in Westminster, seems as though. . . . You kin like it or lump it. The minute this white elephant of a house is rid up I'm a-goin' down to the Red Mill to see what's there and what ain't." She snapped her small head from right to left. "I'm as capable to make wooden spoons and butter molds and potato mashers and drumsticks as anybody else."

"Grandma Newton, it's second childhood, nothing else!"

"Mebby," said grandma; "but if 'tis I'm consid'able of a precocious child."

"I'll be ashamed to show my face."

"Git you a veil then," grandma said; and rising from the table, commenced to harry the hired girl as competency must always harry lumpishness.

Grandma Newton was forever in flight before the minute hand of a clock which, so far, had never overtaken her. Consequently, at nine o'clock she completed all her will had demanded should be done before 9:30, and she was free to make a fresh start in life. She took the plunge in a jet bonnet and a black Venetian shawl, holding in her hand a key fastened to a block of wood with binder twine. This was to unlock the padlock which had kept secure the door of the Red Mill for a matter of years. She stepped off pertly down the driveway and between the pillars of cobblestones gathered from the surrounding farm, but here she paused and peered sharply downward as a wren might peer at an unexpected bug.

"Ah'm!" said grandma.

The young man who sat slouched with his back taking comfort from the right-hand pillar became aware of her and scrambled to his feet, lifting something that must have been a hat, because he wore it on his head.

"Good morning, ma'am," he said.

"Were you snoopin' around here last night?" she asked in her direct way.

"No'm."

"Or the night before, or the night before that?"

"No'm."

"Be you keepin' a watch on this house?"

"No'm."

"What be you doin' then?"

"I am trying," he said, "to convince myself that this scene"—he waved his hand—"is practical rather than beautiful."

"It's a sightly spot," said Grandma Newton. "Now"—she fixed him with her bright eyes—"I want you should give an account of yourself—and mind, no finninglin'."

"Has someone been prowling around?" he asked with interest.

"The' has."

"And watching the house?"

"I hain't seen anybody, but I felt eyes," she said.

"Why should anybody do that?"

"I'd admire to know," she said thoughtfully. "But you hain't givin' no account of you."

"I'm a young man," he said, "in search of a destination."

She considered this answer.

"That don't make sense," she said presently. "What kind of a destination?"

"One that will let me settle in it. The end of the road, you know—a combination of a place to be and a thing to do."

"You talk words clear enough, but the sense of them is dim," said grandma. "What's your business?"

"I was raised," said the young man, "a poet."

"Um—that accounts for it. You're just out moonin'-like. I've heard poets was vague and not so very knowin' about practical things."

"That's the trouble," the young man said. "It's why I was, as the storybooks call it, disinherited."

"Folks cast you off, eh? Couldn't abide a son fiddlin' with rimes?"

"On the contrary, they couldn't abide a son who rimed 'drove' with 'love.' I disappointed my parents and broke their hearts because I was efficient and practical and mixed metaphors and had ideas instead of ideals."

"The sun," said grandma speculatively, "hain't so very hot this mornin', but it was yestiddy."

"Probably it does sound absurd; but, you see, I was brought up with it, and it seems quite normal. My father is a composer of music—not tunes, mind you—and my mother is a sculptor. She doesn't chisel out statues that look like people or animals or anything, but shapes that stand for emotions—er—like an exclamation point stands for an exclamation, if you follow me. She cut out stone things that stood for rage and jealousy and affection and love and all that, and then the shades of them—like, for instance, the Hatred of a Young Boy for a Poisonous Snake. That was the name of one of her pieces."

"Ane the' wan't no boy and no snake?"

"No, just a kind of a shape in marble that stood for how he felt."

"And did it?"

"A great many people said so," he answered with proper caution, "though father confused that one with a Maiden Awakening to Love on a March Morning, and there was a rather dreadful time in the studio. He was showing them to a visitor."

"I've heard about sich doin's. So that's how you was raised. Brought up to write poems. Ever write any?"

"I was rather good at limericks," he admitted modestly, "and once when I had a fever I wrote down something that raised hopes for me. I remember it. It went like this: 'It is. Yes. Not until. A hat. A black hat. Hat on. Hat off. Never, never, never. Bilge ——'"

Grandma interrupted.

"That'll do, young man."

He paused awkwardly and rather pathetically.

"I couldn't get it through my head," he said. "I tried; but I just couldn't see; and I couldn't even write ordinary poetry with rhythm to it and rimes at the ends of the lines. I was terribly ashamed when I was a kid. It wouldn't have been so bad if I'd just been dumb; but I was practical, and couldn't help doing things that—ah—made money. I used to sneak around and do it—like a small boy smoking cigarettes, you know. But I always got caught." It was obvious to grandma that he was sincere and regretful and rather bewildered. "And so," he went on, "they stood the disgrace of it as long as they could—and sent me away."

"It beats all," grandma said, "how many different kinds of things the' is in the world."

"Yes," he said; "and so I'm looking for a place where I can be practical and efficient and make money—and not be called an atavism."

"How do you know you can make money?"

"I always have—I can't help it. My mind works that way. Like this: They gave me three hundred dollars when they—asked me to go some place else, and the first city I got to I made some more. It's a habit," he said gravely, "like—er—drink. In this town they were opening up a subdivision—some real-estate people—and it was right on my way. I stopped and looked around, and then I bought twelve corner lots. Anybody could see they were bargains. Paid

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"Now How Ever," Grandma Said to Herself, "be I a-Goin' to Git Him Into Bed? And We Don't Want No Gossipin' Doctor Neither"

THE NEW ALIGNMENT

By Samuel G. Blythe

SUPERFICIALLY it would seem that the conservatism in the present campaign is doubly represented in the persons of President Coolidge, the Republican candidate, and Mr. John W. Davis, the Democratic candidate, and that the radicalism of it is typified by the candidacy of Senator La Follette. Mr. Coolidge is a conservative. So is Mr. Davis. And Senator La Follette is a radical and entitled to that distinction in the full political application of the term. However, when we come to analyze the beginnings of the campaign, and the political motives and causes behind the candidacy of each, we find that the differentiations are wider than superficially appears.

The real appeal of these men to the voters of the United States lies in an understanding of what they are trying to do. Of course, all three are trying to be elected, but back of that is a why that is interesting and important. It was plainly enough shown at the Cleveland convention that nominated Mr. Coolidge that he has it in mind to attempt a liberalization of the Republican Party, a liberalization that shall bring about a reorganization of that party and the identification with it of policies more in keeping with the spirit of the times.

President Coolidge found the Republican Party, when he became its titular leader, more of a historical remnant than a going concern. He was exactly in the position of a man who has taken over a business organization that formerly did a big trade and had a fair repute, but had fallen into obsolete methods, had too large a stock of old and useless goods, an inefficient and not wholly honest personnel, a lot of old retainers whose usefulness was past, and was living too much on the glories of the past.

What happened at the Cleveland convention was evidence of the determination of the President to install new men and, so far as possible, to get new machinery. He took stock at the Cleveland convention, just as a man taking over a business takes stock, and he tried, so far as he was able, to write off the liabilities and to gather and conserve the assets. That policy accounts for many things that happened at that Cleveland convention, widely commented on at the time. Naturally, as the President was in charge of this institution, and the head of it, and as he had his plans well in mind, he took no chances of being superseded in the control and saw to it efficiently that he remained as titular head. That was sense.

He ran his convention himself, took the nomination and got his work of reorganization under way after a fashion. The job was a difficult one. Nothing is so traditional as politics. Nothing is so precedented as political practice. Having thus shown his intention, he went into the campaign with the intention of establishing himself firmly in his position at the election, if possible, and with the idea of making effective during his four years of office the changes and reforms that he indicated at his convention.

The Position of Mr. Davis

WHAT the President has in mind is not the radicalization of the Republican Party or of the country, but the liberalization of the Republican Party—a liberalization that will put that party in accord with the spirit and the tendencies of our times, but that will never disregard the fundamental principles on which this country was built. His idea is to hold inviolate the basic things, to conserve the constitutional guaranties, but to bring the Republican Party up to the moment as the medium for the political accomplishment of these policies. He realizes, as was plainly shown at Cleveland, and has been indicated since, that the Republican Party needs pruning, reorganization, new administrators, new policies and new blood. He realizes also that these changes must come somewhat slowly; and, most of all, he undoubtedly realizes that unless these changes do come the Republican Party will become merely a figure in history, along with the Whigs, the Federalists and the rest.

A conservatism that is Tory will not attract any save a limited class; but a conservatism that is sanely and adequately consonant with the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century instead of merely reminiscent of the latter half of the nineteenth century is a logical and a reasonable political alignment for those of the voters of the United States who are not of the usual radical thought that panaceas for existing economic, governmental and social ills can be obtained by the legislative application of theories to the body politic. There will always be thousands of these in a nation with as many people in it as ours. They should have a party, but it should not be a camouflaged party. It should be definitely and truly a radical party, and the probabilities are that one will come presently.

The position of Mr. Davis in this campaign was anomalous at the start and increased in irregularity as the campaign progressed until, at the end, we find him almost outdoing La Follette in his demands for the change of existing conditions. Mr. Davis, a brilliant orator and an able lawyer, is essentially a conservative, if political history, environment and lifelong association count for anything. He was nominated, after an unprecedented convention struggle, by a party that was so disorganized and demoralized that he was seized upon as the respectable medium for termination of the bedlam prevailing in Madison Square Garden. There had been no intention of nominating Davis in the minds of 3 per cent of the delegates to that convention when they began their sessions; but as it became necessary to nominate somebody after all those days and nights of fruitless struggle, they took him, and he took them.

Handicapped with this start, Mr. Davis made as vigorous a campaign as he was able, and departed farther and farther from his inherent conservatism as election day approached. He was respectfully received everywhere, but he never did succeed in divesting himself of the conservative brand, even if that desire was more than a political expedient with him. Before the first of September it was apparent that the real fight in this campaign was between President Coolidge and Senator La Follette, with Mr. Davis holding his votes from the solid South and hoping to be the residuary legatee in various states where La Follette might cut down the Coolidge vote.

A Practical Test of Strength

WHATEVER his fate may be—and his chances will be discussed in this article—it is probable that if the Democratic Party lives he will be the last conservative nominated by that organization. The future of the Democracy, in the event of the defeat of Davis, probably lies in radicalism. It must compete with La Follette. Four years from now the Democrats may pose as the radical party of America, and, subject to the ministrations of La Follette and his followers, will try to work out a new destiny along those lines.

Personally, Mr. Davis is an irreproachable candidate. Politically, he is a last chance. The Democrats are making a final conservative try with him.

Although, as the campaign progressed, the La Follette supporters put out claims of the senator's election, it is not likely that La Follette himself ever had a real conviction that he could be elected. There is no doubt that, along in the first two weeks of September, there were evidences of La Follette strength that might have set even so experienced a politician to dreaming dreams; but, whether or not, the real objective of La Follette was not the White House when he began his campaign, and was the formation of a new party.

La Follette's plan was to go before the people with a platform advocating sufficient radicalisms to hold the avowed radicals, but without enough radicalisms to frighten away the timid among the discontented and the panacea seekers. In reality what La Follette had in mind was to make a test vote, with himself and his discreetly modified theories as the test, and, after tabulating results, determine whether it is worth while to try for the organization of a new party in this country—a new party that shall express as an organization what La Follette expresses as an individual. Incidentally, of course, he figured on maintaining his strangle hold on Congress by the election of enough followers in the House to give him the balance of power there, and by such solidifying of his lines in the Senate as he could bring about.

Starting with his Socialist vote, he is seeking for as many votes additional as he can collect. It is not yet apparent how many votes he thinks will justify his summoning his friends along next January or February for the purpose of formally organizing his apparent strength. Perhaps he will think three or four million enough. Perhaps he will want seven or eight. It may be that whatever he gets will be enough, and it must never be forgotten that he has the support of the Socialists this time and that they cast about a million votes—919,799 to be exact—in 1920. He should get that many as his nucleus, at any rate, and he will get a lot more.

La Follette realizes, no doubt, that his natural point of attack this year is the Democratic Party. What he wants to do is to disrupt the Democrats and make apparent that the day of that party as an active political force is ended. With the Republican Party the normally conservative party, and the Democratic Party the opportunist party it has been ever since it nominated Bryan for the first time in 1896, La Follette has in the Democrats an organization that is everywhere, outside the South, a rather poor thing as political parties go, and if he can, for example, get a greater popular vote than Davis, regardless of how many electoral votes he can get, La Follette will be in a position to say to the once-again dissipated Democracy that they can find peace and political coherency under his banner.

The Democrats had no place to go after their catastrophic defeat in 1920. There was no La Follette in the field, with a few, or many, million votes behind him, to invite them to join with him. All the Democrats could do was to nurse their wounds, bewail their fate and gather together their fragments for such a showing as they might make in 1924. If, say, they run third this year in the popular vote, or third north of the Mason and Dixon's Line—if La Follette gets more votes than Davis does outside of Davis' hidebound territory—if that should happen, then it will be up to the Democrats to take stock and determine where they are going in the future, or where they can go. As I have said, what they undoubtedly will do will be to forswear conservatism for all time to come, and that will not be difficult for them to do. The Democrats have had their flings at radicalism before now and understand the processes of it.

To make this easier, there will be La Follette beckoning them to come on over and be radical with him, with some ingratiating millions of votes behind him, and the promise of a new party as a repository for the remainder of the Democracy.

With odd obtuseness the Democrats have been playing into the hands of La Follette in this campaign by fostering his vote in various communities where they figured La Follette would draw most of his strength from the Republicans. This rather desperate expedient originated in the conclusion, after the Democratic managers had surveyed the field and after their candidate had made his preliminary appeals, that the chance of electing Mr. Davis was at best a long chance, and that their strongest opportunity for getting a presidency for the party was via the vice-presidential route by the involved process of an election without determination in the electoral college, a deadlock on the election of President in the House of Representatives, and the election of a Vice President by the Senate—a Vice President who would become President. They may have counted on the gratitude of La Follette for their enhancement of his vote being shown by the voting of his personally conducted senators for their man for Vice President.

They may have overestimated the element of gratitude that abides in the radical bosom of La Follette. One of his main objectives is the destruction of the Democratic Party, or its demoralization, and it is just possible he will not help perpetuate that party by giving it a President even in so delectable a shape as Brother Charley Bryan—just possible. Indeed, those who know La Follette best say he may prefer Dawes in this contingency, provided La Follette has his control of Congress well assured—Dawes and a continuing Republican Party as a future opponent rather than a continuing Republican Party for a time, and Bryan and a revived Democracy.

Hopes of a Split

THERE is another angle to it also, a little less unkind to Mr. Davis. That is based on this hypothesis: The states where La Follette is likely to do the most damage to Coolidge are the West, in the Mississippi Valley and on out to the Pacific Coast. By doing all they can for La Follette in these states the Democrats figure they are thereby giving themselves the chance to garner a few electoral votes for Davis. A reasonable theory. If La Follette and Coolidge split the Republican vote in a state where there is a fair supply of Democratic votes, and the Democrats stand steady by Davis, the chances are that Davis will get the electoral vote of that state.

Wherefore there has been observed in some sections of the country a tender regard for La Follette among the Democrats. They have spoken no harsh word of him. They have not criticized his platform. They have helped him shove his petitions. In certain places they have even supplied candidates for him. They have been very kind, either with or without the consent of Senator La Follette himself. They consider La Follette as a sort of an auxiliary Democratic candidate, and they have been helping him along.

The Republicans, on the other hand, after things had crystallized into a definite situation about September first, discarded Davis from their calculations entirely. They figured him not as a real contender in the fight, but as a sort of spectator who had a right to a front seat by virtue of his solid-South support. They were early satisfied that Davis would not seriously interfere with Coolidge in any of the states where Coolidge had a chance for the electoral

votes, and, much to their dismay, they were later dissatisfied with the realization, hammered into them from many sources and by many circumstances, that the man Coolidge really has to beat is La Follette. Not that La Follette can definitely defeat Coolidge by getting more electoral votes than Coolidge, but reports indicated that La Follette has a potential following that may prevent Coolidge from getting the required two hundred and sixty-six electoral votes.

It is quite idle to deny that all through this campaign there has been a wide and deep La Follette undercurrent discernible in various sections of the country, particularly in the Mississippi Valley, the Northwest and on the Pacific Coast. It is equally idle to assert that there is not a substantial support for President Coolidge in this territory, because there is. The problem has been, and will continue to be until election day, to discover just what portion of this La Follette undercurrent will develop into votes on election day, and whether those votes will be in sufficient quantity and of wide enough distribution to defeat the President, either by the direct method of splitting the Republican Party in these states and allowing Davis to gather the electoral votes, or by the indirect method of depriving all three of the candidates of a majority in the electoral college and throwing the election into the Congress.

Early Indications

FOR reasons set forth in this article, the campaign, up until the last few weeks of it, was slow, stupid and almost entirely professional. The various managers did manage to breathe some breath of life into it during October; but, at that, it did not compare in intensity, in excitement or in expressed conviction with many previous presidential campaigns. It all centered about the disaffection La Follette was able to engineer, and that disaffection, in turn, centered in the masses of the people. There was very little of the usual prominent Republican shifting to Davis, and the prominent and lifelong Democrat turning to Coolidge. There were not many of the ordinary political demonstrations as we have experienced them in the past. The Republicans fought La Follette, the Democrats fought the Republicans and aided La Follette, and La Follette took what was offered and fought everybody on both sides.

The spectacular was largely lacking; also the obvious. The impressions gained by traveling about the country were contradictory. It was easy enough for a trained observer to come in and say and be convinced of it, that the country is satisfied with Coolidge and is determined to reelect him. It was just as easy and just as logical for the trained observer to conclude that there is a La Follette undercurrent that will wreak havoc on both Coolidge and Davis. It all depended on the interpretation placed on a few signs, a few symbols, and on such a translation of the distrust the people have for the existing parties into terms of direct action at the polls.

Owing to editorial and mechanical exigencies I am writing this article early in October, with the campaign some weeks yet to go, and shall state the concrete situation as it exists now, subject to whatever happens during the process of printing and publication of those statements.

On October first, then, the indications are in favor of the election of President Coolidge. He is popular with the people. He has been favored in the agrarian states with good crops and with good prices. He is held to be an honest man, doing his duty as he sees it honestly and courageously. He is strong enough to maintain to himself a large proportion of the scattering strength of the Republican Party and his organization has functioned expertly. In normal circumstances the Republican Party is the majority party of this country.

The President has gained popular approval by his insistent demand for the preservation of the fundamentals and by the fact that neither Davis nor La Follette offers anything that makes so forceful or so wide an appeal to the people. He is in the White House. The people know him and respect him. That is his strength.

This attitude of the people toward the President is exact proof of the statement that the voters of this country, in this election, will vote for men and not for parties. There has been until this writing, and will be until election, a desperate effort to tie the numerous scandals of the Republican Party to Coolidge, but the people do not look at him in the light either of a participant or a partisan in that regard. He is a Republican, of course, and the party to which he belongs was in power when these things happened; but the people view him as Calvin Coolidge, the individual, reserved, cautious and safe.

The people rather like his staying in Washington and attending to business. They applaud his attitude on the basic problems. They admire his calm and reasoned statements. They look on him as a man of common sense, safe and sane in his great position. He has a strong standing with the great mass of the voters because of these intrinsic qualities they see in him. The fellow who originated the slogan Keep Cool With Coolidge hit upon a line with a national appeal.

All the Tricks of the Trade

THE fact that Senator La Follette has for many years been a radical crusader has withheld from wide consideration the further fact that Senator La Follette is an old, experienced and capable politician. He is just that. There are no tricks of the politician's trade that La Follette does not know and no tricks of that trade that he does not practice.

He is no visionary putting forth his theories and expecting some miracle to establish them. He may be altruistically hypothetical in his demands and his measures for reform, but he is intensely practical in the getting of his advantages and the seeking for them. He is an idealist who works with political machinery and organization instead of depending on the ultimate triumph of the good, the beautiful and the true.

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All the Old Ghosts

THE PINES

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

ON THE southwestern shore of the pond which lies about a mile north of Fraternity village there is a tract of some fifteen acres on which still stand a considerable number of first-growth pine trees of noble girth and stature. When you have fished in the upper reaches of the pond till dusk, and come homeward in canoe or boat, the lofty tops of these trees serve as a navigation mark silhouetted against the evening skies to show you the way to your landing place at their feet. All these hills and valleys were lumbered over years ago; but this tract, and another above the Ruffingham Meadow, escaped the ax and saw.

The number of these great trees is constantly decreasing. There are nowadays about a hundred and fifty of them, scattered more or less evenly over the fifteen acres. In 1870 there were more than two hundred. Chet McAusland, who is past sixty years old, remembers that when he was a boy these trees seemed as tall and as big as they are now; it is probable that a hundred years ago they had their full stature. One, that was torn to death by a raging gale of wind in 1916, counted better than four hundred rings in a saw mark across its butt. Men like Chet have a very definite affection for these trees; about them, as about the pond itself, the first history of the town was written. The first white man buried hereabouts lies on Wood Island, halfway up the pond; the second, a man named Van Warner, was buried near the spring which except in the driest summers offers cool water to those who come to see the pines themselves.

There are a score of ancient tales about things which happened here or close by. Van Warner's cabin of logs was the third house built in the town. An Indian, fallen from his birch-bark canoe, became entangled in the stems of grasses which grow in the shoal water offshore and was drowned, the tough grass cutting his limbs till they bled. The last bear killed in the town was killed here. Van Warner's grandson, passing this way in the deeps of winter, saw recurrent puffs of vapor rising from a stained hole in the snow that was banked over the roots of a fallen tree; and he and his father dug the bear out of its winter nest and killed it with an old musket heavily charged with slugs and pebbles and rusty nails. The largest pickerel ever taken in the pond was caught in the edge of the grasses just off the landing. In 1863 a man named Webb Early felled three of the great pines and was caught under the third and crushed to death. The forest fire of 1874, which began near the upper end of the pond and swept down toward the village, was stopped by the united efforts of the able-bodied men of the town just before it reached the pines. When the first road was cut through from Fraternity to North Fraternity it ran this way; and Van Warner's son built a house beside the road, a quarter mile from the pond. But the house burned many years ago; the old cellar hole surrounded by apple trees alone marks the spot today; and the road is for most of its length fallen into disuse and grown up in alder and popple. Now there are no farms that way; there are only two or three camps or cottages occupied for week-ends in the summer by fishermen. There is such a camp beside the landing in the shade of the pines themselves.

This land was held by Warners until the early 90's. Then two men from East Harbor bought the tract and built a cottage there beside the pond, where old Van Warner's log cabin once stood. Dale Warner was a boy at the time of the sale; but even then he was miserable because his father sold these pines. The great trees had always an abiding charm for him. He liked to be among them; liked to lie on his back at the foot of one of them and look up through the branches to the blue of the sky, his eyes half shut, his thoughts dreamy. He flew into such a passion of protest when his father announced his purpose to sell the dozen or fifteen acres on which the trees stood that the elder Warner, to ease his own tormenting conscience, thrashed the boy into acquiescence. Dale was silenced by his punishment; but he was not convinced, and he avowed to himself that when he was become a man he would buy back the tract and keep the trees inviolate forever. He knew each one; he could almost have identified each tree in the blackest night by the irregularities of its bark under his caressing hands. When, at rare intervals, one of them succumbed to the encroachments of age or to the accidents of the weather, he grieved as though he had lost a personal friend. Even after his father sold them, he still thought of the pines as a part of his possessions; he meant so surely to buy them back again some day. But they were in no immediate peril. Lumbering in the region had practically ceased. There was, roughly speaking, no more lumber to be cut. The forests had been ravaged; and the farms which had replaced them were only beginning to decay and fall into abandonment. Across the meadows sapling growths of birch were stealing here and there; but the town was still a farming community, with cleared land everywhere. There was nothing to tempt the ax or the sawmill; and the men who had bought the pines held for them an affection which was almost equal to Dale's.

Dale came to like these men, Will Dent and Charlie Broad. Broad was the older of the two; but they were cronies, and they used to come to fish for white perch, scorning the bass and pickerel; and in the evening they would sit upon the porch or on the shore, slapping at mosquitoes, smoking their humming pipes, telling and retelling old tales or new ones. Dale liked to join them at such times; they permitted him to go fishing with them, and he rowed the boat to the chosen anchorage, and shared the delirious exhilaration which possessed the older men when perch were biting. As he grew older they trusted him to let them know when the fishing signs were right. Again and again he sent word to East Harbor: "Perch are biting." And the message never failed to bring them within a matter of hours, jogging out the ten miles or so behind Will's old horse, arriving sometimes late at night or before sunrise in the morning, full of the fishing fever. He shared their scorn of the bass, agreed with them in putting the white-fleshed perch above all other fishes. When they came home with three or four score of fish in the bottom of the boat he helped clean the perch and either stayed to eat supper with the two men or took home a dozen or so to his father.

Dale's mother died in 1897. He had no brothers or sisters, so that thereafter he and his father lived alone, in the disorderly fashion into which men fall under such circumstances. Their house was on the road toward the village, half a mile nearer the village than the old Warner place which had burned years before. Their farm included low meadow lands running down to the outlet of the pond; included also some of the ridge beyond the road, where there were apple trees and a sufficient growth of birch and beech and oak and maple to supply them with firewood for the winter. Dale's father had never been particularly successful as a farmer. He was chronically in need of money; and again and again he sold parcels of land to meet this need. It was on one such occasion that the pines were sold; but the elder Warner seemed always thereafter to feel that he had in some fashion betrayed the great trees, so that he avoided the tract on which they stood and went there only when occasion compelled it. He tilled his farm in more and more desultory fashion, content in his later years if it supplied him with the necessities of life.

The contagion of his indolence infected Dale. The boy still deceived himself with his boyhood dream of some day buying back the pines; but the accomplishment of this dream lay far in the future, vague and unsubstantial. Dale's father died about 1905, a dozen years after he sold the pines. Dale was at that time almost twenty years old, a tall, stout youth enough. His father's sister came to keep house for him and lived ten years more, while Dale went through the mechanical routine of the year, planting his garden in the spring, making hay in the appointed season, picking a few apples in the fall. There was no one to reproach him with wasted opportunities; lassitude was the rule of life among his neighbors. They were like weary housewives, doing each day the tasks which had to be done, planning no further ahead than was necessary to cut and stow wood, to fill the mow with hay and the cellar with potatoes and salt pork, in preparation for the approach of winter. Dale had few interests in life. He liked to take a gun and try for a partridge in the fall; he occasionally tramped the brookside, fishing for trout. But the keenest pleasures he had were to fish for white perch with Will Dent and Charlie Broad or to wander idly among the great pines which he had loved since he was old enough to walk.

These ancient trees acquired in his eyes a certain spiritual significance. Old Van Warner, dwelling among them, must have loved them well; his grandson saved them from the lumbermen, and that grandson was Dale's grandfather. Thus the trees were more to Dale than merely trees. They were in some sort a heritage; they were quite definitely a link between him and the past. He was one of those men who like to live in the past; who find pleasure in casting backward and tasting the lives of those who have lived before. He knew every tradition of the countryside, and particularly those tales which dealt with happenings about the lower end of the pond or among the pines themselves. The name of Webb Early, that man who had wished to steal some of the great trees and who had been crushed to death by one of them, was anathema to him. Webb Early's grandchildren still lived in the town, and Dale knew them all, and avoided them religiously, feeling toward them a distaste almost equal to the abhorrence in which he held their grandfather.

Dale was a solitary man; he had lived much in his own thoughts. He always blamed his father for selling the pines, so that there was never any intimate communion

Dale Felt His Ears Burn. He Knew, as He Had Known for Years, That Jane Was No Spinster From Choice

between father and son; and his aunt, who came to live with him upon his father's death, had an austere solemnity about her, disapproving of Dale's indolent ways and careless habits about the house. So for many years Dale had no intimates except, in the summer, Will Dent and Charlie Broad. His closest friends were for many years the pines. He saw in them not just so many board feet of lumber, but rather they were to him very old and very wise men, who had seen generations come and go, who had held their ground against the currents of life and who still lifted proud and noble heads against the sky. When after a day's fishing he rowed down the pond at dusk and saw the mass of their tops in silhouette, his heart warmed to them with a deep and tender affection. This was for years the great passion in a lonely life.

One day in early summer, having eaten for his midday meal two doughnuts and a bit of cheese, and drunk a glass of milk, Dale went to the barn to clean out the tie-up. But the afternoon was warm, and idleness welled up in him and overflowed. He went out through the pasture lane, telling himself that he would go down to the lower meadow so that he might judge whether the hay was ready to be cut. But as he followed the stone wall that bounded the pasture the sight of some ripe berries on the other side attracted him and he climbed the wall and moved here and there in haphazard fashion, picking the berries and eating them. By long habit his steps tended more and more away from the meadow and toward the wooded lands where the pines seemed to wait to welcome him. Will Dent was dead these eight years, and Charlie Broad was an old man now, and the perch were almost gone from the pond; so Charlie had sold the camp three or four years before to another East Harbor man, and he in turn had sold again. The cottage was in disorder, beginning to decay; the spring was filled with leaves except when Dale himself cleaned it out and permitted the clear water to be seen.

But though the two men who had loved the spot almost as much as Dale himself no longer came there, Dale had no particular sense of loss in their going. It had always been the trees which held him. As he approached their shades now he felt the quickening of his blood and the pleasant satisfaction which he always had in their still company. He climbed a second wall and stopped to look up at the first of them, which stood here on the border of the wood and so was somewhat misshapen, its branches on one side choked by other growth. Then he went on, picking his way among the hardwood growth and the younger pines which were lifting their heads in brave emulation of the old trees. A hundred years ago, he thought, the great pines must have stood shoulder to shoulder; and the thought of the cool, still, vaulted arches beneath them made his eyes wistful with longing. In those days a thick carpet of fallen needles must have covered the ground; now his feet rustled in old leaves of oak and maple, and twigs cracked beneath his weight discordantly. The relentless years had struck down first one and then another of the old trees till now there were scarce two of them whose branches intermingled. They must be lonely, Dale thought; must sometimes long to touch fingers with one of their own kind. He felt a faint sorrow for their sakes. But they would still outlive him, perhaps by a hundred years; and remembering this, Dale had that peace and fullness which come from contact with eternity.

Halfway through the wood he turned aside to stop by one of the trees which had a hollow in its butt, in which a raccoon lived; and he noticed the droppings about the entrance to the hole there, and his nostrils caught the familiar odor of the place. But he lifted his eyes to the lower branches of the tree itself, thirty feet above the ground, and assured himself they were as vigorous as ever. There was still strength here; the mature strength of seasoned age. Barring accidents, this would be the next of the big trees to go; but it might well stand beyond his own span of life. It had always been as it was now; had already outlived others whose destruction he had seen and mourned.

He passed the spot where one of these had stood. The jagged stub still lifted itself twenty feet in the air; the great trunk lay along the earth, half buried in drifted leaves, slowly yielding to the inevitable processes of decay. Dale took his knife and probed through the soft outer wood and found that inside there was still sound stuff. He had sometimes thought of seeking permission to cut up this trunk and have it milled into lumber for use about his home farm; but consideration for the tree as much as his own diffidence restrained him. The tree had a right, he thought, to rest here where it had lived so long; there was about its dignified surrender to the forces of destruction something grave and courteous and fine.

The spring lay in his path; he came to it while the cottage by the shore was still hidden by the intervening growth. The surface of its waters was coated with fallen leaves, and he scooped them away, startling a small green frog which lived here. One of the flat stones which walled the barrel-like pool had fallen, and he replaced it. Then he sat for a few moments watching the frog, which had taken refuge in the silt on the bottom, its head thrust out of sight, its sprawling hind legs exposed. Through the clear water he could see fine grains of sand and pin gravel dancing in the light current that welled up through the bottom. He lay at length and dipped his face to drink, and then drew back again and watched till the need for air forced the frog to come slowly to the surface. Dale sat so still that the frog was not alarmed, but floated, eyes and nostrils exposed, arms and legs limp, watching him steadily. At his least movement it dived again and once more poked its head into the silt. There had been plenty of rain this summer; and Dale thought with satisfaction that the spring would not go dry as it did in more arid years.

He went on to the cottage. The shutters were in place, the spot was deserted. Pine needles littered the porch; and a squirrel had torn a cone apart upon the front steps, to devour the seeds hidden within. A porcupine had gnawed at the end of a box, thrown aside by the kitchen door. The inside of an empty corned-beef can, discarded there, had been licked clean by the tongue of some forager. A red squirrel, perhaps the same which had ravished the cone, chattered at him from a branch forty feet above his head. Between the cottage and the water there stood three of the great pines. Nowhere else were there three so close together. He lay down against the base of one of them, in a cradle between two of the great roots, soft turf beneath him; and he folded his arms under his head and looked upward through half-closed eyes. He scrutinized lovingly every inch of the firm round trunk above him. Someone had driven a nail five or six feet from the ground; and he got up and twisted this nail out almost angrily, and flung it away from him before he lay down again. Twenty feet higher he could see the broken stub where one of the lower branches had died and fallen. Lower still there were scars where other branches once had been; higher he could see that still others were dying from the trunk outward, the twigs nearest the tree bare of needles, only a fringe of green remaining at the outer end that caught the sun. But he knew that this death was really a part of the life of the tree; that the spreading branches which it at first put out to catch the sunshine became useless as higher branches grew, and were discarded as one discards the lower rungs of a ladder that is to be climbed but once. Three hundred years ago, he thought, this lower branch now dying must have been the topmost on the tree, brave in new greenery like the bride of some Oriental monarch, discarded now as that bride is discarded when a succession of others has usurped her place. Each year the great tree took to itself new wives; each year the old fell lower in its favor. They were not thrown aside; they simply became useless, and knowing their uselessness, withered and died and fell humbly away. Dale was as inarticulate as most men; he thought many things which he could not put into words. The great trees always awakened in him a pleasant play of the imagination; and he was not ashamed to let his fancy run. He wondered now whether these lower branches of the tree resented their abandonment; the old scars, healed and covered years before, assumed a wistful pathos in his eyes.

Far above him a little breeze stirred and the needles brushed one against the other with a sound like whispering, and he wondered whether one tree could talk to another. These three pines were neighbors here; their branches intertwined. They must, he decided, find pleasure in this contact; must share the common sorrow when the feathery top of one of their brothers in the surrounding acres disappeared. The estate of the other trees, solitary and isolated, was inexpressibly lonely, he thought. These three, growing old together, had the easier lot. The faintest whisper of wind enabled them to exchange low whispers and gentle caresses, bough rubbing bough. It was only when a stronger breeze blew that one more distant from its fellows could hear their song. He liked to think that the trees looked forward to a day of more vigorous airs, so that they might, even from a distance, talk together. He knew so well the sweet and singing note of their needles on such a day.

Dale was in this hour so completely at peace with the world that he did not for a long time perceive the fact that there was a

Memories Ran Through Him. From the Water There Seemed to Come the Voice of Old Charlie Broad, "Perch are Biting, Dale!"

(Continued on Page 92.)

Told to the Sporting Editor

She Just Sat There Fingering the Clippings and Looking Across the Room at a Boket of Flowers

By

Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

IT WAS Milwaukee the first time I noticed something wrong —— Bat ain't in the way, is he, Ed? You know I can chase him out in the hall if you say so. Sit down, Bat; rest your face. Ed, you got a pitcher-book for Bat? Look at that calendar over there, Bat. It's got a pitcher on it. . . . Well, as I was telling you, Ed, it begun in Milwaukee. Bat was slumping—slumping bad. No kick. And us challengin' any boy in the world at a hunert an' fifteen pounds ringside bar none.

Well, one night I see Bat down in the parlor, eyes open, mouth shut, a flower on his coat, and listening to the talking machine on the table play a platter of sobby violin stuff.

"What's biting you, Bat," I said, "sick?"

"Aw," he said, "I'm listening to the music."

"What do you want to listen to music for?" I ast him.

"Aw," Bat said, "it sounds purty."

That ought to have give me the hunch then and there, but no, I was too dumb. You wouldn't think it, Ed, but I was too dumb. It didn't even open my eyes when I noticed Bat altatime shutting himself up in his room by the hour together.

"Bat, what you shutting yourself up in your room for?" I'd say.

"Aw," he'd say, "I'm reading my book."

"What's your book, Bat?"

"Aw," he'd say, "it's a magazine book."

And like a flathead I never suspected nothing, nor likewise when I see him wearing out the pen writing letters.

I'd say, "Bat, what you doing?"

"Aw," he'd say, "I'm writing to my brother."

"Well, who was you writing to yesterday?"

"Aw," Bat'd say, "yesterday I was writing to my little cousin."

It wasn't till practically three days later that I got the big idea. That was the night we fought Packy Percento, the Dancing Wop, a hunert an' eighteen pounds three o'clock in the afternoon; in and out—one-two—altatime—bing-bing—uppercut him, boy—*whom*—wow, baby.

"Bat," I said after it was over, "what's the matter of you? Why didn't you get him in the seventh when you had him?"

"Aw," Bat said, "I didn't wanta knock him out."

"Why didn't you wanta knock him out, Bat?"

"Aw," Bat said, "I didn't wanta knock him out because I felt sorry for him."

He felt sorry for him, Ed; he felt sorry for him.

"Well," I says to myself, I says, "supp'n wrong. I better do a Burns."

So the next chance I got I sneaked into his room and begun looking for evidence.

The first thing I saw on the table was a book. Well, Ed, I'm that simple I hadn't thought the boy was boobing me about his book. I'd just took for granted that Bat's book was what he said—a magazine book—something fluffy with pitchers of actresses. Ed, do you know what Bat's book was? A correspondence course in plumbing!

Right then and there I knew the worst. Why, Ed, I'd trusted Battling Pal with almost everything except money, and here he was double-crossing me. Mechanical, just like a man doped, I opened his satchel, and in that satchel I found what I suspicioned I was gonna find. I'd allus knew that there's nothing so treacherous as a bantam, but I'd never had it brought home to me before. And here we was practically matched with Blink Balou, the Fighting Frenchman, a hunert an' sixteen pounds ringside.

Well, I read 'em all over and when I finished I see there was just one way out: that was to do something and do it quick.

"Bat," I said the next morning, "pack up, because we're taking the first train to K.C."

Ed, you ought to have slanted the expression on Bat's face. It showed me I hadn't acted fifteen minutes too soon.

"

I GUESS you know, Ed, how I feel about good women. I got a mother, Ed, and I never hear one of them mother songs without my eyes filling up. That's the kind of a heart I got.

There's nothing better in the world than a good woman; but in her place, Ed, in her place.

When I finished reading the letters Bat's little girl had written him I knew right off Bat was getting ready to make the mistake of his life. I'm admittin' there's more'n one case where a boy has met the right little girl at the right time and where she's helped him in his career. Take Monk McGee, the Gorilla Kid, a hunert an' forty pounds and a fifth-rater up to the time he met the little girl in the Gay Widows Company. When that little girl gave Monk the gate, which she done a month later after Monk had broke himself buying her an automobile, Monk comes back into the ring like a tiger with a sore tooth and he's been knocking 'em cold ever since.

But Bat's little girl wasn't any Gay Widow chorene—not in the least. She lived out on the South Side and her name was Hazel Nelson. She worked in an insurance office but she was a home girl; you could tell that before you got to the middle of the first letter. "I have just baked some whole-wheat bread, the kind that you like so much. . . . I saw an automobile truck stuck in the mud. Oh, how sorry I felt for the chauffeur. . . . I went to the movies last night, but the bull fight was so terrible I could not sit it through." That was the way them letters ran, Ed. No wonder, after mushing around with a girl like that, Bat felt sorry for Packy Percento.

But that wasn't the worst. About the third letter she said out and out she didn't have no use for boxers; thought they was brutal and no account. And then it become clear as mud what Bat'd done.

Ed, Bat had been deceiving this little girl; instead of stating frank and open we was ready to meet any boy in the world at a hunert an' fifteen pounds ringside bar none, he'd been passing himself off as a plumber.

A box fighter calling himself a plumber! Ain't it enough to make a man wonder what the world's coming to? Ain't it, Ed, ain't it?

But even that wasn't the worst. After reading her fifth letter I could see Bat was just stalling around with me until he got a wad of money and then he was going to marry the little girl, quit the game, and go back to the plumbing trade where he started.

Well, I had to get on the job right off, and I done so. All the way to Kansas City I kept slippin' Bat little hints.

"I wunner where Spike McWade is," I'd say.

"Aw," Bat'd say, "who's Spike McWade?"

"Who is he? Listen. Three years ago Spike was practically at the top of the lightweight division. Then he had that accident."

"Aw, what accident?"

"He met a girl and she married him and made him quit the ring, and where is he now?"

"Aw, where is he now?"

"Well," I'd say, "I dunno where he is now, but anyhow he ain't fighting."

"Aw," Bat'd say, "maybe he likes what he's doing better."

You can see, Ed, it was serious.

Well, there ain't much to say about our little flyer out to K.C. The on'y good thing I know about the town is this

yellow vest with red stripes, and I brought that back with me. Neat, eh? You'd be surprised if I was to tell you the number of ladies that have give me compliments on account of this vest.

And being around K.C. with Battling Pal was about as much fun as sitting up with a sick race horse. When Bat wasn't writing new letters he was reading old ones or popping his eyes for the mailman. And when he wasn't doing that he was reading his book. I tried to get him interested in a little game of African golf and I hauled him out to Under the Lemon Tree, where there was a classy bunch of chorenes. But Bat wouldn't get interested in nothing. And instead of making his fight with Roughhouse McNutt, the Ottumwa Cyclone a hunert an' seventeen pounds at three o'clock, the way I told him—in and out—one-two—allatime—bing-bing—uppercut him, boy—*wham*—wow, baby—Bat just fought hard enough so as not to get disqualified. And afterward, Ed, believe me or not, when I bawled out the referee I couldn't put my heart into it.

"Well," I says to myself that night, I says, "we'll go back to Milwaukee and beat this little girl in her own home town. We ain't licked yet."

III

THINGS were shading our way. We hadn't no sooner'n got back before we was signed up with Blink Balou, and that meant a crack at Young Kid Angelo. So I saw I better get busy right off and pull my stuff on Bat's little girl. So Saturday afternoon, Bat being hitched to a couple of special sparring partners, I dressed all up and went out on the South Side. Understand, Ed, I wasn't trying to show off none or bust the little girl's heart with this vest, but I figgered that as long as she was going to have the news broke she might as well get the office from somebody showing class.

Well, they let me into the parlor and I set there looking mysterious. Pretty soon the little girl come in at about a hunert an' twenny pounds and just the way I'd sized her up—good-looking, but with an apron on and her face all red from the stove. Domestic-like. Soon as I saw her I knew I had a fight ahead if I was going to save Bat for his career.

"Afternoon, Miss Nelson," I said. "This is Special Agent Bryzinski of the P.O.T.H.S."

"What's the P.O.T.H.S.?" she ast, looking admiring at my vest.

"Them initials," I said, covering it up so she could get her mind off it, "stand for the Preservation of the Home Society. It's our dooty to pertect young girls from parties who go around introducing themselves under false pretenses."

She got kind of white and sat down all of a sudden

"Mr. Bryzinski," she said, "I don't understand what this has to do with me."

"You will in a minute," I told her. "Now lemme ask you a question. How long have you known this pug that calls himself Battling Pal?"

She smoothed out her apron and looked down at it. You could see she was worried. "Mr. Bryzinski," she said, "I don't know anybody by that name. If you mean by a pug a pugilist—I never met any such person and I never will. I have too much self-respect."

"Just a minute," I said. "At present you got a young man calling on you and writing you letters that just come back from Kansas City."

She looked up at me and said, but muffled, "I don't see why it's your business, but I'm keeping company with a young man by the name of James Quinn, a plumber that's just come back from Kansas City, where he's been buying supplies."

I give her a long silent laugh. "A plumber," I said. "Yes, that's what he likes to call himself. But if he was a plumber once he ain't a plumber now—not no more. For the last three years he's been fighting in the ring under the name of Battling Pal meeting any boy in the world at a hunert an' fifteen pounds ringside bar none."

"You're just coming here to make trouble," she said. "You know it's not true."

"Oh, it ain't, ain't it?" I said. "Then how about these?" And I shoved her a handful of photograph clippings which give Bat with his regular name and his ring name both.

I felt sorry for that little girl, Ed. I cert'ly felt sorry for her. You know that quiet kind; when they're hit they're hit. She just sat there fingering the clippings and looking across the room at a boket of flowers.

"Well," I said, getting up, "Special Agent Bryzinski has done his dooty and the society hopes you'll do yours in this case where you been lied to under false pretenses."

"Oh, yes," she said very quiet. Then she whispered, "But he told me he worked at the plumbing trade."

"Sure," I said. "That's what he tells all of 'em."

Then I walked out light as air because everything was fixed. Bat would get the gate; then he'd kick out like a sore-backed mule, same as Monk McGee; and then—in and out—one-two—allatime—bing-bing—uppercut him, boy—*wham*—wow, baby—you're out—champion—seventy five per cent of the gate—wrap it up and take it away. I cert'ly felt good

That evening I offered to ride Bat to Racine where Young Kid Angelo was boxing a four-round exhibition, but Bat said no. So I left him alone, knowing he had his date, and waited around to see what would happen.

Well, it happened, all right. . . . Listen, Bat, sit quiet. Nobody's talking to you. Go and look outta the winda and count all them chimneys or something. . . . Well, as I was telling you, Ed, it happened. About half-past nine Bat come back to the house like a shot and went up to his room. He dove out at ten and come dragging back at twelve.

Afterward, at three o'clock in the morning when I woke up I could hear him walking up and down in his room and talking to the pitchers on the wall.

"Good," I says to myself, I says, "good. Monday when he starts in I'll have to get out the ten-ounce gloves or he'll hurt somebody sure."

I was waiting the next morning when Bat come down to breakfast. I didn't know whether he'd smash the dishes or not, but if he did I was more'n willing to pay for 'em

The door opened and Bat come in.

Ed, I took one look at his face and then I begun to have a sick feeling around the top of my stomach. Ever see a dog that's had a can tied to his tail and been chased till he ain't got a leg under him? Well, that was Bat. He wasn't no challenge champion bantam; he was a candidate for the Old Men's Home.

"Bat," I said, "take a look at the Sentinel. I got your pitcher in the sporting section."

"Aw," Bat said without turning his head, "that's all right. Lemme alone."

"Bat," I said, "do you feel sick? Can't I do nothing for you?"

"Aw, yes," he said, "cut out the noise."

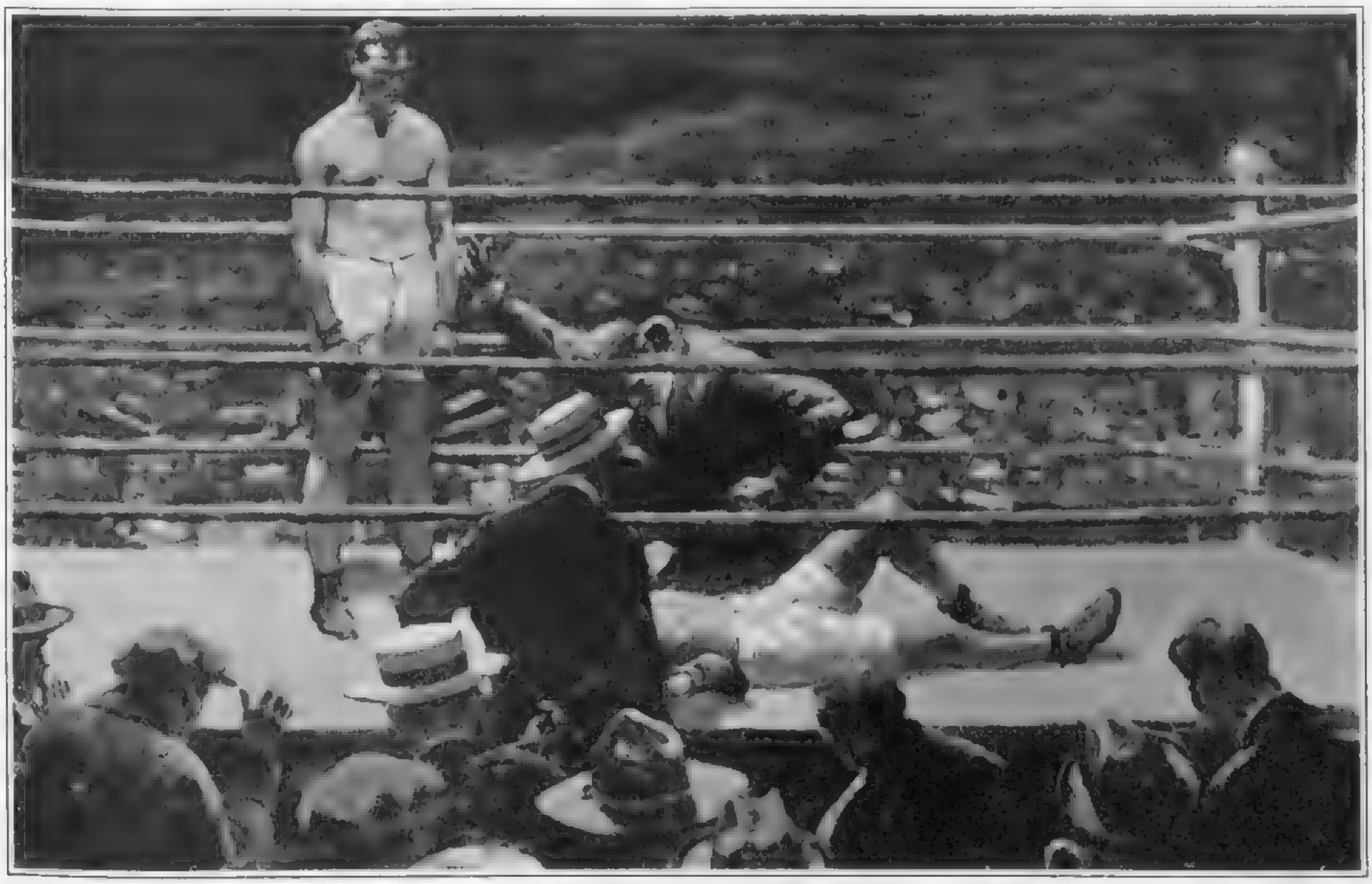
"Bat," I said, "you act like somebody's done you dirt"

"Aw," Bat said, "shut up."

If he'd only said it the way he ought to have said it—fine; but with that voice he was using he might have been asking a swell blonde to pass the tomattus.

It was a bum start, but having been right on the spot when Monk McGee got turned down by his little chorene

(Continued on Page 51)



Bat Done Just the Same as I Trained Him—In and Out—One-Two—Allatime—Bing-bing—Uppercut Him, Boy—Wham—Wow, Baby!

THE CONOVER CROWD

By ROBERT S. WINSMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

"Don't Play With Me, Scudder," Said Johnny Henderson, and His Voice Was Like This Metal

AS ALL who dwell in Wall Street know well enough, Johnny Henderson and Hartley Scudder are rather less friendly than a pair of unacquainted bull terriers. If you name one to the other, Henderson will snort or Scudder will snarl, each following his natural bent in such matters. Tradition insists they quarreled over the spoils of Henderson's famous campaign in Conover Chemical—that same campaign whereby Scudder was lifted out of obscurity to become the somewhat conspicuous dot on the financial map he is now. Tradition, however, is far from the truth. Strife between the two began before there were such spoils, and it did not come to full blossom until long after, when the mysterious affair in Ritchie Aniline stock involved them both. Wall Street never was able to understand that Ritchie performance, nor to tell whether it happened by accident or by design.

The beginning of the thing—and of the great Conover Chemical Corporation—was back in the time when excited Europe, marching enthusiastically to war, halted her first singing long enough to call over to America, "You'll have to make things for yourself for a while now, and you can make some for me too." Because of that the old Conover Dye Works presently found all its seams and joints bursting. Clamorously imperative demands would hear no denials; wherefore three generations of Conovers took counsel together and went into the matter deeply. One outlander sat among them—Scudder, the works manager; but he, having been errand boy and lackey to most of them there, and having come but lately to this title of his own devising, quietly held his accustomed place below the salt and listened while Conovers talked.

"It's plain enough," broke out old David Conover at last, impatient with the chatter that led nowhere. "We either spread out or sell out."

"We don't sell; we spread!" declared young David, his grandson, striving to make enthusiasm seem sober and sure intent.

"Aye, spread! Spread! But how?" the old man demanded. "It can't be done Conover fashion. It's too big for that, or it isn't worth doing at all. It means mortgages or partners. We've never had either."

"We had—once," said young David incautiously. "It was Conover & Ritchie in the beginning, wasn't it?"

At that one or two of the others gasped a little, and old David cried wrathfully, "If you know that much you know, too, why the first David stood with a loaded musket while Andrew Ritchie, with the whole town looking, painted his own name out of the sign. And you know none's been put there since."

"Times change, father," said Thomas Conover, with his troubled frown. "This is war now—a great war. Make no mistake, it won't end soon."

There was brooding silence for a time. Then Hartley Scudder suddenly leaned across the table, his clenched hand thrust out before him, and spoke with tight lips.

"Give me our orders—the originals—all of them!" he urged aggressively. "Give me the last balance and the last statements. I'll take them to New York tonight and I'll bring you back what money you need—and more."

Red-faced Henry Conover squashed a fat fist heavily upon the arm of his chair. "That's it!" he approved. "Go to New York for it. It's to be had there. We'd be wasting time to try around here."

Old David fingered his beard and studied the works manager. "Who'll go with you?" he demanded suspiciously.

"One's enough," returned Hartley Scudder, meeting his glare. "I'll go—or someone else can." He settled back in his seat.

"What will you do?" Thomas asked doubtfully; but Henry said with impatience, "Let him go. Let him go. Why not? Let Hartley go."

"You'll go then!" suddenly decided old David. "You'll go, but you'll make no promises, d'ye hear? Mind that! You'll bring back an offer—terms—no more. We'll 'tend to the rest here. This is Conover business."

Hartley Scudder roused himself energetically and leaned forward again. Unsmiling—but his voice carried a new note—he told them what he would do. In the end, even old David was silent, impressed.

With that began what is now the far-flung Conover Chemical Corporation. Arrow-straight to the awesome Titanic Trust Company in Wall Street the works manager went; and there he would talk to none less than Morris Randolph, who was its president. To that dignitary, ultimately, he unfolded successively his prim records, which counted for little, his piled orders, which counted for more, and his rounded project, which counted for most. And Morris Randolph, knowing what he did and foreseeing what he could from his height, quickly sensed far greater possibilities than were recited to him. He sensed, too, the possibilities of Hartley Scudder himself.

"You speak of 'my plan' and 'my idea,'" he said, looking steadily at his visitor. "I notice you don't say 'our plan' or 'our idea.' Do you mean that as it sounds?"

"I do," answered the works manager, with unwavering cold eyes; and Randolph nodded gravely, understanding.

"And there will be no opposition?" he asked.

"None that can last if I have your support and a free hand," Scudder declared with convincing assurance.

There was importance in that. Moreover, the Conover name was worth while, unquestionably. And the war in Europe was developing wonderfully. So the first financing was quickly done; and thereafter it was the brain of Morris Randolph, working with the resources of the Titanic Trust Company, working through the daring and energy of Hartley Scudder, whereby the little old-fashioned Conover Dye Works became what the Conover Chemical Corporation is now.

There was leaping, bounding progress from the first. Rapidly other properties, other plants were absorbed—little slim-waisted ones that could be bought cheaply with borrowed cash and valued high when the Conover label was ready to be pasted on them. Within two years—two feverish years—Conover Chemical was exciting Wall Street with its astonishing contracts, its daring expansion schemes, its merrily dancing shares. In two years more—two delirious years—it had become high fashion, had taken high place among the fabulous war babies of the stock market.

Naturally, the egg from which all this was hatched disappeared and was no more. The development brought vast new plants, strange new processes and products, amazing new accomplishments with money borrowed, money earned, money spent. The old name was there in its new form and Conover shareholdings were huge; but beyond that, little of what was Conover remained.

There was, to be sure, a title for old David—chairman of the board. He sat under that and blasphemed regularly and unsoftly as the advice he so persistently declaimed was no less persistently ignored. There was a vice president's place for Thomas, with duties held down to the occasional signing of what he had not written. One or two directors' chairs were for other Conovers, from which they might vote yes or no, as they fancied, upon questions already decided.

But in the seat of highest authority there was no Conover at all. The omnipotent president of the Conover Chemical Corporation was that brilliant meteor in the industrial sky, Hartley Scudder, whose keen features were so frequently pictured between magazine covers, surrounded by printed declarations that honesty and hard work and perseverance and pluck will surely lift a lad from stinking dye vats to a fine clean desk of dull walnut, bearing green bronze inkwells and a framed copy of Mr. Kipling's ego-anointing If so stationed as to be visible to all and sundry. And the highly efficient spear of President Hartley Scudder knew no Conover brother, nor any, indeed, save Morris Randolph, who stood dominant at the head of the Titanic Trust Company.

Rapidly the Conover Chemical Corporation multiplied all things that were necessary to its progress—plants, products, contracts, profits, stock certificates. In time, of course, the stock certificates were brought to make their collective debut in Wall Street, that being an ordered, scheduled, essential step in the long settled program. For a while this fledgling Conover moved forward quite decorously in the junior market which Wall Street calls the Curb. Presently, however, it came to full stature on the Stock Exchange, and there, with no great delay, it began the spectacular climb that made it famous. The climbing was directed by Johnny Henderson.

Wall Street will tell you that what he did with Conover Chemical was the most brilliant and successful of all Henderson's stock-market exploits. Perhaps it was not so difficult in that roaring bull market where war-profiting shares like this were the best beloveds of a furiously gambling public. Then, too, he had from the syndicate which Morris Randolph had formed what money he needed to do what he would. But the results were what counted, and they were vast. When they had been gathered and weighed, Johnny Henderson was richer in renown and friendships and money than he had ever been. Whereupon, as a further result, he fell straightway into trouble.

From the beginning he had seen how, among those who had to do with Conover Chemical, the Conover men stood a little apart from the rest, resentful, somewhat sullen, even antagonistic in spirit now and then. And he could see why. They had been toppled over, set aside, shelved by this sharp-eyed, strong-nosed Scudder who once was trash among their workmen and had grown up at their heels, where he belonged. Now their heritage of command was in other hands—his stained hands. Their birthright was gone from them—to him. Yet they could not complain that they had been paid mere pottage for it. They had become moneyed far beyond their dreams, and the Conover name was exalted; and Hartley Scudder had done that too. But he stood there facing them, so unhumble, pointing out to them how they must stand back somewhat; and now and again he grinned upon these Conovers whom he had made so rich—and so impotent. Perhaps if he had not grinned it would have been different.

In that case Henderson might not have waited so long to reach friendship with the men of the Conover clan Their part in the making of Conover Chemical's stock-market career was no small one, but neither was it greater than their extensive interest in the shares forced upon them, nor was it an active part. Accordingly their early appreciation of this Johnny Henderson, this Wall Street manipulator or plunger or whatever he might be, was wholly a matter of the dollars growing where he cultivated. Randolph and Scudder and the others had picked him to do what was to be done. By inference he was their man, their hired man. But ultimately a time came when Hartley Scudder, finding his desires ignored, raised an angry voice to Johnny Henderson and made demands. What followed changed the Conover theory.

The stock had come to a standstill in the market and all Scudder's irritated prodding had not stirred Henderson to move it forward again. Finally, when a press-applauded showing of amazing profits passed with no more than momentary effect on Conover Chemical's price, Scudder's anger blazed

"This is altogether unsatisfactory, Henderson," he declared aggressively, with the usual forward thrust of chin and fist. "I tell you so flatly. I am dissatisfied. We want action and we get indifference. Mr. Randolph will be back again in a day or two and he'll be more indignant than I am."

Henderson studied him gravely.

"You seem annoyed," he said at last.

Scudder exploded. "Annoyed! I want some explanation." His heat so blurred things for him that he did not see how the other's eyes were mere slits for an instant. "You've deliberately neglected opportunities that I've pointed out to you, and the stock's lower than it was three weeks ago. You took no advantage at all of that statement yesterday. Why?"

"But you're mistaken," Henderson said with unpleasant softness. "I took full advantage of the statement. I've slipped out of nearly thirty thousand shares of Conover in the past few days."

"Sold it!" cried Scudder. "You've sold thirty thousand shares? Do you mean to tell me it was your selling of our own stock that kept it from going up on that statement yesterday?"

"I mean just that," Henderson replied coldly. "And I mean to remind you that this thing is in my hands. As long as it stays there I'll run it and you will be wasting time giving orders."

"It won't stay there," Scudder threatened, springing to his feet.

"Furthermore," Henderson went on, "it isn't wise, Scudder, for you to use your bullying method with me. It might—ah—it might interrupt our acquaintance."

In his anger Hartley Scudder called the syndicate members together and demanded immediate change that would eliminate Johnny Henderson from the Conover Chemical situation. But the wiser Morris Randolph, skillfully diplomatic, kept the ship trimmed and pointed out the unwisdom of changing skippers in a storm. He showed them how it might be best to let the stock rest in the market for a while, and also to have the syndicate's holdings reduced so there would be buying power ready again when it might be needed. He placated Scudder, and thereafter peace reigned once more. Later, when unsettlement came to the whole stock market for a while, the advantages of Henderson's preparation for it were made plain; but Hartley Scudder and some of the others seemed unable to find pleasure in that.

Old David Conover held a grave face through the syndicate meeting, but he rode uptown in glee. He went over it all as he sat at dinner that night with Henry in the latter's bachelor home.

"I'm going to get closer to that Johnny Henderson," he told Henry. "He'll be useful, maybe. What d'you suppose made Hartley so bitter today?"

Henry cleared his palate and sluiced it before he spoke. "Scudder's been making a plunge in the stock, expecting Henderson to shove it up," he said. "Henderson didn't do it, and our dear Hartley's sore."

"How do you know that?" The old man showed lively interest.

"I know a lot about Hartley," answered Henry, attentive to his food. "He's got the bad habit of talking to women, and I have the useful habit of listening to them."

"It's the only useful one you've got," snapped old David Conover.

"You learn a lot," Henry said. "For instance, I know that Scudder has been making money out of these plants the Conover company's been buying. He's been in syndicates with some of the rest of his sweet crowd. They've been buying the little properties and turning them in to us at higher prices."

"But that's crooked! That's swindling!" old David cried.

"Oh, no," said Henry easily. "They do it properly, you know; all under cover and legally."

"They're thieves!" declared the old man. "I'll stop that. There are jails for that kind of stealing"

"You won't do anything," Henry said placidly. "There's nothing you can prove. And don't talk about it. Sit back for a while and we'll see what else Hartley tells his lady friends."

Next morning David Conover struck hands with Johnny Henderson. "I heard so much talk about you yesterday that I thought I'd like to know you better," he said

"That pleases me a lot, Mr. Conover," Henderson replied heartily. "I've never known you or your sons as well as I'd like to. Who made you think I was worth coming to see?"

"Scudder," answered old David promptly, and Johnny Henderson smiled, with quick understanding.

"I see," he said; then gravely, "Hartley Scudder's a remarkable man, Mr. Conover. He's a big man in many ways He has force and courage and certainly ability In some matters, however, he—well, he lacks experience."

"I've known him since before he wore shoes," declared David. "He grew up in the Conover works under my eyes. He's able—don't doubt that. And smart—in most things. In others he's a fool."

"He'll learn," Henderson said. "But I'd rather talk to you about Conover Chemical. I've never been interested in anything as I am in that"

"Then come to dinner tonight with my son Henry and me. We're the only Conovers on hand these days. The Government's using the rest of the family. Will you take dinner with us?"

"I will, and gladly," Henderson agreed; and that night he cemented friendship with the Conovers that speedily became intimate and has grown stronger until now

From these Conover men Johnny Henderson learned much, not only of their own property but of the great industry of which it had become the leader. He learned much of the other corporations engaged therein, of their plants and territories, of their sizes and strength and weaknesses. And some of these he marked to be remembered later, when wartime would be gone. Trouble would come then, he knew, and only the fittest would survive

Particularly he marked the Ritchie Aniline Company for disaster then; but, strangely, that was the one concern about which he could not induce David Conover to talk. Garrulous when others were mentioned, the old man went to monosyllables when Ritchie Aniline was named. "'Tain't worth a damn. Never was and never will be," he would say, and nothing more. Finally Henderson asked Henry Conover why

"You've opened the door on the family skeleton," said Henry. "Originally we were Conover & Ritchie. That was my father's grandfather. They were two close friends and they started the business together. But Andrew Ritchie, who had no wife, was a more interesting lover than David Conover, who had one. So one day Andrew looked up to find David poking a gun in his ribs. David handed him a paint-pot and marched him out in front of the works, and there he made him paint his own name off the firm's big sign. Then he marched him the length of Front Street and out of town."

Henry told the story gravely, and Henderson could find nothing more fitting than to ask politely, "And what about the lady?"

"Oh, she stayed on," said Henry indifferently. "Too much trouble to break in a new wife, I suppose. She was my great-grandmother, and when we were kids we had to treat her with great respect. But anything named Ritchie has been hated in the family ever since We drank that in with our milk and learned it with our prayers. It's our feud."

"Then Ritchie started his own business?" Henderson asked.

"He did; and that's the Ritchie Aniline Company of today. The Ritchie family control it. They've never been as big as we've been, and, of course, they're comparatively small today, although they've grown too. Between you and me, they've needed a Hartley Scudder."

"Ritchie Aniline's in poor shape," Henderson declared. "I've been looking into it. Above 40,

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"This is Nonsense," He Asserted Loudly. "It's Insulting, and I Won't Stand It. These are Mere Cheap Suspicions That Can't be Supported. I Ask for a Vote"

Theories and Thanksgiving

By Charles Moreau Harger

The Baby Beef Class, at the Iowa City Fair, 1924

THEORIES are queer things. Outlined in stirring phrase, they seem to account for all vexing problems of past, present and future—especially the future. Then along come the precession of the equinoxes and other phenomena of the changing seasons and suddenly they develop missing cylinders, loose connections and flat tires.

Take the volumes of essays and the hours of oratory that last winter laid down propositions to the effect that the producers of America were hopelessly depressed; that the old familiar law of supply and demand was defunct; that nothing could bring relief except some newfangled subsidies, price fixing and the creation of various high-priced commissions—on which the prophets were perfectly willing to serve at a good liberal salary. The financier who declared conditions overstated; that where a section had gone into its troubles by the gate of extravagance it must come out by the way of economy; that application of ordinary business methods, with such assistance as was possible from the strong to the weak, would in the end bring relief and tide over until things righted themselves, was hooted as a tool of Wall Street and minion of the money power.

When Mother Nature Took a Hand

THROUGHOUT the producing section were self-sacrificing patriots traveling in flivvers and in Pullman cars, spreading the doctrine of unrest. In schoolhouses, halls and commercial clubrooms they declared that something must be done—and the way to start was to organize a league, union or lodge, dues payable in advance—half going into the organizer's pocket. They did not realize that old supply and demand worked even here. The Nonpartisan League, the parent due-collecting system, used to charge sixteen dollars a member and gathered in some 250,000 joiners first and last. But competition cut the rate to $7.50, and then came another organization that would do something for the farmer for four dollars. So bathed was the interior farm country in the pulsating haze of glittering generalities, and so eager were organizers for the quick profits, that it seemed likely dues would soon be payable in potatoes, onions or old clothes.

It all centered in the theory that the economic conditions of the producer of foodstuffs could be remedied only by passing laws, that the sinews of war—meaning fat salaries for representatives at the state and national capitals—were needed to obtain this legislation and without this beneficent procedure on the part of the various organizations greater chaos was ahead.

This sort of propaganda and dues-collection existed from the Alleghanies to the Pacific Coast; it affected every sort of production from pecans to peaches, from wheat to watermelons. The country banker was scared even more than his condition warranted; the business man was afraid to buy goods lest they molder on his shelves; the entire financial structure was weakened, despite any courageous words hard-headed authorities might say, counseling faith and pointing to advancement that had actually been made from the lowest point of the deflation period.

Along in the spring things came to their worst. Some 600 rural banks and several larger institutions had failed in the area west of the Mississippi. Many more were hanging on by their teeth through the grace of the banking departments, the intermediate credit banks and the War Finance Corporation. Congress hurriedly extended the operations of the last, which were to have expired March first, until November thirtieth. Unquestionably distress existed. It was of darkest hue on the high plains of Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska, and up in the spring-wheat country of the Dakotas and Montana, where land speculation, single-crop methods, unfavorable harvests and deflation of prices for products had combined to harass the settlers.

Congress adjourned. Before it had been many bills for direct relief of the farmer, some of strange vintage. Few had material support from the soil tillers themselves, but politicians backed them with great gusto. None of the proposed legislation passed; it was evident that enough laws already existed. Arose a tremendous wail that destruction was upon us, that now was the time to come to the aid of the league with more dues. Then Mother Nature took a hand and things commenced to happen.

A curious fallacy has existed that the improvement in agriculture has come from great crops. Usually this is so. It was the case in the prewar days when the country went along with its regular foreign demand and fairly steady industrial activity, calling for a normal amount of foodstuffs from home producers. But this year had no record-breaking crops.

Take wheat. Last year we produced 786,000,000 bushels; this year (September estimate) 837,000,000; but the five-year average before 1923 was 881,000,000 bushels. What did happen was, first, that wheat surprised the experts. In July the Government estimated the crop at 740,000,000 bushels, 100,000,000 less than finally was gathered. Furthermore the quality was probably the best in history. The more the threshers pushed into the fields the greater became the return per acre. Thirty and forty bushel yields were too common to get mention.

But that was not what changed conditions in the wheat belt—the crop was distributed helpfully. Out on the high plains of Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska had been three years of small crops. Last year more than 4,000,000 acres were abandoned. Yields of eight and ten bushels were rather fair harvests—and the farm price was eighty-five cents.

This season the high plains of the Southwest had the thirty-bushel yields and a dollar a bushel; in North Dakota, the farm price was $1.22 and the state raised more than twice as much grain as in 1923. The wheat production as a whole was not exceptional, but the large yields came where had been greatest need. Tens of thousands of acres of Western Kansas were seeded through a wheat fund raised by millers and manufacturers to help poor farmers. The subscribers were to receive one-fifth the yield, if any—they made 300 per cent on their charity. Distribution made the real benefit from the wheat crop as a factor in financial rehabilitation, because its largest bounty was given where conditions had been worst.

Along with the yield came the rising price. That, too, had little to do with this country's yield alone. We raised more than 50,000,000 bushels over last year; normally it should have lowered the price to a new level. But there is Canada, our rival wheat country on this continent. We keep Canada wheat from our mills by a high tariff, but that does not prevent its competing with the foreign market.

The High-Priced Corn Crop

LAST year Canada harvested 453,000,000 bushels; it exported some 340,000,000 bushels. This year it became evident about July that wheat was poor in the great fields of Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Alberta. By September, Canada's crop was estimated at 267,000,000 bushels, little more than half that of last season. It would have little to export, and Europe, gaining steadily in its financial condition, would have to buy wheat from the United States. Wheat went soaring to a dollar and upward at primary markets and producers admitted that old General Supply-and-Demand might have something to do with things after all.

Take corn. That is an entirely different story, but still a chapter in the supply-and-demand document. About the time wheat is being harvested, corn begins to show its promise. This year a late cold spring made its growth slow, except out under the sunny skies of the Southwest. All at once the country woke up to the probability that we should have a shortage of corn—and away went the prices! For the first time since the war that cereal brought a dollar a bushel. Again came favorable distribution. Old settled states like Illinois or Wisconsin, with diversified interests, could get along with a moderate yield; but Kansas and Nebraska needed it—they got it. Kansas raised the largest crop in nine years; Oklahoma and Nebraska had high-average yields.

Probably the shortage of corn helped the price of wheat, because both cereals go into the feeding of nations. But corn has a limited area; wheat can be grown in many countries. The nation's yield is 2,513,000,000 bushels compared with 3,046,000,000 bushels in 1923 and an average of 2,899,000,000 for the preceding half decade. So we are short of corn.

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LA FOLLETTE'S PINK TEA

By Elizabeth Frazer

THIS year the women have the choice of three political parties and three presidential candidates from which to pick a winner. Two of the parties are old friends—or old enemies, if you prefer. But the third suitor for their approval is something of a stranger, though not entirely so. To be sure, the title he wears so boldly is a good one, though it is not an exact fit and its ownership is somewhat in doubt. His speech, and his sentiments, too, have a hauntingly familiar ring, as of confused voices speaking out of the past. But as a whole he is a stranger, and as such he has the attraction of novelty. There is an exciting uncertainty as to what he is, what he thinks and what he will actually do.

Now there is none of this romantic uncertainty about the two old parties. The women know them through and through, having lived with them in the bonds of political wedlock four long, experienceful years. You can't tell the women anything about the Republicans or the Democrats which they don't already know. They have learned it in the hard school of practical politics in city, state and nation.

For this reason the new third-party suitor who comes seeking woman's hand and vote does not need, as a preamble, to point out to her the sins of omission and commission of the Republicans and Democrats. She knows them full well. All that is, so to speak, old stuff. But that which she does not know, and upon which she desires earnestly to be informed, is what better substitute the stranger has to offer in their place. It is the constructive end of his program, his remedy for the present ills, which she would like to investigate rather carefully before she takes him on as partner for the next four years. She may not, and indeed she does not, approve of all the goings on in the households of the existing parties; but neither does she intend to jump out of the frying pan without first looking to see whether she will land in the fire.

A Look at the Plans

AND so to the third-party candidate with the vaguely familiar yet baffling personality the women say frankly:

"We're from Missouri; show us. What is your remedy? What are your constructive plans? Will they work? Have they already been tried out? Where? With what percentage of success? What have you got to offer that the old parties haven't got? Forgive us if we ask you to chuck the bunk and hand us the hard facts. Save your emotionalism for the men voters; we are the practical race. Above all, permit us to take home and examine thoroughly at our leisure these blue prints of your new plans before we hire you as the head architect of the nation."

It is this sober sanity, this practical, clear-headed vision, running to neither extreme, but holding steadfastly to the safe middle of the road, which is the outstanding characteristic of the women leaders, as well as the common rank and file, in politics today. Sheer emotional sob stuff does not get by; they can't be stampeded by it; they demand, not wabbly theories and vague generalizations, but hard-and-fast proved facts. They are using, not so much their hearts—there's not a great deal of heart interest in the practical politics of today—as their heads. It is the sober judgment of several shrewd, nonpartisan spectators of the political scene that the women leaders are revealing more downright intelligence, common sense and comprehension of fundamental issues in the present situation than the men. And it is to this intelligence, to this clear-headed practical common sense that this article is addressed.

The Progressive candidate urges the women to move out of their present more or less conservative quarters and to move into his new third-party house. But first let us examine the blue prints, look over the locale and see what manner of residents are already installed. Let us study his plans and designs. In short, before we are off with the old love and on with the new, let us take the major propositions and policies, as outlined in the third-party candidate's platform and printed speeches, analyze them and see how they stack up with what we already possess. After which it is up to the women whether they will stick to their present quarters and spend some money on improvements, or whether they will scrap the old family mansion. If they decide to move they vote for the third-party candidate. If, however, they don't like the blue prints they are at liberty to turn the architect down.

House planning is fascinating to women, even more so than to men. But women don't always like a man-planned house; it is often devilish inconvenient for the mistress who must live her life therein—shallow closets, bad plumbing, back-breaking sinks, windows and doors that stick, cheap unweathered green wood which shrinks and settles and creaks. Women, in their houses, like solid substance, strong, stable foundations and seasoned timbers which will withstand the wear and tear of time. It is therefore worth while to scan these plans of the third-party edifice with a practical eye.

On the outside cover of the plans stand the words: Statement and Platform of Robert La Follette, Independent Progressive Candidate for President of the United States, and above, across the top of the cover, runs the significant legend: A New Declaration of Independence. A new one! Well, as a beginning, that is not so good. For the original Declaration of Independence which forms the corner stone of the old edifice is peculiarly dear to us all: it is the last thing we would wish to scrap. As a statement of human rights it is a world beater, magnificent, unsurpassed, and staunch as the hulls of those early sailing vessels in which our forefathers conquered the trade of the world. You know how it runs: "When, in the Course of human events ——" And mounting to those lines of sublime optimism: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." Who can better that?

The "New" Declaration

IT SHOULD be marked that the third-party candidate does not say his statement is a reaffirmation of old principles; he asserts positively that he has a new proposition to offer, a substitute which, as the advertisements say, is just as good. It may be, of course, that he does not mean what he says, that he is using terms loosely and negligently; but if this be true, that is the kind of shifty building which will not stand: and, moreover, we are bound to give him the benefit of the doubt, to believe that he chooses his words advisedly and actually has a new Declaration of Independence to offer the people. What it consists of we shall see later on. Turning the leaf, we come upon the candidate's official statement. It begins as follows.

"In the most momentous crisis which has confronted the nation in our time, you have called upon me to accept

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The Anniversary of the Birth of Baron Von Steuben Was Celebrated Recently at the Yankee Stadium, New York City. One of the Features of the Celebration Was a Speech by the Progressive Presidential Aspirant, Senator Robert M. La Follette

THE TWEETIES

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

It Transpired That the Uncle and Aunt Held Jacques in Peculiar Affection and Considered Him a Future Asset

EVERYBODY called them the Tweeties because that was Andy's pet name for Camilla, who reciprocated with Honeybun and Toodledums and Daddy Dumplin. Wait, wait! Keep your seats! This is not going to be a cooing story at all. But I want to protest earnestly, right here, against any spirit of levity either. The Johnsons were simply a good, honest, average American couple. Each was forever bragging about the other, and Camilla quoted her husband so often that "I wonder what Andy would think of this" became a stock joke among her friends.

Well, as I was saying, Andy called her—why shouldn't a man call his wife Tweetie, anyhow, if he feels that way? No, sir, he didn't keep an undulating blond stenographer; he didn't do any such a thing! And she called him Daddy Dumplin. No, no, madam, you're wrong—they did not fight in private. The Johnsons had lived together ten years without once engaging in a quarrel, and with hardly a serious dispute. At this juncture a lot of scarred veterans are going to howl, "Oh, what a big lie! How can you?" Nevertheless, it is the gospel truth, vouched for by a long line of Johnson cooks.

The miracle was due to an unusual combination of personalities. To begin with, Andy was an extraordinarily patient man; but that isn't half the tally—a lot of us are that. No, most of the credit belonged to Camilla. Just because she had a legal hold on Andy, she never once tried to convert it into a strangle hold. Of course she was a freak; I'm not denying it.

After ten years of wedded bliss Andy retained a sublime conviction that he possessed the most beautiful and best-dispositioned woman on God's green earth. Lest many a stout husband and true should be embarrassed by having this thrown up to him, let me rush the explanation: He had been one of those rare, shy, retiring bachelors who put all women on a pedestal, and because Camilla had about given up hope when he came along, she prized his illusions so highly that it became her life objective to preserve them. Do you begin to see now?

A faithful reader of all newspaper literature bearing on the art of retaining a husband's love, particularly during the dangerous age, she bestowed a coquette's care on her appearance, and Andy had yet to see her scalp tightly checkerboarded with curlers or her face glistening with cold cream. Countless monuments have been reared to saints for less heroic perseverance. Nor was that her finest achievement. She resolutely curbed a mean and hair-trigger temper where her husband was concerned. Her parents still spoke with awe of the tantrums that made Camilla's girlhood a cyclonic nightmare, yet Andy had never witnessed a single flash. Naturally it could not have been done unless she took it out on somebody, but Camilla figured it is easier to get a new iceman or cook than a new husband.

So she always contrived to show herself in a cooing mood when he came home from the office, no matter what her irritations during the day. Even with forty years staring her coldly in the eye, Camilla would talk baby talk to him because he had deemed it adorable in the throbbing courtship time. Perhaps it made Andy slightly weary now and again, but he never walked out on her, nor betrayed a quiver. All honor to Andy Johnson! In fact, sometimes it even induced added tenderness through recalling cherished memories, especially after a good pot-roast dinner, as he sat with buttons loosed, a-smoking his seegar.

He was immensely proud of his wife. Her thrift had contributed to make him one of the solid men of the city; she combined a scientific knowledge of food values and balanced diet with an epicurean taste; and although they didn't belong to the smart set, Camilla had built up an enviable position. She was president of the Thursday Reading Club and an active member of the organization which was striving, with heads bloody but unbowed, to instill a taste for art among the crass commercials.

On the more human side, also, she enjoyed a certain popularity. After the Thursday Reading Club had taken a fall out of the Blue Bird for an hour, it was their custom to set up card tables and settle down to business. Camilla played an accurate and tense game and her friends were always eager to secure her for partner. Then she could be counted on to lend a hand at those numerous semicharitable, semifashionable affairs that furnish an outlet during the winter for the restless energies of women who haven't sufficient home duties to occupy them, and the still larger class who would rather spend ten dollars for an opportunity to work to exhaustion on the chance of netting a dollar and sixty cents for charity than donate that amount outright.

"That wife of mine," declared Andy in pious thanksgiving to old Judge Maillot, "does more for the poor than any two women in this town. There just ain't a thing she isn't in."

"I believe you're right," said the judge. "I don't believe I've picked up the paper in a year without seeing her name in it, or her picture."

Andy replied, with a pleased smile, "They pester the life out of her."

Often he marveled that a woman of Camilla's accomplishments should have stooped to marry a man like himself, who was only good for plugging along and making shrewd trades. For there was hardly any branch of culture in which she could not hold her own. She had a nice taste in literature and could talk as glibly as anybody at the club meetings about the Irish poets, and before they arrived, it had been Browning and Maeterlinck. The very names awed Andy. And the technical patter Camilla had at her tongue's end persuaded both him and her acquaintances that she had a profound knowledge of the literature of all countries.

She did not spend much time on the works that came up for discussion at the Thursday Reading Club—not more than enough to enable her to contribute what sounded like informed comment. For amusement she went to the idyllic school of American fiction. She loved sweet and tender things.

Curled up in a chaise longue, with a box of chocolates beside her, she would read Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton Porter by the hour, gulping chocolates and happy tears.

Once or twice she took a flyer into other fields, but Andy never knew it, nor did she incline toward such reading. I refer to The Desert Bride and The Drums of Love, to which she was impelled by what the other girls had told her at a bridge party. She devoured each of these novels at a single sitting, until her eyes popped and her head ached. Then she threw the books away before Andy came home.

"What's the matter, Tweetie?" he inquired.

"Reading too much, I guess."

"What do you want to overdo it for? You know more right now with one hand tied behind your back than any of the other women we know."

"There's so much to read, if one wants to keep up. These Russian writers have a style we can never hope to attain. They're so—so true to life," she replied, with a sigh. It confirmed his conviction that Camilla dwelt on a higher spiritual plane.

One night they went to see a moving picture wherein an innocent slip of a bobbed-haired thing in a one-piece bathing suit let a city slicker give her swimming lessons. And all the time the scoundrel had a wife and family! How could she know that? She trusted him implicitly—trusted him, alas, too well. That devil went on about his business, and when she couldn't even get a settlement, her parents gave her the bounce, her former friends looked the other way, and there was Stella trying all alone to earn an honest living for herself and child. It looked as though everybody went out of the way to be dirty toward the young mother, and Camilla cried all over the aisle. She was so worked up that Andy became embarrassed and feared it might make her ill.

"It ain't real, you know, Tweetie," he whispered. "It didn't actually happen. I've seen pictures of the house where Stella lives in Hollywood and it's a swell place."

"Maybe it isn't real in this particular case," sobbed his wife; "but you know as well as I do there are things like that going on every day."

This incident made a profound impression on Johnson. He gave thanks to his Maker that he had been blessed with a wife of such heart.

"Women've got finer sensibilities than men—that's all there is to it," he declared at lunch next day to old Judge Maillot in the club. "We aren't fit to wipe their shoes."

"No?" replied the judge absently, rather depressed from a week of divorce cases.

"Last night we went to see that fillum, Cast Out by the World, and my wife cried so hard I thought she'd have to leave."

The judge waited; Andy appeared to regard this as proving something.

"Well, what of it?"

"Why," said Andy, taken aback, "it just goes to show what I just said."

Because she had a tender heart it must not be supposed that Camilla always dwelt in the clouds. In many respects she was more practical than her husband. She could weep over the sorrows of unrequited love and self-sacrifice misunderstood, but that didn't deter her from weighing the meat and the ice, and any time the cook got away with a bowl of scraps she certainly earned it. And she and Sarah Scott didn't speak because she publicly dunned Sarah for sixty cents lost at bridge the previous winter. Sarah claimed to have forgotten, but Mrs. Johnson refused to swallow any such nonsense.

Sometimes she had even to act as a brake on Andy's impulses. The average successful business man is a hard trader between eight in the morning and six at night, because otherwise he could not survive; but it's amazing how some of them loosen up in the cool of the evening. Johnson was a fair average specimen. Nobody ever bragged about taking anything away from Andy in a trade. In fact, his chief competitor always referred to him as Old Frozen-Face. Yet where his trading instincts did not come into play he was inclined to be generous. Not one of his employes but owed him money for advances to build homes or tide over periods of sickness and hard luck, and as for relatives, he went down into his pocket periodically

"Why can't they take care of themselves?" Camilla demanded. "You had to make every cent you've got."

"Oh, well, they've had bad luck, Tweetie, and ——"

"Yes, and they always will, too, so long as you help them. They won't get down and hustle, that's their trouble," she asserted. "How did we get where we are? By doing without. But I'd like to see one of that bunch do without anything. That nephew of yours—why, the very automobile he runs around in you paid for."

"No, no, I didn't. I lent Aleck a little money, but ——"

"It's the same thing."

"There, there," said Andy, with a sheepish smile, patting her shoulder. This was a subject he dreaded, because it seemed always to stir his wife's resentment.

"I think you're foolish, Honeybun, to let people impose on you the way they do."

"They don't impose on me."

"You're always helping somebody."

"Pshaw, no, Tweetie! Now and again I have to come across, but what can I do?"

"Just say no, that's all."

"Sometimes a man's just got to help. Humans are divided into two classes, Tweetie—the props and the leans."

"And the more you prop, the more they'll lean."

"Well, I'm lucky to be a prop."

Camilla mastered her rage by a superhuman effort Couldn't he see how shamelessly they were imposing on him?

"Are you going to let that Granger boy have that two hundred dollars?" she asked quietly.

"I guess I'll have to," said Andy, having already given him a check.

"Well, I can tell you right now you may as well kiss that money good-by "

"It won't break me. And if he didn't get it they would be put out of their house."

A withering retort trembled on her tongue, but she choked it back; and perceiving that he was growing uneasy and sullen, she changed her manner.

"What a dear old foolish Daddy Dumplin I've got, haven't I?" she cooed, giving him a peck of a kiss on the cheek. "But promise me you won't do anything like that again without telling me."

"All right," he agreed.

About a week later Johnson received a tempting offer for his flour-and-feed business.

"I don't know whether to take it or not," he told his wife. "A man of my age has got no right to retire."

"But we'll have more than we need," she protested, her mind busy with the figures; "and we can travel. You know I've always wanted to travel."

"That's true too. And if we're ever going to see the world, now's the time—while we're young enough to enjoy it. Besides, it won't be retiring exactly. I'll have enough to do looking after my real estate and keeping this money working."

So he sold out, and Camilla packed everything in moth balls and tobacco leaf and closed the house. They had no children to consider. This was the only sorrow of their lives, but its effect was to draw them closer together. A daughter had died at birth but, as though it had been agreed upon, they never spoke of the baby. When they went every Saturday to the cemetery with flowers they performed the ceremony without any reference to their loss, but there was always added tenderness in Johnson's manner toward his wife.

During the first fortnight of their European trip Andy was so busy sending back picture post cards to the folks at home that he had no time to be lonely; but finally he couldn't think of any other names, and then he began to mope and complain of the food and to draw disparaging

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Now She Felt She Could Afford to Shop Without Skimping. Andy Was Willing—Told Her to "Fly at It, the Sky's the Limit"

RUSTY ROUSTABOUT

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

A HALF hour after dawn Long John Larkin, the engineer, and Philip Lee, the negro deck hand, saw an ugly thing. They had fought a good fight until then—an almost hopeless fight against a furious southwest gale which long ago had smashed the Sea Swallow's rudder and was now driving the thirty-foot launch toward breakers which would annihilate her. Capt. Mat Norman had directed that fight with the coolness and skill which Larkin and Lee had learned to expect of him in all emergencies. Then, as though some nerve within him had snapped, he seemed to go suddenly insane with fear.

He shouted something to Larkin, but his voice was cracked from much yelling against the gale, and the wind whirled his words away unheard. Then he tried to throw Larkin overboard. Long John was the bigger man and shook him off. Next he made for Lee, and the negro, his face the color of ashes, seized a heavy bar of iron and warned him back.

Keeping his footing with difficulty, Norman staggered across the cockpit and into the cabin. In a moment he reappeared, bringing with him Rusty, the little red Irish terrier that for four years had been a member of the Sea Swallow's crew. He flung the dog into the black, raging sea, then sprang at Larkin, his arms outstretched, evidently hoping to push the engineer over the side.

Long John ducked, falling forward into the cockpit, and Norman, unable to check his onset, plunged headlong into the ocean.

So, thirty minutes later, Larkin and Lee went with the Sea Swallow into the white inferno of the breakers, believing that Mat Norman, the coolest man that either of them knew, had gone mad with terror in the storm. Rusty, the little Irish terrier, would have told them if he could that they were mistaken, for he knew the man who was his god better than either Lee or Larkin knew him. Rusty would have told them that what Norman did was the right thing to do—that if they had jumped when Norman tried to make them jump, they might have escaped death even as Rusty himself escaped it.

The launch was driving toward the shoals and sand bars of Buck Bay. There she must inevitably be smashed to matchwood and every man in her would be pounded to a pulp. To stay with her was certain death. To jump and swim for it before she entered the bay's shallow mouth was the only chance, and Norman alone had been cool enough to recognize it. Rusty might not have been able to explain all this in detail; but if he had perished in the huge ocean surges into which his master had hurled him, he would have gone down knowing that Norman had done for him all that any man could do. Of this sort was Rusty's love and Rusty's faith.

A Great Milk-White Bird, Half as Tall as a Tall Man, Startled Him as It Rose With Labored Wing Beats Not More Than Half a Dozen Feet in Front of Him

The sun was two hours high when the little red dog came ashore. A great white-maned comber tossed him on the upper beach and left him there, to all outward seeming, stone dead. A long while he lay where the wave had left him, sprawled on his side, limp and motionless. With that wave the storm tide reached its crest; and, magically, when the tide had turned and the ebb had set in, the wind, which had slackened to a stiff breeze, died away altogether, the gray blanket vanished from the face of the sky and the warm May sunshine fell like a blessing upon beach and ocean. Of all this Rusty, inert on the white sand, the flame of life flickering feebly in his brine-soaked body, knew nothing. Nor did he know that the grim storm scavengers of the aërial patrol were abroad and that already their scouts had spied him from the upper air.

From all directions they came, hurrying on wide somber wings to the feast—first one, then another, then a third, then five more arriving all at once. They were black vultures, all of them, cowardly carrion feeders, yet bold enough to pick the eyes from helpless living victims; but not until twelve of them stood on the sands around the spot where Rusty lay did the boldest make a forward move. His first awkward hop was the signal for a general onset. Long hooked beaks backed by hideous naked heads were reaching for Rusty's eyes; scaly, sharp-clawed feet were trampling his body, when with an angry snarl a lithe tawny beast charged into the midst of the mob. For a moment there was a mad confusion of wildly beating black pinions to the accompaniment of hisses and growls. Then, as the vultures scattered in all directions and, running awkwardly to get a start, rose with swift, powerful wing beats, the big wildcat turned to examine his find.

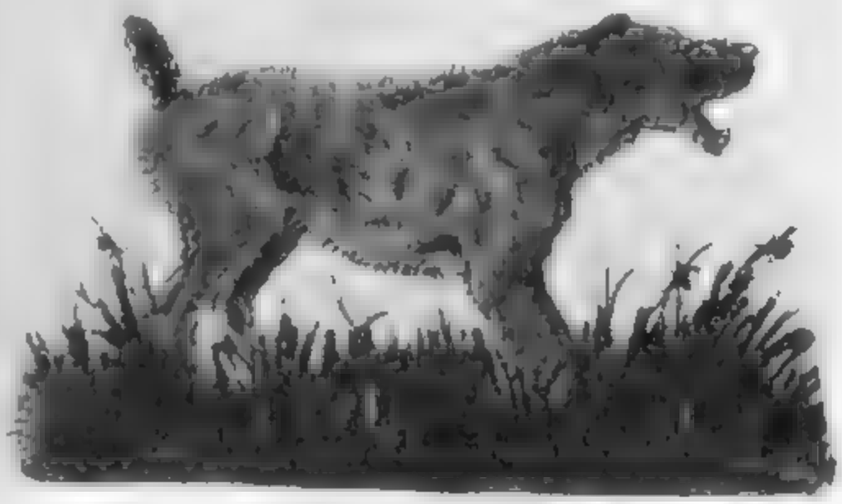
What he saw amazed him. He had expected nothing like this. A dead fish was what he had hoped for, or, failing that, a dead sea bird—titbits which were much to his liking and for which he was accustomed to search the beaches after storms. Generally, these beach hunts of his were conducted by night; but this storm had not ended until well after dawn, and he knew that if he waited until the following evening the vultures and buzzards, marvelously efficient watchers of the sands, would forestall him and take for themselves whatever savory morsels the gale had brought to his island. So the old lynx had compromised with caution, the caution which forbade him to patrol the open beach by day.

All morning he had been slinking like a ghost along the fringe of the jungle, keeping carefully under cover, pausing often to peer out from his leafy shelter and search the bare white strand above high water mark. The wind had driven the tide much higher than usual, though by no means as high as in the great hurricanes that came now and then in late summer and fall. It was scarcely ten yards from the jungle's margin to the strip of soft sand where the waves had deposited whatever storm victims they had brought; and three times the lynx, after making sure that no foeman was in sight, had made a quick dash out into the open, picked up something in his jaws and slunk back to the green covert of the thicket's edge.

His first find was a least tern, a bird so small that it had merely whetted his appetite. Next, the sharply contrasting black-and-white plumage and crimson bill of a dead oyster catcher caught his eye. This was a more satisfying meal; and after he had also found and devoured a turnstone and a black-bellied plover, which he discovered lying side by side on the slope of a low dune, his hunger was temporarily appeased. Nevertheless, curiosity led him to wander a half mile farther along the jungle edge; and when, just after rounding a little myrtle-grown hillock, he saw the vultures grouped about a reddish object on the upper beach, he jumped to the conclusion that here at last was the delicacy for which he had been looking—a freshly killed fish, probably a small surf bass. A quick glance showed him that the coast was clear and he charged the vultures instantly.

The discovery that the object which had attracted the scouts of the air patrol was not a bass, but a small red dog, worked a sudden and startling change in the big wildcat. He jumped five feet to the right and crouched close to the sand, tawny body quivering, pale eyes glinting, white fangs gleaming in snarling jaws. Into his brain like specters out of the dim past rushed a host of hateful memories: memories of a day of terror when, as a half-grown cub, he had seen his mother torn to pieces by a pack of dogs and he himself had escaped by a miracle to nurse a long gash on his flank which had tortured him for days.

Since then he had hated and feared dogs above all other enemies, hating them almost as much as he feared them. They seldom came to his lonely barrier island, separated from the mainland by a waste of marsh through which wound many deep tidal creeks; but when they did come,



His Muscles Were Taut for the First of the

to trail the deer through the dense island thickets and set the green jungle ringing with wild, terrible, fierce music, the lynx always sought his safest refuge and lay there trembling and growling, living again that day of terror long ago and the days of agony that followed it.

Those memories gripped him now. As he crouched on the sand six feet from Rusty's motionless form, the fear which shook his yellow-brown striped and spotted body struggled with the hate glaring out of his savage eyes. He knew instantly that the dog was alive. His first impulse bade him flee; but though his nostrils reeked with the dog scent and his heart was cold with the fear which that scent inspired, his eyes told another story and stirred another emotion.

They told him that this dog was small, little more than half his own size and weight, that it was weak to the point of impotence, utterly powerless to defend itself, unconscious of the lynx's presence, insensible or asleep. Little by little, as he watched, hate triumphed over fear; and little by little, as the minutes passed, the glare of those round unwinking eyes grew more savage and more sinister. Here was an easy victory, a safe and swift revenge. One long leap, one deep thrust of needle teeth meeting point to point in the throat, and the thing was done.

Suddenly all sense of fear vanished. Ears flattened, fangs gleaming, the lynx bunched his sinewy body for the spring.

Rusty, the red Irish terrier, was dreaming—dreaming of old days on the Sea Swallow with Mat Norman, of quiet voyages along the winding marsh creeks behind the barrier islands, of venturesome trips on the open ocean when fair weather tempted the Sea Swallow's skipper to save time and distance by passing from inlet to inlet outside the island chain. On a sudden the dream ended. Rusty stirred restlessly and opened his eyes. Slowly and feebly he raised his head and looked about him.

Around the arc of a half-circle his gaze swept a peaceful panorama of sea and sky and sloping, clean-swept strand. Then the movement of his head ceased, his body quivered, the short wiry hair of his nape and back stiffened and stood erect.

Wide, round, pale yellow eyes, stern and cruel as death, glared into his; eyes aglow with fierce fires of hate, yet hard and cold as jewels; eyes set in a broad, bearded face of implacable ferocity. As if by some compelling hypnotic power, they held Rusty spellbound and motionless; and, sudden and swift as the stab of a sword, fear entered Rusty's heart. For a fraction of time his life hung by a thread. The big lynx, poised and tense for the spring, would have launched himself forward instantly at the slightest sign of weakness, and the dog, faint and sick after his battle with the sea, must have perished almost without a struggle.

But Rusty Roustabout II was Irish terrier to the core. He was the son of kings. To Champion Breda Mixer his pedigree went back, and the blood in his veins was the pure blood of those little red dogs of North Ireland which long ago were dubbed dare-devils by men who counted courage the cardinal virtue in dog or man. Only for a moment did cold terror chill his heart and paralyze his faculties. In an instant he threw it off and was himself again—the heedless, reckless, headlong little bravo whose delight in picking fights with dogs too big and heavy for him to handle was a constant source of pride and anxiety to his master whenever the Sea Swallow tied up at the city wharves to discharge or take on freight.

Perhaps it was the habit, characteristic of his breed, of striking first and considering consequences afterward which made him do what he now did. Perhaps some deep-seated instinct guided him; or possibly, in some mysterious way, he read a secret in those glassy savage eyes and knew on the instant that one thing and one thing only could save him. Be that as it may, he did that thing.

Summoning all his strength for the effort, he rose to his feet and with every hair abristle, short stubby tail erect as a flagpole, white teeth gleaming in long strong jaws, he stalked stiffly forward, then charged.

The wildcat, crouched for the leap, his brain on fire with the hate which for the moment had conquered his fear, shot forward and upward as though propelled by a catapult. Set on hair-trigger as he was, nothing could have stopped him; for an infinitesimal fraction of a second it seemed that Rusty's desperate attack had been launched too late. It had, indeed, come too late to forestall the cat's assault; but the terrier's swift and sudden advance cut in half the distance between the two antagonists, and the lynx's muscles had been keyed to drive his body forward that distance and not an inch less. So when he leaped he leaped too high and too far; and at the very instant when the terrier's legs gave way under him and he crumpled on the sand, the long tawny body of the cat flashed over him, one hind claw raking his head.

Slowly the dog, his forehead streaming with blood, struggled to his feet and faced about on tottering legs to meet the furious charge which he expected. Ten yards away across the sands he saw his foe racing with long bounds toward the green wall of jungle beyond the low sand hills of the upper beach. Once and once only the lynx looked back; and Rusty, sitting on his haunches because once more his hind legs had given way, sent after him a bark of triumph and defiance.

This was the first meeting of Rusty, the little red Irish terrier, sometime member of the launch Sea Swallow's crew, and Longclaw, the big bay lynx, who for ten years or more had been king of all the preying beasts of the long narrow barrier island to which Rusty came by the grace of Providence when the Sea Swallow met her end. It was a strange whim of fate which brought the two together, for there was only one man who knew Longclaw the lynx and that one was Mat Norman, Rusty's master and god.

It was Norman who had given Longclaw his name. Woodsman as well as boatman, the Sea Swallow's skipper sometimes stopped at this island between the marshes and sea to spend a half day looking for sea-turtle nests in the sands, if the season was the season of turtles, or to wander in the dense woods of palmetto and pine, gnarled, stunted live oak and evergreen cassena, which covered the island's interior and in which many wild things had their homes. Several times on these trips Norman had noted the tracks of an unusually large wildcat, the largest wildcat tracks that he had ever seen. Because he delighted in studying the wild things, he always left Rusty on the launch when he landed on the island, for the terrier was of too restless and lively a temperament for patient watching in the woods; and because he had a habit of giving names to all the wild creatures with which he became acquainted, Norman dubbed the big bay lynx Longclaw and wove romantic fancies about the velvet-footed mysterious haunter of the jungle glooms.

A creature of mystery he was, in truth: a ghostly, sinister, uncanny presence; a dim, elusive shape, seeming scarcely more tangible than the darkness through which he moved on feet that made no sound. To Norman he was the very spirit of the wild uncouth island forest, grotesque and inhospitable, bristling with needle-pointed yuccas and long-spined cactuses—a dense, almost impenetrable, palm-shadowed jungle, utterly unlike the beautiful woods of the Low Country mainland, yet alluring with an outlandish tropical enchantment of its own. Norman, on his visits to this fastness, searched often for the big lynx, but not in order to harm him. His tracks in the sand gave the man a thrill of joy whenever he came upon them; and the island wilderness was all the more fascinating, all the more alluring, because somewhere in its hidden depths lurked this secretive spectral follower of the night trails.

In spite of all his seeking and watching, Norman saw the lynx but once, and then only for an instant. But a time

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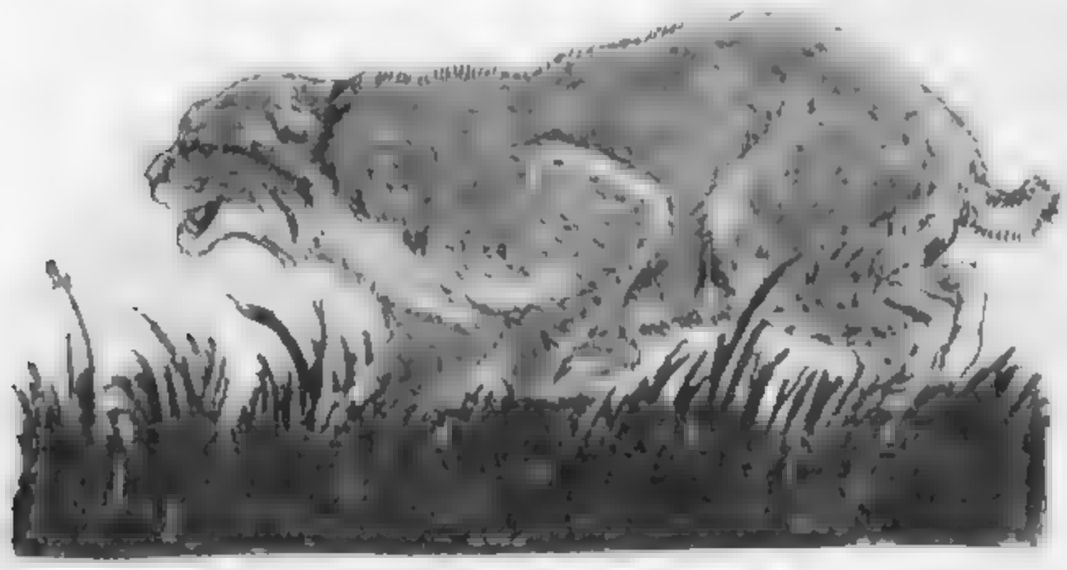

Series of Bounds Which Would Bring Him to Grips With His Foe

Rusty Not Only Saw the Lynx Again, But Actually Treed Him in a Small Isolated Cedar and Kept Him There for an Hour

TORMENTED MEN—By James Stevens

IN THE first six months of 1923 I loaded approximately 2,700,000 feet of green lumber. In the first six months of 1924 I wrote approximately 100,000 words of stories and articles. For fifteen years I made my living as a common laborer, working mostly with large crews of men. For six months I have made my living as a writer, working alone at a desk. Of course I write about laborers. I do not think of them as a class, as a large political or social group. They are the only people I have really known well, and I think of the men I have worked with as of individuals. There are classes, groups and types of laborers, to be sure, but I always see them in the characteristics of some individual I have known. There was Chris Ansen, for example. Chris is typical of a large group of common laborers, the group which is kept always in a turmoil and fever of mind by the apostles of unrest. Know Chris, and you can understand the group itself and its tormentors. I will tell first of the circumstances under which I met Chris Ansen and his family.

Chris is Typical of a Large Group of Common Laborers, the Group Which is Kept Always in a Turmoil and Fever of Mind by the Apostles of Unrest

As a laborer I did not prosper materially or live contentedly until my last two years of work in the sawmills and logging camps of the Northwest. I lived as I pleased, however; and it pleased me to rove and see the country. It pleased me to dream of not always being a laborer and to plan and study for a change; and this was not so difficult, either, as I remember it, except that my longings to get out with the crowd and seek pleasure often got the better of my purpose. But I usually thought I lived a hard life; and many other laborers everywhere said the same thing; we declared that we were unlucky, that the world was unfair to us, and that fortunate people victimized us instead of helping us. Now the men who complained the most were the men who read the most; who read serious studies of industrial and social relations and political articles particularly. We read mostly that which was designed to appeal to us, articles which showed us many more evils, persecutions and miseries in our life than we had thought about ourselves. The sympathetic writers, teachers and politicians were regarded by us as heroes, martyrs who sacrificed themselves for the uplift of oppressed men

Then I tired of wandering and began to work longer in each place. I saved money, of course. At last I found an exceptionally good place to work in. I settled there and worked steadily. I made friends of men who were steady, contented laborers, who owned automobiles and their own homes, and who provided a good living and opportunities for their families. They did not complain often, though they worked harder than the rovers I had known, and did not have such exciting adventures. Few of them read about sociology, industrial problems or politics; they read mostly story magazines and publications which appealed to their interest in home mechanics, gardening and outdoor life; and some of them read books about their line of work and the trade publications of their industry. I liked these men, and I liked their life when I was not troubled with wanderlust. I decided finally that I could work steadily at hard labor and be as comfortable at it as any other man. So I bought a car and began to save money for a home.

The Independence of Chris Ansen

I HAD plenty of time for study and reading, and my dream of writing about the life I had known got the outlines of a real plan. Here, I thought, were the very kind of people I wanted most to write about—workers who truly represented the great body of prosperous, contented American labor. There was no drama of adventure in their days, nor any romance of exceptional achievement, nor was there anything pathetic, terrible or oppressive in their lives to inspire emotional or explosive writing. But I knew then that people were not unwilling to read plain unadorned facts of everyday life if they were facts about real people. And I have since proved this.

Now in handling green lumber I was doing the hardest kind of physical labor. But having been accustomed to very hard work all my life I took this as a matter of course; I made big wages from my job; and I always had plenty of energy left for whatever I wanted to do when my time was my own. The first friends I made in this place were men who were on the job with me, who worked hard also, and made better wages from their harder work. All of them were prospering and as contented as human nature allows men to be. But as I worked longer there I became acquainted with men on other jobs, and some of them were not prospering; despite the chances they had to improve their living they did not work at the harder jobs and get the bigger wages; they were not contented, and many of them were tormented men.

I heard from them the same queries that I had heard the reading laborers ask in harvest fields, in logging and construction camps: "What's the use? Ain't the world against us? Ain't the country run by grafters, and industry by tyrants? Ain't we slaves? Show us different."

"Come over to my place," said Chris Ansen one day. "Come over tonight, and I'll prove it to you."

Chris was helper on the transfer; his job was to ease the loaded lumber trucks from the green-chain platform to the transfer and to run in empty trucks in their place. This was one of the best common-labor jobs around the sawmill, and Chris had it because he was an old hand. He was a husky, and he had a family to support; so the green-chain contractors couldn't understand why he would not get on the chain and earn big money. Chris always said that he would not break himself down for any cursed lumber company that ever was; the company might make a slave of him, he said, but it couldn't coax him into giving up his health for a few lousy dollars extra a week. The chainmen said among themselves that Chris was a nut; but he was a good transfer helper anyhow; so they only joked about him and called him the slave when he was not busy with the transfer and came along the platform to talk with them.

Chris got more sympathy out in the yards, where there were many steady, lower-waged laborers like himself, and where there were always many short-stake lumber handlers also. Sometimes we would see Chris join a group of yardmen who were waiting for the yard boss to come around and lay out a new job for them; soon we would see the heads begin to shake, then hands would wave. "The slaves are planning another uprising against their hell," we of the green chain would say. But Chris was always back on his job before the yard boss caught him. At bottom he had carefulness and common sense, and he was reasonable enough to talk with when the subject did not concern the literature he constantly read. I liked him, and I went to see him when he asked me to come.

Chris was done with supper when I came over. He was reading in the front room, and his wife was mending the new washing, darning stockings and socks and patching shirts which had just been brought in from the line.

"Meet my wife, Emma," said Chris, standing up, but still holding a magazine in his hand. "I've just been reading her about this oil scandal. I get the whole truth of it here: the newspapers are full of lies; a man can't go anything on them."

Mrs. Ansen shook hands and said she was glad Chris had found someone to talk to. "He reads an awful lot to me, but, goodness! I can't understand politics."

Then she heard something in the kitchen, and she went out. Mrs. Ansen did not come back for sometime. I could hear her voice and two youthful voices now and then, and I caught words once in a while: "Dorothy, can't you learn not to splash dishwater on the floor, dear?" "Elbert, don't you go over to Gilkerson's till you've got your morning wood." The back part of the house had a busy sound as Chris showed me his evidences.

A wide old-fashioned cupboard reached to the ceiling in one corner, and its shelves were loaded with books, perhaps two hundred in number. Many of them were schoolbooks, some were old novels by E. P. Roe, Charles Garvice and Mrs. Southworth; and there was a big family-doctor book, a Bible, and a thick photograph album bound in faded green plush on one shelf; but most of the books were weighty volumes in dark bindings, having long fearsome titles — dreadful-seeming books indeed for a laborer to possess.

"I've read all of them," said Chris proudly. "But of course I haven't the education to understand all they say. Here is where I get the real practical stuff."

He opened a door at the bottom of the cupboard and displayed piles of magazines. All of them were openly revolutionary publications or of the so-called liberal type which prowls and smells in every dark place in life until it finds something rotten to howl over.

Literature and Luxury

"READ these weeklies and you'll get the real truth about evils and wrongs which the newspapers cover up," said Chris. "I get more good from them than from the books. Maybe you've tried reading some of these books yourself."

I said that I had read Marx's Capital, Kropotkin's History of the French Revolution and Mill's Principles of Political Economy, but that their theories muddled the simple things I could see in life with my own eyes.

"Thomas Carlyle excused me from reading them," I said, "when I saw his description of political economy as 'the dismal science.'"

"I have Carlyle's books on Cromwell and the French Revolution," said Chris; "and they are not easy reading either. I have read Shaw and Wells and the Webbs. And here are Democracy and Education and The Theory of the Leisure Class. They say Dewey and Veblen are the two greatest thinkers in America. I try to read such books so I can have something solid to stand on when I fight the terrible evils of our society, told about in these magazines. You can't realize what is going on in the country until you read the truth."

Chris picked out some of the magazines and brought them over to the library table. It was getting dark now, and he snapped on the reading lamp.

"No wonder you like to read so much, Chris," I ventured. "You have a cheerful little room to rest in "

"Yes; Em's good at fixing things up," said Chris. "No need to tell you I'm not buying the good furniture I'd like to have, with my wages. I did manage to pay for a piano though; for Em is bound to have Dorothy learn to play."

And it was a comfortable, well-filled room. In one corner was the big cupboard of books. Between it and the piano was a window draped with blue-and-tan curtains. A double window was in the next wall, and several potted plants bloomed in its light. The third wall had a large

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The Lure of the Paris Label

By J. R. SPRAGUE

ABOUT the most fascinating amusement in the world is to think of some new scheme to make easy money and try to put it into operation. This is especially true when the scheme promises romance as well as profit, such as hunting buried treasure, going into the show business or buying an orange grove in some sunny clime. During the past few years an entirely new and extra fascinating field has opened up in Paris.

The French are a nation of wonderful manufacturers. French goods are prized throughout the world. The franc is priced at around five cents, while its par value is nearly twenty cents. French goods are small in bulk and easily shipped to foreign lands. What wonder then that foreigners, going about Paris and seeing how cheaply things are priced in the shop windows of Rue de Rivoli or Rue St.-Honoré, should be seized with the idea of making easy money?

With Americans, to see is to act. The retired merchant from the Middle West who has been dragged around Europe by his energetic wife and daughter is tired of looking at churches, châteaux and scenery. He feels a little more interest in oil paintings and statues because the guide tells just how much they would be worth in American dollars; but even these stories of big money pall after a while when one's feet are sore and one is wondering how the Kiwanis Club back home is making out with the drive for a new Y. M. C. A. building on Elm Street. The retired merchant is glad when he finds himself back in Paris for two good solid weeks of human recreation before taking the boat for home. He can go to the American Express every morning and read the newspapers, ten days old, to be sure, but at least newspapers that one can understand, and with headlines of satisfying size. He can sit on the sidewalk in front of the Café de la Paix. This is Paris, the heart of the world.

A Flyer in Beaded Bags

THEN one day the opportunity to make big and easy money presents itself. The wife and daughter want to take home a few presents, and the retired merchant accompanies them listlessly along the Rue de Rivoli arcade, waiting more or less impatiently while they stop to look in the show windows. It seems extravagant to spend money on presents when the trip has already cost too much, but women are women, and one must bear his burdens manfully. His wife summons him excitedly to a curio shop display where row after row of fancy beaded bags is hanging close to the glass, each one adorned with a price ticket, and where a sign in the corner states that One Speaks English Here.

"Just look at this, Henry," says his wife, pointing to one of the beaded bags, a creation in blue and lavender. "Only forty francs. Just about two dollars. Why not buy half a dozen bags like that and take them home for presents? It would save running around, and besides, the man will probably let us have them for less if we buy that many!"

Here at last is something the retired merchant knows something about. He used to have a fancy-goods department in his old store, and the sense for values still remains with him. He does a little mental figuring. Curio dealers, he says to himself, do not sell goods for nothing in a tourist place like Paris. No less than a hundred per cent profit, no doubt, on Rue de Rivoli. Wow! The merchants back home sell bags not a bit better for six or seven dollars apiece. Here, surely, is the chance for a live man to make some money!

He restrains his womenfolks from going into the curio shop at the moment, and in the afternoon hunts up a man he met on the boat coming over who is a wholesale buyer. From this man he learns that the beaded bags he has seen are actually made in Paris, and he gets the address of the factory. But a visit to the factory gets him no farther because no one there speaks English and he himself speaks no French. After an embarrassing scene he learns that if he wishes to buy bags at wholesale he must do it through a commissionaire.

He gets the address of a commissionaire at the American Chamber of Commerce. The commissionaire is an American and speaks a civilized language, but his attitude is that of a sophisticated and hard-boiled person who expects the worst of his fellow men.

The retired merchant states that he is thinking of taking a little flyer in the beaded-bag business and would like to be introduced to some good firm which makes that sort of merchandise. The commissionaire replies that this can possibly be arranged, but before going any farther he would like to know how much money the retired merchant has with him. The latter answers with some asperity that it is no one's business how much money he may happen to have with him, but if there are any doubts as to his responsibility any credit agency with United States connections can be consulted and it will be found he is responsible for any contract he may enter into. The commissionaire responds to this reasonable declaration by stating cynically that if the angel Gabriel should come to Paris for the purpose of buying merchandise at wholesale, he, the commissionaire, would not place a single order until the cash had been deposited in a Paris bank.

Had such a reply been made to him in any office in the United States the retired merchant would have marched out without further parley; but he reflects that he is in Paris, reputed to be the wickedest city in the world, and for the time he will swallow his pride and allow himself to be classed along with the other crooks. Besides, the profits he is to make on his beaded bags will go a long way toward healing his wounded pride. He tells the commissionaire that he has a couple of thousand dollars left over from the expenses of his European trip, and he will place that amount in a Paris bank as a guaranty of his good faith.

"All right," says the commissionaire; "you do that today, and tomorrow I will call at the bank to see that the money is tied up so it can only be drawn out for the sole purpose of paying for the merchandise you buy. My charges will be fifty dollars, besides 7 per cent on whatever purchases you make."

Again the retired merchant has an uneasy feeling that he is embarking on unknown waters, but having gone thus far he cannot back out with dignity. Anyhow, he is going to make a nice little chunk of money, besides saving almost half on the six bags his wife and daughter want to take home for presents.

His Troubles Begin

THE next day he presents himself at the office of the commissionaire and is conducted by one of the latter's interpreters to the factory where the beaded bags are made. There the soundness of his enterprise appears to be proved because the factory prices on bags are indeed only half those charged by the curio dealer on Rue de Rivoli. Knowing how shady European business people are reputed to be, he tries to beat the prices down a little from the marked figures, but with no success. Through the interpreter the manufacturer says smilingly but firmly that he should be desolated if the American monsieur declined to purchase, but the policy of the house is strictly one price. The retired merchant actually does hold off for a couple of days, thinking the manufacturer will recede from this stiff-necked attitude, but as this does not happen he goes back again and places his order. Then he pays the commissionaire his fee of fifty dollars as well as the 7 per cent commission, and shortly thereafter sails for home. His beaded bags are promised for shipment in sixty days.

The most satisfying part of the entire transaction is the ride home on the boat, where he looks around at the other male passengers and reflects that he is probably the only man there with acumen enough to take a nice trip to Europe and make his expenses by a shrewd business deal. Arrived in the home town, too, there is an added pleasure in casually telling his intimates at the luncheon club that he is taking a little flyer in some stuff he picked up on the other side and it is likely he may run over to Europe every year from now on to harvest a little easy money.

It is lucky for him that he is able to derive some satisfaction from these things, because very shortly clouds gather over his horizon. His beaded bags arrive in bond, customs charges to be settled. Not being familiar with customs regulations he has to engage an expert to attend the matter, the expert's charge being 5 per cent. The customs charges themselves are the big blow. He had neglected to ask the Paris commissionaire

(Continued on Page 137

When the Department Manager Returned From His European Trip His American and French Goods Began to Arrive

INSIDE INFLAMMATION

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

COLOSSAL misery triumphed over gladsome raiment, and the appearance of Welford Potts was one of abjectness. He stumbled into the diminutive apartment of J. Cæsar Clump, flung himself on a slightly moth-eaten divan and bent a worried gaze upon the dynamic director of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.

"Cæsar," he mourned from above a silken shirt of salmon pink, "Ise th'oo."

Mr. Clump rose and gestured.

"Foolishment which you talks, Welford. What you mean—th'oo?"

"I is finished an' done fo'. My days as star fo' Midnight pitchers is numbered an' the number ain't many. President Latimer has got the idea that my new pants is on'y meant fo' me to be kicked in."

J. Cæsar bent a critical gaze upon the trousers in question: elegant things of creamy flannel constructed with the extremest of bell cuffs.

"I ain't suttin he's wrong, neither, Welford. But what has yo' pants got to do with yo' job of actin'?"

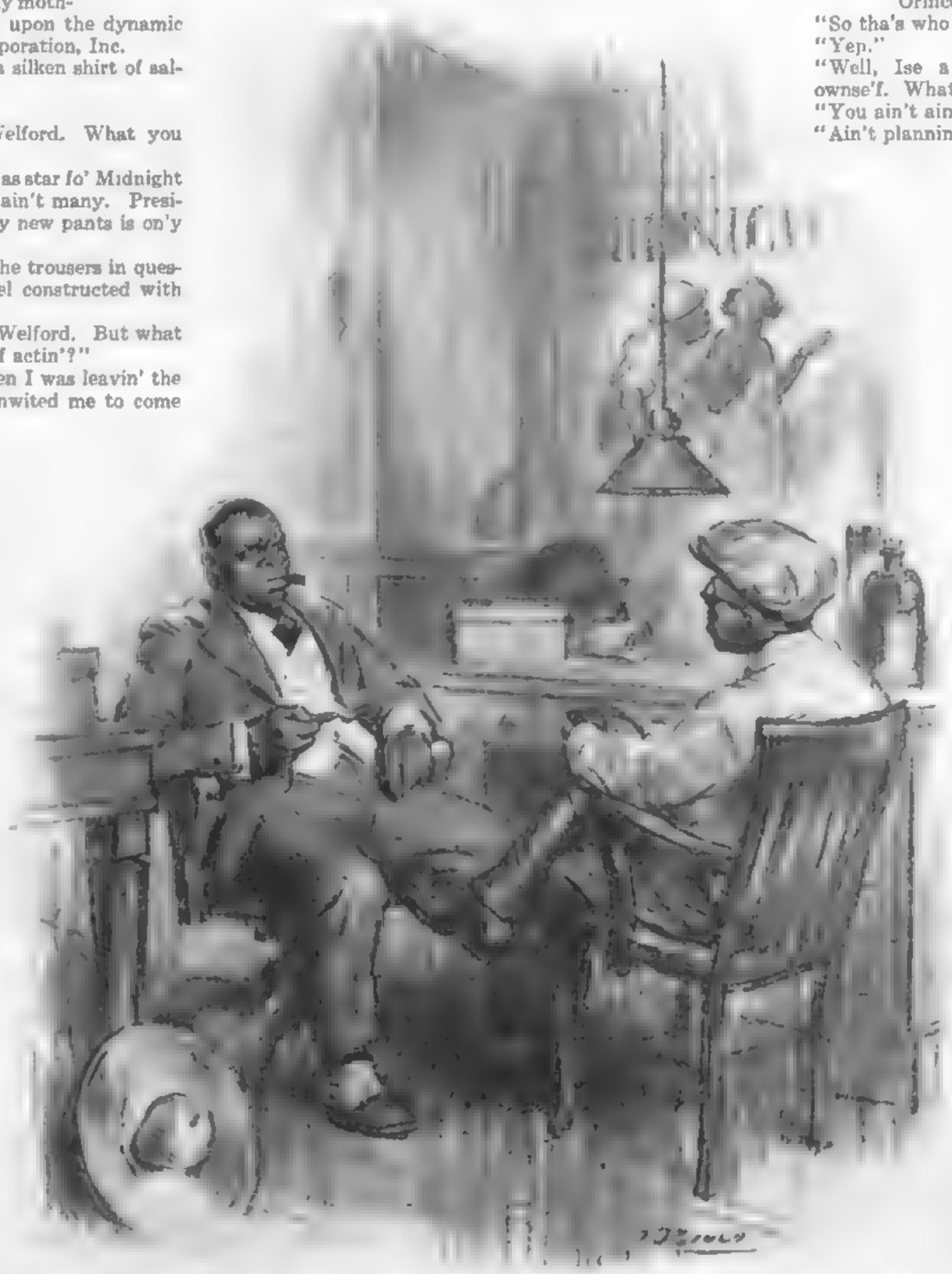
"I was just speakin' figurable. When I was leavin' the studjo this evenin', Orifice Latimer inwited me to come into his office, an' when I got there he stahted in tellin' me that he wan't satisfried with how I was actin' an' mos' likely woul'n't need me no mo' after this pitcher is finished. Now, I asta you, Cæsar—an' you is my director—is that fair or ain't it so?"

Cæsar walked across to the window, where he stared reflectively down Avenue F. He was about of a size with his flamingly dressed visitor, but his garb was different.

J. Cæsar Clump was a motion-picture director and he didn't care who knew it. The habilments of directoral authority sat becomingly upon him—white shirt with turned-back sport collar, flowing blue necktie, horn-rimmed goggles, knee breeches, glossy putties and enormously long-toed shoes. His brow was furrowed with deep and intensive thought, in which there was more than a trifle of worry.

The problem of Welford Potts was immediate and disconcerting. Welford had his shortcomings, true; but then Welford was an excellent comedian, and comedians were the immediate crying need of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.

That Orifice R. Latimer, ponderous president of the highly successful negro picture company, was actually planning to discharge Welford, Mr. Clump had not the slightest doubt; and he knew also that this abrupt termination of business relations was based chiefly on Latimer's personal distaste for the upstage actor. He turned and inspected the worried countenance of Mr. Potts.



"I Tell You Right Now, Mistuh Clump, Does I Have to Git a Double fo' Welford Potts in This Pitcher, There Ain't Gwine be No Welford in No Other Pitcher We Turns Out, an' Tha's Final"

"Welford," he confessed, "I suttinly would hate to see you fired."

"I makes that unanimous."

"You ain't so populous with the folks heah, includin' Orifice, but you is a good actor an' I craves to keep you."

"Yeh, but if Orifice says git ——"

"Then they ain't nothin' fo' you to do but git. Howsomever, Ise gwine see Brother Latimer an' discern cain't I do somethin' to change his mind."

Tears of gratitude threatened to disturb Welford's vision.

"Cæsar, you suttinly is my friend."

"Yeh, an' you better back me up, 'cause what I is gwine say to Orifice Latimer is a-plenty. Ise aimin' to talk common sense to that feller, an' common sense ain't the mostest thing he appreciates. Now you just stick aroun' heah until I gits back."

"Boy, I ain't gwine do nothin' else, an' I shuah wishes us luck."

Orifice Latimer was in his private office at the Penny Prudential Bank Building. He smiled a greeting as the dapper little director entered.

"An' what c'n I do you fo' this evenin', Mistuh Clump?"

"Plenty." Cæsar's manner was brusque and uncompromising.

"Suttinly. Only you has to ask an' I consents. I has just heard fum New York that our new pitcher, Sake and Forsake, is makin' the biggest hit we has yet done an' the exhibitors are askin' fo' mo'."

"Good! Who made that pitcher?"

"Well"—the president was inclined to be liberal—"you helped."

"I whiched?"

"You helped."

"You is dog-gone tootin' I helped. I directed that pitcher, an' Ise gwine direct a heap mo' fo' you folks. But one thing I ain't gwine stan', Orifice, is anybody buttin' into my work. Git that?"

It was quite obvious that Orifice got; also that he was not particularly pleased. His feet came down flatly on the floor, his complexion shaded off from mahogany to purple. He hoisted his enormous frame upward and glowered upon this mutinous subordinate.

"Who at you is flingin' them words, Mistuh Clump?"

"You, tha's who."

"An' how come?"

"'Cause Ise mad. Ise plumb peeved. I craves to have it out with you right heah an' now."

"Boy, you is suttinly gwine git yo' wish. Now s'posin' you clam down an' tell me what gotten you all riled up."

Cæsar became slightly more calm. His initial outburst had been carefully staged to impress the portly chief executive; it had been calculated to shake him from his pedestal of smug self-esteem. Now that the object had been definitely accomplished, Mr. Clump was quite willing to confer calmly.

"What's this I heah you has been tellin' Welford Potts?"

Orifice grimaced with distaste.

"So tha's who you is sore about, eh?"

"Yep."

"Well, Ise a li'l' angry 'bout that feller my ownse'f. What I has had of him is enough."

"You ain't aimin' to fire him, is you?"

"Ain't plannin' to do nothin' else."

"Why?"

"I ain't got no use fo' that man. All he's good fo' is to wear fancy clothes an' insult other folks. Always tellin' peoples what to do an' never doin' nothin' his ownse'f."

"He's a swell actor."

"Maybe so; but he don't do enough actin'. He's got a yaller streak. Ev'y dawg-gone time us puts him in a pitcher where he's gwine git knocked aroun' a bit, he yells that he's got to have a double. Now Ise tellin' you, Cæsar, doubles cost money, an' spendin' money ain't the fondest thing I is of."

"Yeh," retorted Cæsar, not without sarcasm, "I has heard rumors of that."

"There ain't nobody else likes Welford, neither."

"Aroun' Bumminham maybe there ain't, but the pitcher fans like him an' they is the folks which we aims to please. Ise tellin' you, Orifice, Welford is a good actor. When he gits in front of the cam'ra he cuts up somethin' foolish, an' foolishment is what makes money fo' us."

"Comic actors ain't hahd to get."

"Thunder they ain't. Now I tell you that I knows Welford better'n what you does, an' he ain't half bad."

"No; he's all bad."

"An' we'd have a hahd time gittin' somebody else to do his wuk."

"Tha's just what Ise kickin' about. Ever sence he come to wuk fo' the Midnight we has been gittin' somebody else to do his work. Ise sick an' tired of hirin' doubles fo' that man, an' tha's where all the trouble stahted today. He come to me an' got suggestive that I should hiah somebody to double fo' him in that wrastlin' scene he has got with Opus Randall in this new pitcher." J. Cæsar Clump frowned.

He was quite willing to be honest, and this fact commanded an admission that Mr. Potts was going rather strong. He shook his goggled head.

"Welford shuah ought to be willin' to fight Opus Randall. Of course Opus is a heap bigger'n him."

"It ain't a real fight, is it? Just a movin'-pitcher scrap?"

"Yeh, but them fights which you see in pitchers ain't as gentle as maybe you think. When I was wukkin' as a 'lectrician's assistant on one of the big Hollywood lots I seen some fine actors put in the horspital fum movie fights, an' I guess Welford figures that Opus is libel to git too enthusiastic and bust him one."

"Yeh, an' I hope Opus does. 'Cause I tell you right now, Mistuh Clump, does I have to git a double fo' Welford Potts in this pitcher, there ain't gwine be no Welford in no other pitcher we turns out, an' tha's final."

Cæsar rose.

"You won't," he sighed. "I promises that Brother Potts will act that fight with Opus."

"All right"—grimly. "An' be shuah you esplain to Welford that I is gwine be there to see the fight lives up to its title, an' the title is Rough and Tumble."

The attenuated actor listened impatiently to the report of his director friend, and at its conclusion he sighed hopelessly.

"Cain't be did," said Welford Potts.

"What cain't?"

"Me fightin' rough an' tumble with Opus Randall."

"How come?"

"Boy, you ain't reflectin' on what you asks me. Don't you know that I don't weigh on'y a hund'ed an' twelve pounds an' Opus weighs pretty nigh two hund'ed?"

"He's soft."

"An' Ise softer. If I acts that fight it ain't gwine be no good fight, an' that ruins the pitcher, 'cause it's the main scene in the whole business; an' if the pitcher ain't no good, then Ise out of luck anyway. So if I has just nachelly got to go lose my job, I prefers to lose it without gittin' all beat up."

Cæsar Clump spread his arms wide in a helpless, hopeless gesture.

"All right, Welford. It's yo' own funeral an' you can furnish the flowers an' sof' music. But Ise tellin' you heah an' now: Ise been yo' friend an' I has stood by you constant, but if you refuses to go th'oo with that fight against Opus Randall, then I fires you my ownse'f."

"Aw, Cæsar ——"

"I means it!"

"Positive!?"

"Uh-huh."

Welford Potts paced the room. He knew when J. Cæsar Clump was in earnest and recognized that this was one of those occasions, and Welford Potts valued his job.

Prospect of the future, should he be forced to sever connections with the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., was not roseate; there loomed before him a drab promise of fifth-rate vaudeville and perhaps even the degradation of occasional janitoring when the theatrical business should prove bad.

His engagement with the Midnight, with a consequent elevation to featuredom when the pictures were once solidly established in more than a hundred first-run theaters throughout the country, had marked an epoch in a checkered life. Here in Birmingham, Welford had been a great, if unpopular, social lion, and he shrank from the prospect of losing the job which made all this possible. Nor was the loss of a highly sizable weekly pay envelope the least of his considerations. Yet Welford cringed at the mere thought of physical combat, even before the eye of the camera. He knew all too well that worth-while fights are not screened without considerable damage to combatants; far more than the two-bit paying public realizes. And Opus was a large man.

"'Twoul'n't be so bad," he wailed, "if Opus didn't have it in fo' me, anyway."

"Job or no job."

Mr. Potts weakened.

"I'll fight."

"Good"

"No, it ain't good; it's rotten. Ise skeered"

"Skeered ain't gwine git you nowheres. Orifice Latimer is gwine be there hisse'f in person, an' does you fight soft an' easy he's gwine fire you immedjit. What you got to do is go into Opus like a tagger."

"Yeh, but he ain't gwine suspect that Ise a tagger."

"'Splain it to him. Bust him one an' give him a clew. Our whole pitcher depen's on this fight. It's got to be a humdinger."

Actor Potts groaned loudly.

"An' Ise gwine be the pusson which gits humdinged."

"But you'll do it?"

"Yeh, I got to."

Eventually Welford left, after repeating his decision to go through with the battle called for in the scenario. But after the little man had departed, J. Cæsar Clump stared long and thoughtfully at the door. Mr. Clump was not at all satisfied. He was a believer in the doctrine that an equine can be conducted to water but cannot be made to quench a thirst which does not exist. And he understood quite clearly that Mr. Potts possessed an innate repugnance to physical combat.

It was a condition which did not please the dapper little director. Left to his own devices, he would have engaged a fire-eating double willy-nilly and let it go at that, using Welford only for the comedy close-ups. But the sudden development of presidential antipathy to Welford's temperament had made that impossible. And J. Cæsar was violently opposed to letting Mr. Potts leave the company.

There were several reasons for that, not the least of which was that Welford was an exceedingly good comedian; and Clump, as a practical picture man, knew that he could not be replaced without considerable difficulty. Too, Cæsar liked Welford Potts personally, in which he was sadly alone. At length the director clenched his fists and battered the table.

"I got to make him put it over!" he muttered. "I just nachelly got to!"

But developments the following day did not augur well for J. Cæsar. For one thing, Orifice R. Latimer waylaid the timid actor and conversed with him. Cæsar glimpsed the pair, scented trouble and joined them. Mr. Latimer wasted no time in explaining matters to Mr. Clump

"I has just been tellin' him that ain't his fight with Opus Randall a good one, he writes his resignation immedjit."

Mr. Clump assumed a bluff and hearty tone

"Welford's all right, Mistuh Latimer. I talked to him last night an' got him so he was thirstin' fo' blood."

Out of the corner of his eye the director saw Welford cringe at the mention of gore.

"I—I'll fight him all right; but they don't have to be no blood, does they?"

"Cain't he'p bein'," interjected the harsh president "Once Opus lands on you ——"

"Aw, lay offa that stuff, Mistuh Latimer! Ise gwine see that Welford gives him hell."

Orifice snorted. He turned away and beckoned Clump to follow.

"You see," he sizzled triumphantly, "it ain't no use What Welford has got is a heart like a chicken. There's two men he's skeered to death of an' bofe of 'em is Opus Randall."

"I tol' you he'd come across all right."

"Well, I hope you tol' me the troof, 'cause does Welford miss out, he shuah is gwine separate hisse'f fum a good job awful sudden an' permanent."

Further discussion between J. Cæsar Clump and Welford Potts elicited the information that Welford was desperate but doubtful.

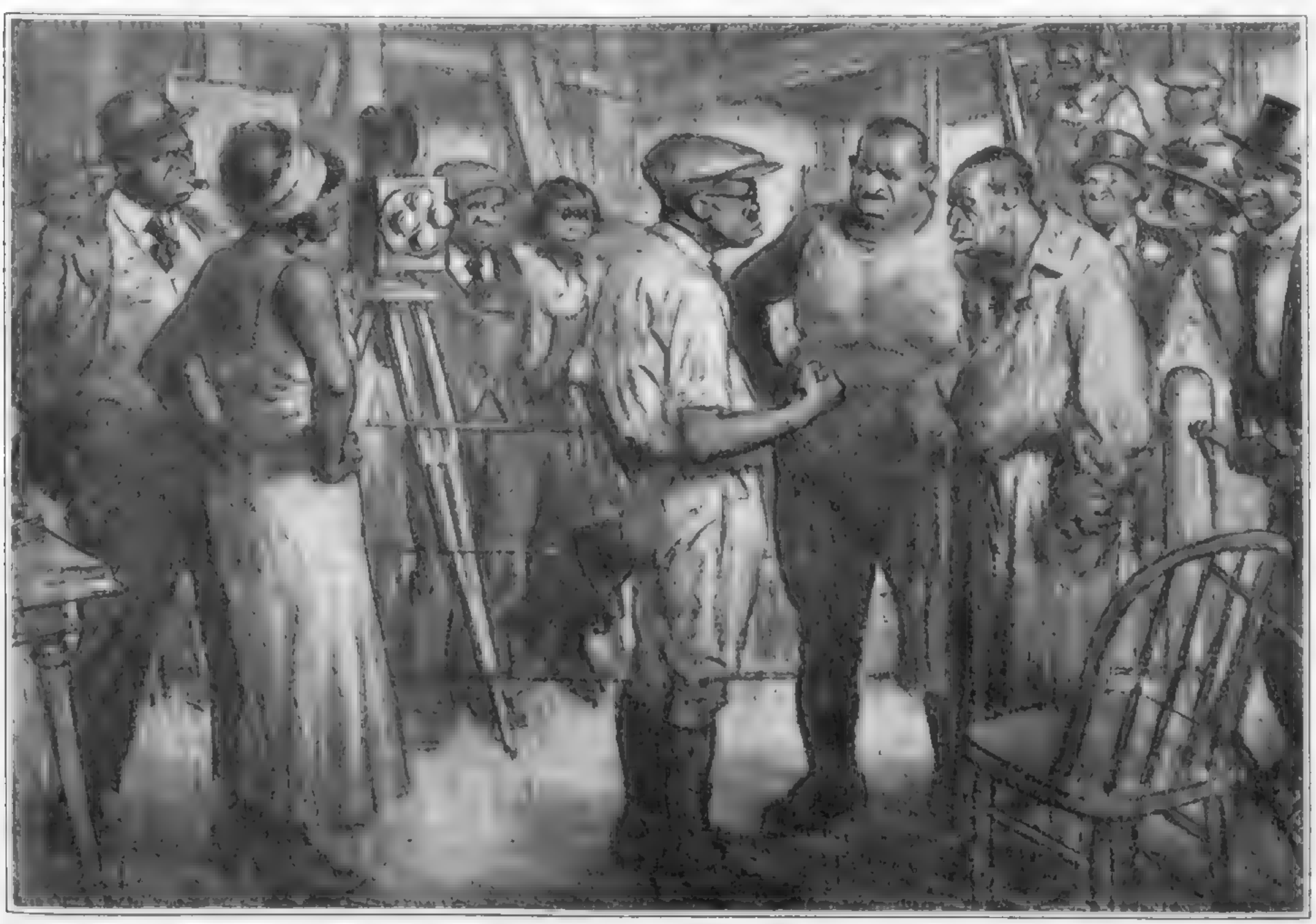
"Ise goin' th'oo with it, but nervousness is the one thing I ain't got nothin' else but."

"It means yo' job, Welford."

"I know it. Ise gwine do my best, but if I wilts it's just my hahd luck."

The man was obviously discouraged and his director sought to cheer him.

(Continued on Page 72)



"This Ishits as a Wrastlin' Match fo' the Lady's Hand an' Money," He Told Them

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 1, 1924

The La Follette Blues

THE issues in this election are not the old questions that have divided the parties in the past. The real issue before the country is pragmatic progressivism versus impractical radicalism. The fight is between those who stand for a constructive program—progressive ideas that will work—and those who advocate a reactionary radicalism that never has worked. The latter are our true Bourbons. They want the state to be everything, to do everything, and *l'état c'est* La Follette.

Theoretically the State is always the people. In practice it has often been a Louis, a killer like Robespierre or Lenine, or a small ring of power-seeking politicians. That is why the framers of our Constitution took such pains to guard the liberty and the property of the people against the politician and the plunderer, to safeguard the freedom of the individual against a despotism of the State.

This present fight is a line-up of the forces of construction and success against the apostles of defeatism and failure. It is the American ideals of government, of opportunity, of individual freedom, against the European ideal of an overlord, either noble or State, as the protector of his peasant subjects and the dispenser of largess to them. The ultimate of radical theory in practice is the dole, the bread line, or, at best, the petty job in a government bureau; the caste system under which all except the politicians are finally of one caste—the lowest.

One need not doubt the honesty or the sincerity of La Follette, but one must doubt his intelligence when one examines his theories and proposals. They are all old stuff. They have all been tried and they have all failed. The farther they are carried toward their logical conclusion, the more destructive the finish. But La Follette is not logical. He would not destroy the Constitution—only cripple it. He does not advocate Communism—only Government Ownership and Paternalism. But Paternalism is the father of Socialism and the grandfather of Communism. It is the straddle of the leader who does not quite dare.

The pinks hail La Follette as a forward-looker, an economist with a wide knowledge of what's wrong with the world and a reformer with new ideas that will set it right. Actually, he is as mid-Victorian as Paisley shawls and as reactionary as black horsehair sofas. His theories are the outgrowth of conditions that obtained when the world was changing from agriculture to industry, from the stage to the railroad, from the clipper ship to the steamer. His remedies have been tried from the days of Robert Owen and Karl Marx, down to those of Lenine and Trotzky. Administered with high hope at different times and at different strengths, they have either killed the patient or have impaired his health until he got back on a rational diet of more hard work and less government.

La Follette denies any red sympathies. None the less his theories point toward Russian and away from American ideals. But today the one outstanding fact in Russia, and every place else in Europe where paternalism and socialism have dominated, is the eagerness with which those in power are trying to hire American brains, to introduce American methods and to secure American capital—all developed under the American system that La Follette attacks. More significant even is the anxiety of the millions living under labor, socialistic and communistic governments to escape from them and to work out their destiny under our individualistic and capitalistic system. That system, which La Follette holds up as a sinister, horrendous monster, has, despite its weaknesses and faults, made America the desire of the paternally ruled and the despair of revolutionary rulers.

The real truth about La Follette is that he is not an economist, except in the narrowest book sense of the word, and that he is not practical, except in politics. It may be granted that he has read all the books on economics and consulted all the professors; but no man who has not been a business executive or who is unwilling to take counsel with those who are successfully running the business machine can be regarded as an economist in any real sense of the word.

The book has its place, and a large place; the professor has his, and a great one; but after the lesson and the teacher must come the adjustments of practical business experience. Those La Follette has never had, and he distrusts those who have. To his view from the outside, business is wrong and rotten. But those on the inside know that in every process and practice business has made a tremendous advance during the past generation, and that the great impulse to that improvement has come from within, not from without; from right-thinking business men and not from demagogic reformers.

It is only the bad, the exceptional, in business on which the radical can build a speech with which to affright simple and trusting folk and gain their votes. Only by painting a black background of the exceptional, the dishonest, can he make himself stand out as a great political white hope. His methods are one with those of the sensational editor who finds no news in the sane, orderly and honest lives of the great silent majority and who builds up his circulation on murder, embezzlement, banditry and marital infidelity. The radical's picture of American public life, of business, of conditions in the factory and on the farm is no more representative of real conditions than is the front page of a yellow journal.

Sensational editors sometimes become so saturated with their own stuff that they believe that life is only what they print. Politicians are sometimes persuaded by their own oratory. But more often their faith in their panaceas is due to a theoretic knowledge of the business machine, untempered by actual experience in running it. But sensible voters want the assurance as well as the promise of performance, and that is something that men who are inexperienced in business cannot give them.

We do not trust our lives to men just graduated from the medical schools, no matter how excellent the teaching they have had. At best we are only willing that they should assist the wise old surgeons who use the knife. Yet La Follette and political doctors of his ilk come to us with a cleaver and propose, after trying to etherize us with oratory, to operate on the Constitution and remove our rights under it, incidentally treating our private property as a more or less useless appendix that we shall be better off without.

La Follette's competence to perform major operations is nowhere better illustrated than in the case of our railroads—and he poses as a great railroad specialist. Some years ago, when he proposed the physical valuation of the railroads, the late Senator Gallinger asked him for an estimate of the cost of that valuation. La Follette set the figure at about two and a half millions. Actually it has cost, to date, a total of about one hundred and eleven million dollars. The senator expected that valuation would show gross overcapitalization. It is actually showing that the railroads, on the basis of 1914 costs for labor and material, are greatly undercapitalized. The net amount of railroad securities now in the hands of the public has a par value of about eighteen billions. The Government's valuation, based on prewar costs of labor and material, will show many billions more of actual worth. So much for our great railroad expert.

But even more dangerous than its lack of practical experience and common sense is the point of view, the philosophy of the La Follette party. In all its dark lexicon there is no such word as "success." The country is ruled by a "system," composed of "money devils"—capitalists and bankers. The workers are "enslaved," the farmers are "exploited." Under "the system" there is no chance for anyone except the "interests" and their "tools"; no hope for anybody else except of failure and poverty. Nobody is to be trusted except themselves; everything is wrong except their ideas.

The cure is a Papa La Follette at Washington, blessing millions of voters with well-paid government jobs. Then the railroads will cut rates away below the present levels and raise wages far above the prevailing scale. Coal and oil will be sold at bargain prices, but wages will be raised all around. The farmers will provide cheap food and make a thumping profit doing it. The price of wheat will go skyrocketing and the price of bread will tumble. According to the arithmetic all this would result in a deficit, but the arithmetic has been placed on the radical index expurgatorius. Using the higher, purer mathematics of the self-styled Progressives, it is easy to prove that the State, by selling below cost, will make a handsome profit.

If it were not fraught with such possibilities of disaster to the country, the simple faith of La Follette and his followers in economic miracles would be as refreshing as the sight of children "playing business" with dolls; their sincere belief in economic devils would be only amusing. But there is in the world today a curious recrudescence of the belief in demonology and in the power of witch doctors to exorcise imaginary devils. It will pass, as it has passed before, but we cannot afford to take too lightly these accusations that great numbers of our people have sold their souls to the Satans of "the system" and that whole classes of our population are afflicted by devils that these damned ones have turned loose to torment them.

That the witch doctors believed in their silly stuff will be small consolation to the crowd that they have misled when common sense reasserts itself, and no excuse for those who, not believing, stood idly by while the damage was being done.

Of course if everyone who is opposed to La Follette and his theories went to the polls, he would be buried fathoms deep in ballots; but a great number of good Americans still regard election day as a holiday instead of as the most important business day of the year. Again, the anti-La Follette strength is divided between the Republicans and the Democrats; so while La Follette will poll the full radical vote, those who are against him will divide on the old party lines, regardless of the paramount issue before the country. Davis is unquestionably a man of fine character and attainments, but reports indicate that the best he can do is to carry enough states to throw the election into the Senate, perhaps to the Bryan Brothers.

We hold no brief for the old parties. They need reorganization and reshaping to meet more intelligently the needs of the country and to administer its affairs more efficiently. But with all their faults and failings, they still stand by and for the American idea of government; they still proclaim a gospel of hope, of opportunity and of security. They need only the help of all those who have a stake in America and a belief in her fundamental ideals to revitalize them.

The prize fool of America is the man who goes to the golf links instead of to the polls on election day, and who, when asked if he is going to vote, replies, "What's the use?"

The Value of Land and of Railways

By DAVID FRIDAY

WE ARE beginning to discover in this country that we know mighty little about the value of land. As a writer recently put it in somewhat high-sounding terms, "The study of land valuation has been little explored."

Of prices and the cost of living we have talked and written and read much. But of land value we know only that we hope it will rise, and generally it does. Yet the most dramatic economic event which the world has ever witnessed is the increase in the value of farm land since the beginning of this century.

In the census of 1900 the value of all lands in farms, exclusive of buildings, was found to be $13,000,000,000. During the ten years following, it doubled, and the census of 1910 showed it at $28,000,000,000. By 1920 it had practically doubled again, and stood at $54,800,000,000 In the past four years it has declined in value. The Department of Agriculture issued a statement in August showing that the value of all farm property is now $59,000,000,000, as against $79,000,000,000 in 1919–20. This is a decline of one-fourth, and leaves the land value alone, exclusive of buildings, at $41,000,000,000. Farm land, exclusive of buildings, is therefore still three times as high as it was in 1900, and almost one-half higher than it was in 1910

Migrations of Capital

THIS phenomenal increase in farm-land values has been fully matched by the growth of city real estate. In the rapidly growing cities of a state like Michigan land values have increased even faster.

Neither the causes nor the effects of these changes in value of land have as yet received the attention which they deserve. Latterly we have begun to realize that the increase in farm-land values which culminated in 1920 was the cause of much of the hardship and distress which the rural community has suffered during the past four years. It saddled the people who bought land at those high prices with interest charges which could no longer be met when the price of farm products fell. The former owners took into the cities the capital which the purchasers of these farms had saved or borrowed. That capital added nothing whatever to the equipment of the farms or the productive power of agriculture, although it still had to be supported out of the product of the farms. The aftermath to the agricultural industry was a burden of debt without any corresponding addition to the capital equipment of the farm. There are many people who believe that the rapid increase in urban land values may likewise bring a harvest of regret.

It is rather surprising that this phenomenal growth in the value of land has brought with it so little complaint. The single-tax movement in this country came after the depression of the 70's, and was at its height in the 80's. The movement was not revived as a result of the great increases which have occurred between 1900 and the present date. The single-taxers saw in the increases in land rents and land values which went into the pockets of private owners a sponge which absorbed all the advantages accruing to mankind from progress and invention. There are still a few who retain the old faith in the evil effects of increasing land values; but they have never during the past twenty-five years been able to galvanize the single tax into any semblance of a live issue.

The average American expects land values to rise. When they are not on the increase it is a sign that something is wrong. Whether reasonable or unreasonable, this is the attitude of mind in a country where population, production and well-being have grown by leaps and bounds for half a century, and where prices were mounting year by year, as was the case from 1896 to 1920. The average American citizen who buys land expects to see it sell at an advance in the normal course of things.

Discrimination

THE one point at which this increase has given rise to controversy and attack is in the valuation of the land which the railroads of the United States own and use for rights of way, yards and station grounds. In spite of the threefold increase in farm-land values during the past twenty-five years, and the growth in city lots commensurate with it, the question is seriously raised whether the land which the railroads own and use shall be valued at its original cost, or whether, like other owners, they shall enjoy the increase in land values which has accrued to other American taxpayers. There is a group which maintains that they shall be treated differently from other taxpayers in this respect. This group holds that the roads shall not enjoy that increase which comes from the growth of population and production, but shall be singled out as a separate class which shall have no benefit from the upward movement of land values. The single-taxers' principle that increasing land values should

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Hey! You're Going the Wrong Way!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Tweedledum and Tweedledee

A Rimed Editorial

(The Older Generation Speaking)

IT'S the junior members' judgment in the better sort of clubs
That the older generation is composed of awful dubs.
Yes, the freely broached opinion of the new jeunesse dorée
Ranks its elders as inferior to the product of today.

They are fogies, living only in the memory of a past,
When to rouge was deemed immoral and when girls who drank were fast.
When the fox trot wasn't heard of and the one-step was the rage
And when slang was quite improper. What a background! What an age!

Thus the youngsters, loudly scornful of the senile pa who has
Not the least appreciation of the present vogue of jazz.
Well, perhaps. But just remember, supercilious youth or miss,
That the older generation is the one that fathered this!

II

(The Younger Generation Speaking)

The older generation their opinion freely give
That we flappers and we fellers simply are not fit to live,
And they frequently and vehemently observe with loud regret
That the kids are speeding hellward—"give 'em time, they'll get there yet!"

They are impudent and brazen; of a time when every child
Uses rouge quite matter-of-factly and considers cocktails mild.
When the shimmy's deemed insipid and when necking is the rage
Or, more properly, the berries. What a background! What an age!

Is it any wonder, therefore, that a modern flapper can't
See the slightest bit of merit in the era of her aunt?
Maybe so; but, all-wise elders who to criticize are prone,
Recollect this generation is the offspring of your own.

—*Baron Ireland.*

The Inquisitive Complex

The Inquisitive Complex Urges One to Inquire All About Things That are the Private Concern of Others. If a Person is Bitten Hard by This Complex It Causes the Victim to Snoop and Sniff Around to Get Something "on" Somebody. It's a Very Busy Complex

Pumpkin Pies and Panthers

IT'S terrible to be a moody person. Especially one of these moody persons who don't show it outside, but always look placid. A really stormy-eyed, lean, tempestuously temperamental person, now—what an advantage to be like that! "She's temperamental," they say. But if you're born indeterminate blond-brunet, with a round flat face, and chubby, then they say, "Well, my goodness, what're you cross about now?" They say, "You must have eaten something that disagrees with you." They say, "I can't imagine what gets into her." The dickens of it is that you can't imagine either. And you keep trying to. Whereas, if you were lean and dark and tempestuous you'd never try to imagine why. You'd only clasp and clutch and laugh and weep, and say, "Ah, I feel!" And you'd be so interesting.

No one can ever realize the full calamity of all the misfit faces in the world. Dark, lean and panther persons, condemned always to look to others like a pumpkin pie. Sweet placid natures, imprisoned behind beetling eyebrows and passionate cheek bones.

And mirrors are so depressing. You look into one quite casually, to powder your nose, and get that awful shock of not seeing yourself there, but the person you look like. "You aren't me!" you cry. No, it isn't. But you realize that everyone thinks it is. No wonder you're moody.

I so envy these accomplished persons who can sit inside themselves, sure who they are, and yet intentionally looking like something else. Vamps. How wonderful it would be—not to be a vamp, but to be capable of that duality. Being something, and behaving like something else, and always knowing which is which; never confusing 'em. Being the panther, and looking like the pumpkin pie, to entice. And then not forgetting, and still being the innocent pie, but biting deep the jugular vein at the proper moment.

Oh, my goodness! I don't know what makes me suddenly talk like this. There is no one I wish to bite.

—*Rose Wilder Lane.*

The Strap

SEE the hanger on the strap, trolley strap;
What a lot of exercise and kick it gives a chap!
See him caper, caper, caper,
In a melancholy plight,
While each rude, unfeeling gaper
Grins above the evening paper
With an asinine delight!
Keeping tabs, keeping tabs
On his wild and futile grabs
At the strap,
As he scoots and lands abruptly in a colored lady's lap,
Too much horrified to speak,
At her palpitating squeak
Of despair,
In her mad expostulation, as he clutches at her hair!
Oh, from out his frenzied ire
Wells a desperate desire
For a scrap,
In the swelling and compelling of his fury at the strap,
At the swaying and betraying of the strap!

Corinne Rockwell Swain.

A Visit to Mr. Boggs

I HAD the pleasure recently of spending a week-end at the home of Bernard Boggs, the famous yellow editor. The visit was my reward for having won the contest conducted by Mr. Boggs' paper, The Daily Bugle. My friends had rallied to my support, purchased 8,416,225 copies of the Bugle and had carefully clipped the coupons on the dotted lines. Consequently I was duly elected The Most Beautiful Man in America, and I was now enjoying the first prize—the privilege of being the week-end guest of the great editor.

Perhaps I should first describe Statutory Grounds, which was the name of the Boggs estate. The plans had been selected after a contest conducted by The Evening Mongrel, Mr. Boggs' evening paper, in which all the leading architects of the country had competed. The house is a beautiful yellow-stucco affair, trimmed with bright red tiling. The roof was resplendent with glittering gold—real fourteen-karat gold—the printed catalogue which I received on my arrival informed me. The interior decorations were done by Bud Feigenbaum, Mr. Boggs' star cartoonist, the creator of the Mulligan Kids. All in all, it bore all the evidences of chaste and cultured refinement that one might expect from reading the Boggs newspapers

"You don't have to get up early," my host informed me as I bade him good night. "We don't have dinner here until ten o'clock in the morning."

"Dinner?" I exclaimed.

"I ought to explain," he said with a smile. "You see, my morning editions appear on the news stands at three o'clock of the previous afternoon. My late-afternoon editions are out at six o'clock in the morning. So to be consistent we have dinner here in the morning and breakfast at night. It's quite logical."

The next morning when I came into the dining room the Boggs family were already at dinner. I was about to sit down when to my amazement and consternation someone suddenly yanked my chair from under me, and I found myself sprawling on the floor. As I rose rather angrily to my feet I saw that Mr. and Mrs. Boggs were laughing uproariously. Young Junior Boggs and his sister Clara Vere de Vere Boggs, evidently the culprits, stood behind my chair, equally hilarious.

"The Mulligan Kids," explained Mrs. Boggs to me between giggles.

"I believe in encouraging clean wholesome fun in the home," said Boggs as I sat down. "The youngsters have a sly wit."

The conversation at the dinner table was interesting.

"I see that police scour the country for ripper," said eight-year-old Junior, looking up from the paper he was reading.

"Yes," said his seven-year-old sister brightly. "Did you read that district attorney grilled suspect yesterday?"

"They're on a false trail," rejoined her brother. "Autopsy discloses killing to be the act of a maniac. There is nothing to this death-compact theory."

"It reminds me very much of the Clark murder," said Mrs. Boggs reminiscently. "You children are too young, of course, to remember it."

"Nurse read the story to me in the Famous Crimes of Passion series in the Sunday Magazine of the Bugle," said Junior.

"Yes," said Mrs. Boggs, "but sister ought to know about it too. That was a case, dear, in which the body of a young woman was found floating in the reservoir. There were

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Next Tuesday is Election Day. In every nook and corner of the land, whether it be in the cross-road hamlet or in the teeming cities, men and women will enter the polls to vote their choice.

But every day is an Election Day for the food product which is a "candidate" for popular favor. And wherever votes are cast next Tuesday throughout this broad land, Campbell's Soups have met the daily test and won a victory that only honest Quality could win.

Every taste of Campbell's Vegetable Soup increases its popularity. Fifteen tempting vegetables. Broth of fine beef. Hearty cereals. Dainty herbs and spices. Thirty-two ingredients in all!

So substantial you'll often make a meal of it!

I'll not orate, but simply state,
This issue leads all others;
Good food for all will have the call
And Campbell's wins the mothers!

Soup for health—
every day!

21 kinds

12 cents a can

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Campbells' SOUPS

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

By James J. Corbett

James J. Corbett at Asbury Park, 1892. Ned, His Favorite Dog, Is in the Stern of the Boat

In the [illegible] world came the challenge shown below. The comparison is no exaggeration, for it created more stir than any similar defiance would today, so popular was John L. Sullivan and so invincible was he considered in those days

Sullivan's Challenge

ST. PAUL, MINN., March 5: The following was given to the Associated Press this afternoon:

"To the public in general and Frank P. Slavin, Charles P. Mitchell and James Corbett in particular: On the twenty-fifth day of August, 1890, I formed a partnership with Duncan B. Harrison and entered the theatrical profession. Mr. Harrison and myself made contracts covering two continuous seasons, including a trip to Australia. These facts were well known to everybody, they having been published in almost every paper throughout the civilized world. I also keep my contracts, a fact well established by reference to my entire career.

"Ever since the existence of this contract between Mr. Harrison and myself becoming known, this country has been overrun with a lot of foreign fighters and also American aspirants for fistic fame and championship honors, who have endeavored to seek notoriety and American dollars by challenging me to a fight, knowing full well that my hands were tied by contract and honor. I have been compelled to listen to their bluffs without making reply on account of my obligations. But now my turn has come. Our season ends about June fourth and we do not resume again until September twelfth. This gives me over three months' time to prepare.

"I hereby challenge any and all of the bluffers who have been trying to make capital at my expense to fight me either the last week in August this year or the first week in September this year at the Olympic Club, New Orleans, Louisiana, for a purse of $25,000 and an outside bet of $10,000, the winner of the fight to take the entire purse. I insist upon the bet of $10,000 to show that they mean business, $2500 to be put up inside of thirty days, another $2500 to be put up by May first, and the entire $10,000 and as much more as they will bet to be placed by June fifteenth, the Advertiser, of New York City, Colonel John Cockerill, editor, to be the stakeholder. We are ready to put up the entire $10,000 now. First come, first served.

"I give precedence in this challenge to Frank P. Slavin, of Australia, as he and his backers have done the greatest amount of blowing. My second preference is the bombastic sprinter, Charles Mitchell, of England, whom I would rather whip than any man in the world. My third preference is James Corbett, of California, who has achieved his share of bombast. But in this challenge I include all fighters—first come, first served—who are white. I will not fight a negro. I never have and never shall.

"I prefer this challenge should be accepted by some of the foreigners who have been sprinting so hard after the American dollars of late, as I would rather whip them than any of my own countrymen.

"The Marquess of Queensberry rules must govern this contest, as I want fighting, not foot racing, and I intend to keep the championship of the world where it belongs, in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"JOHN L. SULLIVAN.
"Champion of the world."

Of course all of us in the Brady troupe were very excited. We could hardly believe that the champion had actually challenged me. I didn't take much time to speculate about it, however, and as soon as I had read the last word I threw down the paper.

"Bill," said I to Brady, "put up the thousand to bind the bargain."

"But," he protested, "where can we dig up the other nine?"

"You can search me," I replied; "but we've got to get it. Someone in the Olympic Club has tipped off Sullivan—about my letter, I mean—and he's put that $10,000 condition in purposely. He thinks that's the best way to knock me out."

Now I really hadn't the faintest idea where to get that money and couldn't think of a soul I could get to back me.

The following week I went to New York. On the train I went over in my mind the names of all the men interested in sports who were at all prominent. There were a lot of them whom I had met or knew by reputation, but it seemed silly to approach them, for everybody thought Sullivan unbeatable.

A Fortunate Meeting

THIRTY-ODD years ago there was a music hall on Twenty-third Street near Sixth Avenue, run by Koster and Bial. It was here that Carmencita, the most famous of all Spanish dancers, made her first appearance in America. It was a great resort on Sunday nights for all the high-class sportsmen, politicians and round-town celebrities of New York; among them the Dwyer brothers, Frank and Phil, the great race-horse men; Col. Jacob Ruppert, a youngster then; Jesse Lewisohn, Johnson, another race-horse owner; Dave Gideon, Matty Corbett, Ned Kearney, Al Smith, Honest John Kelly and Richard Canfield, the gambler; Stanford White and picturesque characters like Diamond Jim Brady.

So I bought a box and went down there unaccompanied, one Sunday night, hoping that I might have luck enough to run across someone who would be interested in backing me—a long chance, but I thought I would take it.

Seated in a box opposite to mine, with a party of friends, was a young lady I knew. Seeing that I was alone, she beckoned to me to come over. I went, was introduced to her friends and was invited to join them for the evening.

One of the gentlemen in the party was a Colonel McLewee—I think that is right, but, though my memory of people's faces and names is pretty fair, my faculty for spelling the latter is the worst in the world. Later he owned the great race horse Gold Heels That will help to recall him

Colonel McLewee asked me what I was doing down there all alone.

"I am out on a mission," I told him gravely.

"What do you mean?"

"You know I am matched to fight John L. Sullivan?"

"What? Fight John L. Sullivan, the champion? Gosh-a'mighty!" he exclaimed.

I answered yes to his question. He looked at me quizzically.

"And you think you can whip John L. Sullivan?"

Backers

I PULLED up my chair close to his, looked him right in the eye and started to tell him, as earnestly and convincingly as I could, all the reasons why I thought I could defeat the champion. I must have been a good salesman of myself for once, for he said, "My boy, I don't think you can whip Sullivan; but you certainly have a lot of nerve and you can just put me down for $5000."

Well, I was speechless! I couldn't believe it! I was really dazed and must have looked around at the girl doubtfully, for she said, "If Colonel McLewee says he will do it, it will be done."

Then he gave me his card and told me to let him know when I had to put up the first $2500.

After a while I entered another group and met Matty Corbett—no relation, just an old friend of mine—who owned a racing stable in partnership with Jack McDonald, and I told my story to him and the people in that box. In fact, I think I went in every box of the theater that night, and before I left I found I could have had $50,000 if I had wanted it!

Can you imagine a man walking into a theater today and digging up from people he had never even met before a sum of money which would be equal now to $100,000, just to back him to meet Jack Dempsey, and all figuring that the nervy stranger didn't have a ghost of a chance? These people did it for me just for the sportsmanship of the thing, but it would be utterly impossible these times, when boxing is simply a commercial proposition; there is no longer any sportsmanship attached to it, in any shape, manner or form. Why, a man won't enter the ring any longer, even though he is a second-rater, unless the loser's end is guaranteed to be more than a champion got for winning a fight thirty years ago. They won't take any chances at all.

I do not remember the exact date, but shortly after this memorable evening at Koster and Bial's I notified Colonel McLewee that I was going to clinch the match and had to put up $2500 for the first installment. For this sum he sent me his check.

Neither of the principals appeared at the negotiations, the managers attending to all arrangements. Charley Johnson acted for Sullivan and Brady represented me They met at the New York World office and arranged the match, which was to be the first heavyweight championship battle ever held under the Marquess of Queensberry rules, to be fought with five-ounce gloves; all the other details, too, being exactly like those governing fights today.

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Not only spotless but sweet and odorless —*with Sunbrite, the* "double action" *cleanser*

Cleaning the refrigerator—one of the biggest little jobs about the kitchen! And in spite of painstaking cleanliness, butter and milk seem determined to absorb flavors from other foods.

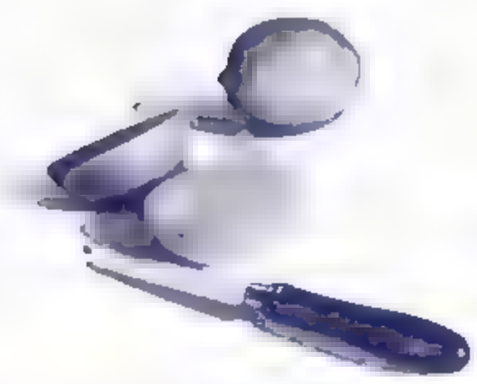
To keep your refrigerator not only visibly spotless but odorless and free from invisible impurities, give it a weekly cleaning with **Sunbrite,** the *double action* cleanser. Go over every inch of walls, drain pipe, shelves and ice chamber.

For **Sunbrite** does more than just scour off stains; it has in its composition an element which *sweetens* and *purifies* as it cleans. Thoroughly effective, yet it will not scratch a surface nor roughen the hands.

You will be pleased with the price of **Sunbrite,** too. "Double action" costs no more; in fact, **Sunbrite** offers an actual saving in price. And in addition you get a United Profit Sharing Coupon with each can.

"Double action" offers a new degree of cleanliness for your refrigerator and for all kitchen and bathroom uses—not only *visible* cleanliness, but also fresh and odorless and free from *unseen* impurities.

Swift & Company



Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there! A Sunbrite cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor

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The managers agreed on Phil Dwyer, the famous race-horse man, for stakeholder.

In the meantime the Olympic Club had offered a $25,000 purse. So the contest was fought for a $25,000 purse and a $10,000 side bet, the winner to take all, Sullivan insisting on this last condition.

Now I have seen almost all the fight managers of the last forty years, but I never met a smarter one than William A. Brady. He was the originator of all the business strategy they follow these days; only the prizes now are bigger. He was shrewd enough to capitalize all the interest and sympathy arising from the fact that I, comparatively a youngster, was matched to fight the champion, and also from the hard condition that Sullivan had forced—the winner to take all—something that had rarely been demanded by any champion.

So Brady booked a tour through the country and we hired theaters and halls where I met all comers, as Sullivan was doing from time to time, offering $100 to anyone who could stand up against me for four rounds. Before the match had been arranged I had appeared in Philadelphia in burlesque shows as an added attraction of the evening, the story of which experience was told in the preceding article; but now our stunt was the sole entertainment of the evening.

Whenever the words "James J. Corbett, now matched to fight the great John L. Sullivan," appeared on the billboards they acted like magic, and we drew great houses everywhere we went. This had the additional advantage, also, of increasing the interest in the coming match, because I endeavored to show in these bouts that I really was capable of standing up to the great John L.

At the end of the tour Brady arranged an evening in Madison Square Garden, where I met, in the one evening, three men of pugilistic standing, each weighing more than 200 pounds, and stopped all three within the specified four rounds; and that without taking a rest between the sessions. My opponents were good men, too—George Spillings, of Rochester; Bob Caffey, of Philadelphia, and Joe Lannon, Sullivan's sparring partner at that time.

I don't think a fighter ever lived, or ever will live, who was as popular with the masses, and especially with the Irish, as John L. Sullivan. Many of our Irish citizens hated me just because I had the insolence to fight him. One night, not long before the Sullivan match, I was boxing with a man at Miner's old Eighth Avenue Theater, and in the middle of one of the rounds someone in the gallery called out, "So you're the guy who thinks he can lick John L. Sullivan!" and followed the jeer with a bottle which came clear across the orchestra, just grazing my head and breaking into a thousand pieces on the floor of the stage.

Making Friends Through Publicity

MY UNPOPULARITY with the Irish struck me as rather peculiar, for everybody that ever belonged to me, as far back as we could trace, was Irish through and through; and Sullivan, like myself, was born in this country, of Irish parents. Of course, this attitude was due to Sullivan's disposition, which was just the right mixture of good nature, aggressiveness and temper for a fighter, so people thought; while I was always more controlled and a little too businesslike, perhaps, to vie with him in popularity. Then, though I entered saloons occasionally, I did not care to waste a lot of time standing up against the bars of any city I happened to be in.

To me it was the most boring thing in the world to be mauled around by a lot of drunks; and, as my friends of the stage say, there old John L. "was on his native heath," at least at that phase of his career.

But Brady's prefight campaign did result in arousing among the better element a respect for my ability and some support. At the same time his playing up of such things as my banking experience and my orderly way of living, together with my quieter manners and rather unostentatious style of dressing, brought to my bouts many people who had always thought it beneath them to attend a prize fight.

Meantime Billy Delaney had joined my camp, and it was quite a surprise to many experts who thought I should have engaged someone else. One night shortly after the articles were signed, the famous William Muldoon came to my table in the old Delmonico restaurant and offered to train me. He seemed quite earnest about it.

"Muldoon," I answered him, "if I should be lucky enough to defeat Sullivan, and if any trainer is going to get any credit for it, it's a little fellow who isn't famous like you—you've never even heard of him. He lives way out in Oakland, California, and his name is Billy Delaney."

Delaney was in fact on his way East at the very moment, for I had written, asking him to sell out his business and come on to train me; which confidence showed that I thought our joint prospects were very bright.

About this time, too, I ran across another old friend I had not seen in a long time. I was strolling up Broadway, when a chap came out of the shadows and hailed me: "Hello, Jim, don't you know me?"

I took him under the arc light and looked at him in wonder. He had no coat on and the night was very cold.

"It can't be Jerry?" I said at last.

"Yes," he answered.

Now this man, Jerry—as I shall call him here—had lived in our neighborhood in San Francisco in the old Hayes Valley days and I used to box with him in the cellar. I had heard about his drinking himself out of all the positions he had held in San Francisco and that his case seemed hopeless.

So after asking him a few questions I said, "Jerry, I know you can't stop drinking altogether; but if you could just taper down on your booze enough to run errands for me and the gang, I'll take you down to my training quarters. It will be a nice berth for you."

He promised. So I fitted him up with an overcoat, gave him some money and did the things for him that anyone would for an old friend. He hung around until I went into training, meanwhile trying to keep as sober as possible. Jerry did very well, considering, although he had a "still" on most of the time, but this was never bad enough for any but those who knew him well to detect. Then he came down to our camp and used to be great company as we sat around evenings talking about the old days when we were kids together.

How Jerry Bent His Nose

THERE was quite a big dent in Jerry's nose. It looked as if it had been broken once, as I supposed, in a fight, and one night I asked him about it.

"No," he said, shaking his head sadly, "it wasn't broke in any scrap."

"How did you get it dented then?" I asked.

But he seemed rather shy about explaining the cause of his misfortune.

"Oh, you fellows would laugh at me if I told you," he said.

However, finally we coaxed him to tell us all about it.

"I was in bed one night," he began, "and had the delirium tremens. All of a sudden I heard a lot of guns going off. Then a bugle called and I sat up in bed. Bands were playing, and I saw about 10,000 soldiers marching around the room. Some fellow yelled out, 'We are at war! Fall in!' In all the excitement I jumped out of bed and joined in the parade, with all these fellows marching around the room, and we marched and marched and marched. Finally they started marching through the keyhole. I tried to follow them, and in trying to get through the keyhole I broke my nose!"

But Jerry's history came to an end. Sometime after this I left Jerry with money for clothes and a ticket to San Francisco, but when I returned to New York I ran across him panhandling on Broadway. Poor Jerry didn't last much longer, and a few weeks later I received word that he had died in a little rooming house, all alone. As there was not a soul to bury him, and I felt the responsibility was mine, I arranged for the funeral. I wanted to give Jerry a good one, so invited George and Johnny Considine, who then ran the famous Hotel Metropole at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street, and later the new one of the same name in front of which Rosenthal was shot; also Eddie Burke, the race-horse man; Teddy Foley; Tim—Dry Dollar—Sullivan, and others. They promised, but when the day of the funeral arrived, they all seemed to have forgotten the date, and I showed up at the place of appointment to find no one there. It was ten o'clock in the morning—probably most of them were not even up.

As I rolled down Broadway in the carriage to the undertaker's I spied a little Jewish boy I knew, Ed Meyerson. He seemed to be in an awful hurry and was almost racing over the sidewalk, but when I hailed him he came over to the carriage.

"Jump in here," I ordered him gruffly.

"Oh, I can't!" he pleaded. "I've a lot of business to attend to."

"This won't take you a minute," I replied. "Jump in; I want to tell you something."

He got into the carriage and I told the driver to travel!

Little Meyerson tried his best to jump out of that carriage, but I grabbed his arms and explained the circumstance to him, and finally he promised to stick So at the grave of poor Jerry the only ones to pay the last respects were two little old ladies one of whom ran the rooming house where he had died—this little Jewish boy, who had never even met the principal of this last act, and myself. I was sorry, for I had tried to give poor Jerry the send-off he and his old parents would have liked.

Sullivan started training at Good Ground, Long Island, and I pitched my camp at Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Never before had a pugilist trained in Asbury Park, which at that time was almost as strict in its regulations and as religious in its atmosphere as Ocean Grove. I shall never forget the first few days of my training there. The neighbors did peek out of the windows at us, but very cautiously. The children in the neighborhood were not allowed to come near the training quarters; I was supposed to be first cousin to the devil himself.

Some of my trainers, of course, were of a rather rough type, and there were two or three of them who unfortunately didn't have very good manners. So when I saw the attitude of my neighbors I gathered the boys together and told them that anything in the way of misconduct on their part reflected on me. I further explained to them the ideas of the people we were to live with and threatened to discharge any who did not act like gentlemen. They all, I am glad to say, followed out my instructions to the letter.

We had been there about three weeks, minding our own business and going about our work in a quiet way, when one day two boys of about twelve or so, children of people in the neighborhood, came around. I saw them and stopped punching the bag.

"Now, boys," I said as kindly as I could, "I want you to go back home. Your folks don't want you to come here and I don't want you to try it again."

One of the little fellows spoke up. "My mamma said I could come over here," he said, looking very disappointed.

"Your mother said you could come here?" I repeated, flabbergasted.

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then," I told them, "I'd like to have you. Make yourselves at home."

Gradually from that time on the children began to come around; finally the fathers dropped in and actually seemed to enjoy themselves.

One of my inseparable companions those days was a dog that had attached himself to me in a very strange way while I was playing New Bedford, Massachusetts, under Brady's management. I was getting into a carriage to go to the theater when this pup jumped in and wouldn't be persuaded to leave. Brady wanted to throw him out.

"Jim," he said, "you don't want a dog like that; he's a mutt!" And he was. I could see in him traces of bulldog, collie, spaniel, greyhound, black-and-tan and a few other breeds. But oh, how that dog did seem to love me! So I let him stick, christened him Ned, and he toured the country with me.

Old-Fashioned Ideas of Training

AT ASBURY PARK Ned was always unhappy if I was not along. Sometimes he would insist on accompanying me on the Boardwalk and everybody was amazed to see this awful-looking animal following me. Often I'd lock him up when I went out. One night when I started for the New Brunswick Hotel, then the fashionable one in the place, I had to cross a bridge leading over the lake. Ned broke loose and succeeded in beating me to the hotel. When I reached there I found the women gathering up their skirts and hustling out of his way, for he was wringing wet and covered with mud from his swim across the lake.

At this time Brady's daughter, Alice, now the famous moving-picture star and legitimate actress, was a baby in arms, and as much as that dog loved to go out with me, he somehow got it into his old noodle that it was his duty to care for that baby in the carriage. When the nurse took her out he would cast longing looks after me as I walked off, but never once left his charge.

I had some original ideas about training at this time; that is, they were considered erratic then, although some of them have since been adopted. For instance, it was considered very dangerous to allow a man to drink water when heated from exercise. I noticed that I did not enjoy—in fact could hardly swallow—my evening meal after a hard day's training. I had no appetite, only a fierce, burning thirst, for the stiff exercise had made me feel feverish inside. I figured this out and adopted a new course, much against the advice of all my trainers. When the day's work was over I would go to a spring, take a dipper of water, rinse my mouth out half a dozen times and gargle my throat. Then gradually I would let a little trickle down. When I felt slightly cooler I would repeat the process. Thus it took about half an hour for me to empty that dipper; but I found that after that I did not lack appetite and enjoyed my evening meal enormously. You see, I simply adopted the principle of treating my machinery as one does an automobile—you do not pour a lot of cold water into a heated engine, but let it dribble in gradually.

Then I formed the habit of going down to the most popular ice-cream parlor about ten o'clock at night and eating a couple of plates of ice cream, to the accompaniment, which I could hear, of sarcastic remarks from observers in the place.

"There's the fellow who is going to fight Sullivan," one would say.

"What? That chap eating the ice cream?" a companion would inquire in surprise; then everybody would laugh at the ridiculousness of it. "Sullivan will fairly murder him!" came the anvil chorus.

I told some of my ideas to a Doctor Pancoast, a well-known authority from Philadelphia, who had a summer home in Elberon, and he also thought I used very bad judgment. In those days, you must remember, a typhoid-fever patient was never given cold water or ice cream, but

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V-63

Men and products may *vie* for leadership, but it is the public that confers it.

CADILLAC

Standard of the World

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now it is allowed. So my routine was justified by later authorities.

It happened that horse racing was at its height then at Monmouth Park, New Jersey, and occasionally I took a day off and went over there, thinking the rest would do me good and probably prevent me from going stale.

Now these little details are not so trifling as they seem. They are very important, for they were innovations in the 90's, and I feel I owe what success I have had to my thinking for myself and not following rules blindly, not only in the ring but in my preparations for it. And to show how important such things seemed in the eyes of the papers and public, I need only tell of an incident that occurred just before the day when Colonel McLewee's second installment, $2500, was to arrive and to be turned over to the stakeholder.

At the races I met an old friend of mine, George Morgan, of California, who invited me to dinner at a very popular resort at Pleasure Bay. During the course of the dinner he ordered a pint of champagne. I felt that a little would do me good, so took a glass of it. That was all that was necessary. The next day one of the news agencies sent out the report that Jim Corbett was "off on a bat at Pleasure Bay."

I was shocked when I read it, but more so when I received a letter from Colonel McLewee telling me that he had seen this story in the papers and of course must decline to put up the next $2500! I was left cold and I didn't sleep a wink that night through worrying about it.

Phil Dwyer, the stakeholder for the coming fight, who, by the way, was a great friend of Sullivan's, was at Long Branch with his stable, so I rushed madly over to him the day following the receipt of the colonel's letter and showed it to him. He saw that I was pretty much upset and tried to cheer me.

"My boy," said he, "you have nothing to worry about."

"Why," I exclaimed, "he refuses to put up my deposit!"

"I'm stakeholder," he replied, "and if none of your backers come through with their money, your $10,000 is up anyway. I'm stakeholder!"

He meant, of course, that he would make good the $7500 shortage if my backers failed; and he did this, mind you, although he was Sullivan's friend, through sheer sportsmanship, wanting to see me get a square deal. There were great boys in the old days!

Dwyer then asked me how much I weighed, and being so frightened at McLewee's falling down, I was afraid to tell him my exact weight, thinking he might get the idea in his head that I was too light to fight Sullivan and he might therefore weaken, so I told him I weighed 192 pounds, when I really weighed 178—a white lie for which I hope I may be pardoned under the circumstances.

An Embarrassing Five Minutes

"I'LL be over in a couple of days to see you train," Dwyer added as I was leaving; and a few days later he came to my training quarters accompanied by Dick Croker, then chief of Tammany Hall, and they watched me work out for a while.

"Do you really weigh 192 pounds?" Dwyer asked me, as I stopped.

"Yes, sir," I assured him.

"Where do you weigh yourself?" he then inquired.

"Downtown, in a butcher shop."

"Well, you come over tonight to the hotel after your dinner. There's a butcher shop next door to our hotel where they have some wonderful scales. We'll see what you really weigh."

I got cold all over, but concealed my fear.

"All right, sir," I agreed, "I'll be over," and made the date for eight o'clock.

As soon as they were gone I called Brady, Delaney and all my handlers and we were in a terrible stew, all of us thinking that if any of the backers once learned I weighed only 178 pounds they would leave me flat. So we decided to take the iron weights out of the pulleys, each weighing four pounds, and stick three or four of them in my trousers, which I did. Then Delaney and I drove over to Long Branch in a hack.

Dwyer was standing in front of the hotel waiting for me. He took me into the butcher shop and said, "Get on the scales."

I started removing my coat, when he stopped me, saying, "Never mind your coat. Leave it on."

"All right," I agreed, a little relieved, jumped on the scales and—I'll never forget it—I weighed 197 pounds!

Dwyer looked at me in amazement.

"You're certainly a deceiving man," he said.

But even as I was talking to him I could feel that the weights were slipping. We were standing on the asphalt pavement, and taking his arm I tried to hurry Dwyer toward Delaney, who was sitting in the hack, for the game would have been up if those weights had once fallen on the pavement. As we were side by side, he didn't notice my peculiar gait, and just as we reached the end of the walk and while I was still talking to Dwyer, I felt one of the weights at my knee, so I put my foot over the curb and the iron dropped into the dirt without any noise, and he never saw it at all. Bidding him good-by, we went home, the day saved. I told this little incident to Dwyer after the fight and he had a great laugh over it.

As you have discovered, my relations were very friendly with Brady, and we got on very well together; so well in fact that when one day he said "Jim, you and I have no contract or understanding about what I am to get if you win this fight; don't you think we ought to sign papers of some kind?" I told him not to worry about any contract.

"Just let me give you whatever I feel like. You'll profit better than if we make it a business proposition."

He agreed, shook me by the hand and said, "Jim, that's good enough for me."

Time drifted by pretty swiftly, and at last came the hour for our departure. I knew I had managed to overcome the prejudice of the people of Asbury Park against prize fighters, but how much I did not realize until I was closing up quarters. As I took the hack for the train, dozens of children of the neighborhood flocked around and showered me with little presents that touched me very much—cheap scarfpins, flowers, handkerchiefs, cologne bottles. Then, to my great surprise, Mr. Bradley, who controlled Asbury Park and had objected very strenuously to my training there, sent the Beach band to escort me to the station.

My last day's training up North was done in Madison Square Garden—a publicity stunt of Brady's that gives another evidence of his shrewdness. I ran around the track, punched the bag, and even ate my meals before a large audience which had paid admission to watch me. This netted us both a lot of newspaper space and a handsome sum.

At last we boarded our private car and started for New Orleans, breaking the trip two or three times, on the way down, for exercise.

Rising Odds on the Champion

WE REACHED the city about four days before the fight, Sullivan being already on hand. He had been taken up by the Young Men's Club, the biggest of all in the state, while the smaller Southern Athletic Club, where I had boxed Jake Kilrain, opened its doors to me. The betting was three to one on Sullivan when we arrived in town.

There was one princely hearted man in New Orleans whose kindness I shall never forget. His name was Wormseley and he was one of the leading cotton brokers in the city. I had met him when I fought Kilrain, and he now actually sent his family away and turned his house over to me for a home during my stay in the city.

I started in to do some light training in the Southern Athletic Club and all the time thousands of people were in and out watching me. There were also large audiences at the other club watching Sullivan. After seeing both of us, the betters decided that instead of three to one on Sullivan the odds should go up to four to one. This increase was due, I think, to our difference in weights—it was 212 and 180 at the ringside.

If I had ever relied much on the opinion of others I wouldn't have had much confidence or strength left for the fight. Even my old friend from California, Tom Williams, who had backed me heavily in the Choynski fight, and had also seen me fight my sixty-one rounds with Peter Jackson, blew into New Orleans and bet, so someone was kind enough to tell me, $5000 on Sullivan. Not because I was hurt at all, but simply because I like Williams, I wrote him a letter the day before the fight. In it I said:

"Tom, I understand you are betting on Sullivan. I'm not mad, but I wish you would switch your bet and put it on me. I'm in splendid condition. You saw me fight Choynski and Jackson. You know I can go the distance; and no man who has lived the life that Sullivan has lived can beat me in a finish fight."

A few years later, when I was going abroad, I happened to run into Tom Williams on the steamer. We were talking over old times and got down to this fight.

"Do you remember the letter you wrote me," he asked, "before your fight with Sullivan, telling me to bet on you?"

"Yes," I replied, and somehow managed not to grin.

"Well," continued Williams, "after I received your letter I went out and bet $10,000 more on Sullivan!"

I had also written to my father and figured he would receive the letter a day or two before the fight, which he did. I told him in what good condition I was, and prophesied that by taking my time and being careful I would win the fight between the twentieth and the twenty-fifth round. My dear old dad wore that letter out after the fight, just as he did the telegram after the Kilrain battle.

The excitement in New Orleans was intense from the start, as this was the first heavyweight championship fight ever arranged to be fought under the protection of the police. All other fights up to this time had been under London prize-ring rules and with bare knuckles, and being against the law had been pulled off in private.

Just before we left New York for New Orleans I had told Brady to see how much money he could dig up to bet on me. He took all the money his wife had and what he could skirmish up himself, and it amounted to $3000. All I had in the world on the day of the fight was $900, we had used up so much for training expenses, but that morning I gave it to Brady and said, "You take this $900 and the $3000 you have, and go down and put it on me."

"Jim," he said, "I'll bet my $3000, but you had better keep your money. If we should lose the fight, that's all we'd have and we'll have to ride the brakes out of town."

So I took his advice and kept my $900, Brady going downtown to bet the $3000 at four to one.

In a couple of hours he came back, all excitement, and exclaimed, "They're betting five to one on Sullivan!"

"That's great!" I replied. "Did you put the money up?"

"No," he answered, looking a little sheepish. Then he added, "Don't you think, Jim, we'd better keep it in case you get licked?"

I got angry at this.

"You fool!" I blurted out. "You were willing to take four to one, but now when it's five to one you get cold feet! Sullivan and I are just the same as when it was three to one. *We* haven't changed any." Then, pushing him out of the door, I gave him this parting message: "Don't you come back here unless that $3000 is on!"

No sooner had Brady gone than in came the sporting editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, Harry Weldon—one of the greatest supporters I ever had. He had prophesied by my picture that I would be the next champion of the world before he had ever laid eyes on me, and his confidence naturally touched me and later brought us together very closely. He was a big, fat, red-faced man, and he, too, rushed in, all excitement. I could tell by his manner that his confidence had been shaken by this jump in the odds to five to one. It seemed as if everyone was going back on me. But I held tight to myself and as we sat on a trunk—"Well, Harry, they've got you going, too?" I inquired coolly.

"No, no, no!" he insisted, but his manner gave the lie to his words.

"Yes, they have," I shot back at him, trying to put some iron in him; "they've got you wriggling a little. Now I'll tell you something, Harry. I've seen Sullivan fight. I've boxed with him, and the only thing that will ever make me think that John L. Sullivan can whip me is when they bring me to and tell me I was knocked out."

This boosted his confidence wonderfully and he went off very happy.

I had also noticed that the strain was beginning to tell on my trainers, and even Delaney. With all his coolness, he was trying to hum little songs to himself to make me feel he was happy and wasn't thinking about the fight at all. And others were whistling too loud and too often. All their actions, I could see, were unnatural and unlike them. They were all doing it for the effect on me, and, if I do say it myself, I think I was the only one in the whole crowd that really felt normal.

Courting Bad Luck

TO LEAD up to a climax, the club had arranged bouts between famous fighters to be fought on successive nights before the heavyweight battle. On Monday night George Dixon fought Jack Skelly for the featherweight championship of the world; on Tuesday, that wonderful lightweight, Jack McAuliffe, defended his lightweight title against Billy Myers, of Streator, Illinois; on Wednesday night, John L. Sullivan was to defend his.

McAuliffe gave Myers an awful beating that Tuesday night, and I thought it would be a grand idea to have the last meal before I fought Sullivan with poor Billy Myers. This did not strike me as ominous, for I was never superstitious; in fact, I often defied and flew in the face of superstition purposely. This annoyed my companions considerably sometimes, and only a few days before, in Charlotte, North Carolina, where we lay off on our way to New Orleans, I had almost given Delaney heart failure. I hadn't noticed the number of my room when the bell boy took me up, and while I was sound asleep that night Brady came up and hammered on the door. When I asked what was the matter he shouted back, "You're in Room 13!"

"Get out of here and let me sleep!" I called back. "I don't care what number it is. I'm going to stay here."

So now when I suggested that I go out with the loser, Billy Myers, there was a terrible uproar.

"Why, he's a Jonah!" they said.

They begged and pleaded with me, but I insisted on going and dragged them all out there with me.

Myers came down into the dining room and met us. I knew him very well and liked him very much. He had a big black eye and a cracked lip, and I started to "kid" him about these marks of his battle.

"You may look worse than I do when Sullivan gets through with you tonight," he retorted.

"No, Billy," I replied; "Sullivan won't have to hit me as many times as McAuliffe did you, to lick me. If it's done, it will be done with one punch."

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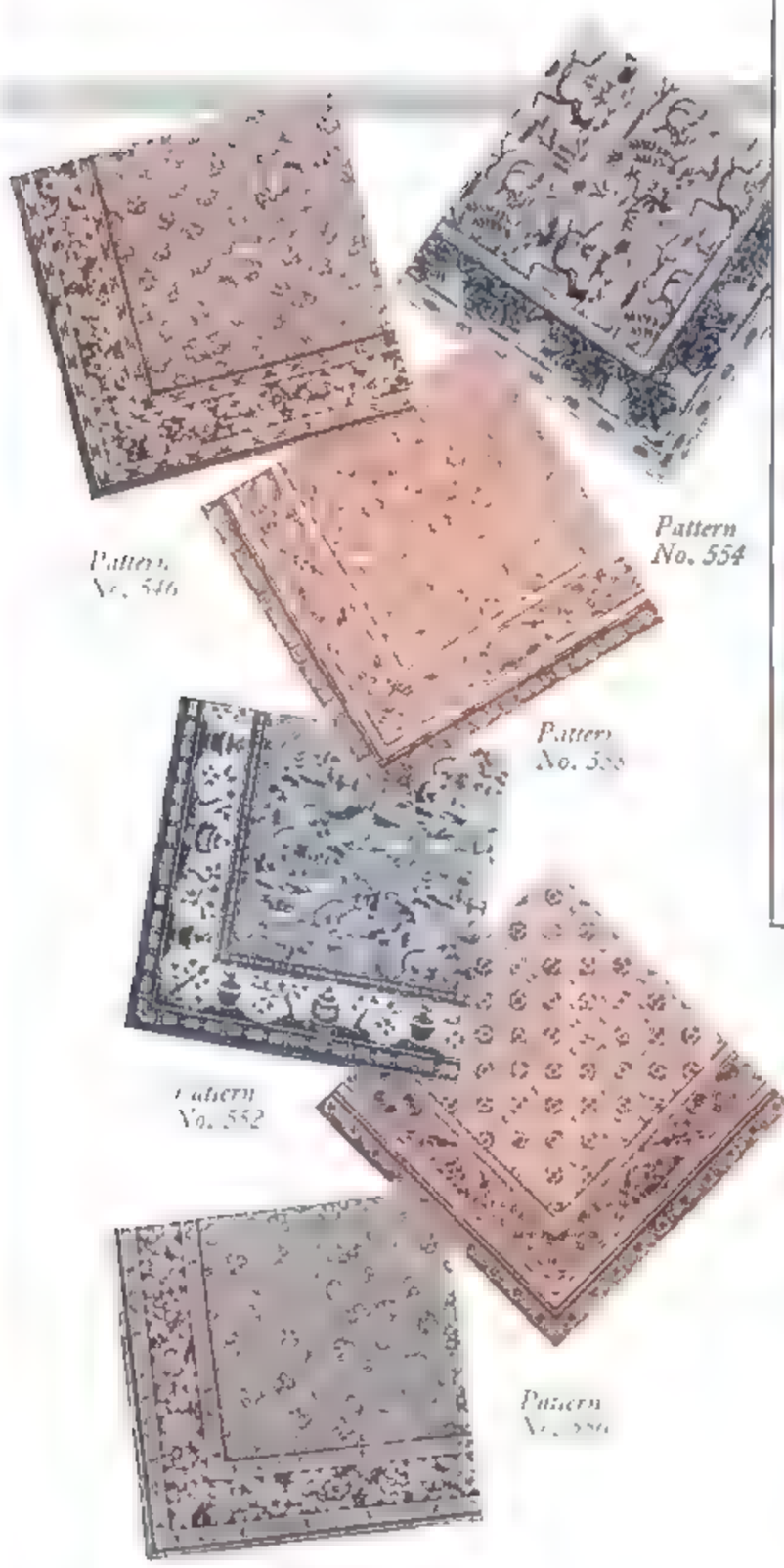

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WHO ARE THE CULTURED?

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CHECK THE CLASS THAT FITS YOU!

No. 1. Are you the hostess who wondered why her guests smiled when she served thin bread and butter for dinner?

No. 2. The hostess who entered her dining room last of all, instead of preceding her guests?

No. 3. The hostess who said, "Mr. A, I want you to meet Miss B?"

No. 4. The hostess who does not know the meaning of the words, sang-froid, le beau monde, à la russe, ma chérie?

Which one of these is You?

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

MRS. TONNIE SECORD PURNELL laid down the Sunday supplement, and an involuntary sigh burst from her lips. A picture hanging on memory's wall rose instantly, accusingly before her eye; a picture laid in a small-town environment known as Irons Falls; and the recollection of the environment itself brought a sharp wince of pain: A young hostess welcoming guests to Sunday afternoon dinner; the guests assembling on a wide leafy veranda, settling themselves on informal hickory chairs; a hickory settee filled with porch pillows; gay Yale and Harvard flags, large sunflowers and the head of the great Indian chief, Sitting Bull; a perfume, savory, teasing, delicious, coming through the screen door.

"Don't tell me, Tonnie Secord, that you're going to give us new homemade bread for dinner."

And a roar from Papa Secord, the socially blasphemous, who loved shirt sleeves and plug cut, and—if ever man did—belonged in Irons Falls: "Yes, but what good is the smell of it, Tonnie? Why don't we connect with the eats, girl? What are we so bashful for?"

"We're waiting for Mr. Potter, papa"—patiently from an impatient young hostess.

"Aren't fathers awful, cherry [*chérie*]?" This from Sophy Ackers, old schoolmate, who had been to boarding school two years and was chick and had lots of sang-froyd.

And suddenly Mr. Potter, a foreign importation—a bank clerk, with hair combed Gibson, a five-inch collar, and black patent-leather toothpicks, coming up the steps. Mr. Potter had all the latest style, he always said "Search me!" to your remarks.

"Oh, Mr. Potter, meet my friends, Miss Ackers and Miss Blount."

And Martha, enduring no more, suddenly pounding the Japanese gong as though they had all gone to Pike's Peak. And the guests trooping through the screen door, sniffing audibly of fresh bread and leg o' lamb, and preceding their host and hostess.

A tide of shame flowed to Tonnie Secord Purnell's cheek—a little moan of horror broke. She bowed her head figuratively and murmured in her soul: "Forgive me—I knew not what I did!" And crushing the unpleasant newspaper, with its unpleasant implied aspersions on her native culture, Tonnie Secord Purnell rose abruptly to reassure herself physically, and crossed the room to a long cheval glass.

Even in so moving across the apartment—an expensive and modern affair—you could see how far she had come away from that unpleasant figment on memory's wall. The cheval glass gave her all the indorsement she required.

She would, she reflected with a faint sigh, have looked out of a mirror very differently had she stayed in Irons Falls.

She would have met the eye as a rather portly, prettyish, still young but unmistakably matronly figure. She would have been wearing navy blue, quite likely—that refined shade consecrated to the middle years of small towns and cities. With bead trimming; a great deal of bead trimming. Her beautiful golden hair would have been puffed and marcelled into a restrained sunburst effect, dragged off her forehead. And she would have been wearing around her neck what is known as a lavaleer; possibly two or three lavaleers, and a quantity of sparkling rings. And the sleeves of her frock would have been georgette, freely offering the unconcealed outlines of arms and shoulders no longer quite poetical of contour.

Tonnie Secord Purnell smiled disdainfully at this image. The woman who looked back at her from the dull-walnut-and-gold-leaf-framed glass bore none of these stigmata. She was very satisfying—and well she might be.

A great king had buried the treasures of empire that she might be made beautiful; a noble earl had died to find them for her.

She wore a slinky one-piece invisibly fastened garment, long and trailing, of thick soft lusterless silk of the hue called tomb tan. Of tomb tan, also, were the small pale leather high-heeled slippers she wore, the weblike delicate hose. The whole thing gave her budding obesity an effect of specious lissomeness, toned down and purified her too high coloring. Long loose sleeves of the silk fell to her plump hands—hinting at mysterious beauties beneath. She wore a single ring, set with an antique scarab resembling a small dried prune. A strand of pale bronze mummy beads drooped from her neck nearly to her knees. And her blond hair was sheer triumph; absolutely smooth and curl-less, it was built, from just above her eyebrows, into a high shining honey-colored bowl-like affair, that elongated her slenderness by three inches. Across her brow was bound a phylactery of colored enamels that would have caused a fellah of the eighteenth dynasty to fall upon his face before her—including as it did, the horns of Ra, the Sacred Lotus, and the serpent of Osiris.

The hand, that had an instant before clenched itself on her full bosom, in some apprehension of atavistic taint, relaxed. She breathed freely. She was not only indubitably

(Continued on Page 38)

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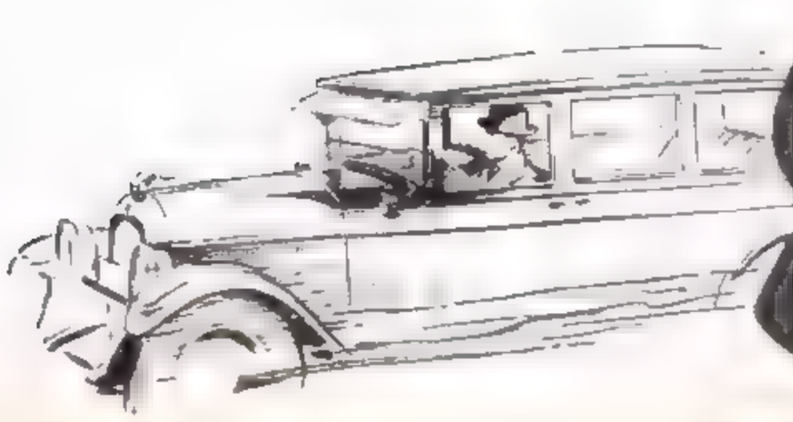

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"U.S." Raynsters

(Continued from Page 36)

dressed with beauty and cultivated taste but she was beautiful and cultivated—with her full consent. Ten years ago, in her upward flight from Irons Falls, she would, she remembered, have fought against her dried prune, her string of mummy beads, with a marked preference for sapphires, to match her eyes, or rubies, the tint of her lips. She would have accepted her beads, her bug if necessary, but with bitter secret protest. But, thank heaven, she had advanced spiritually as physically.

She picked up the replica of an ancient dagger from the console table and a black old missal that smacked of Francesca da Rimini and looked like walnut hull. She knew what these things were worth. Oh, not alone in money—of which, thank heaven, she had plenty—but in aesthetic value. She had had a hard time learning to like old worn-out-looking things, but she had managed it. It was being done everywhere by the best people and—"None but the best is good enough for Tonnie Secord Purnell." This was the slogan that had buoyed her up along the years, that had helped her cast the shell of ancient vulgarities. That had helped her to come away from Irons Falls—and bring her family with her! Tonnie set her teeth. Yes, her family! Away from the stupidities of her past—of Sitting Bull. She had left these forever—and so had her family. Let there be no mistake as to that. They should never be a drag on her.

Papa Secord had been bad enough. But papa was only papa. He belonged to the past. And the only thing you could do with the past was to kiss it good-by. This thought, expressed with such force and vulgarity, startled Tonnie Secord Purnell. It sounded like Irons Falls. It was—it must be—a recrudescence. Reading the horrors in the Sunday supplement, and thinking about old days and her family—about Prudy and Dan; Dan especially, who always balked, her fly in the ointment—Dan, the refractory element in the process of evolution!

A second sigh burst from Tonnie Secord Purnell's lips, which was at once deftly caught up and repeated in the genteelest cough in the world at the other end of the room

Mrs. Purnell turned, to see that Miss Angelica Simper, her lady companion, had entered the apartment.

It was a curious thing, but where she herself was inhibited pictorially from anything but the closest attention to correctness of detail—where to err, say, in the matter of a bead or two, a hair's balance, would have thrown herself off the technical base of her claim to perfection—there was a splendid absence of restraint, a complete inattention to all this in Miss Simper that defied analysis and equally was impregnable.

Miss Angelica Simper, her secretary, duenna and factotum, was seen even in the simple fact of approach to be the epitome of all genteel refinement; and this, too, though she violated every aesthetic canon.

At least six varieties of bead encompassed her meager throat and chest, from the dull jet dog collar to the Venetian necklace, resembling chewed wads of colored paper, from which depended a gondola of tarnished filigree silver, nearly as large as a pigeon, on the breast of her black silk blouse.

In her austere colorless elderly face there played in moments of conversational verve an indubitably artificial set of teeth fastened to an equally artificial jaw of vermilion rubber, and the inadequacy of her dove-colored hair was augmented by what might have been called a betrayal rather than a transformation. Moreover, she invariably carried on her arm three little reticules of dark-colored wools and wore a sort of congress gaiter—she had bunions—of black prunella cloth.

Yet instantly, at sight of her, one had no doubt. She was a *compost* of all delightful cultivated assurances. This, precisely, was her meaning in the Purnell household. Tonnie had introduced her two years ago, on returning with Dan from the International Rotary Convention.

They had been received by the king. Tonnie was the only woman in Wintringham—a city of eighty-five thousand—who had been received by a king. It set her a little apart—though not for worlds would she have confessed she had found royalty disappointing! That is, not a bit haughty or stand-offish! But she had at once entered a phase of English cultivation. Hence Miss Simper.

Yet Tonnie never looked at Miss Simper without a touch of despair, for Miss Simper was something she herself was not and possibly never could be—that superexponent of gentility who could express herself in any externalia. Miss Simper might even have used Sitting Bull as a decorative motif, and have merely worsted the chieftain.

Tonnie had no wish to look like Miss Simper, yet she envied her this.

And now, as she watched her under her recent Irons Falls contact, she felt a nettled flash of irritation and wanted to cry out "How do you get that way?" but restrained herself.

She sat down, arranging her tomb tan in graceful folds and remembered to use the dead-level emotionless voice she had noticed in England—and used by Miss Simper.

"Ah, Angelica—you wish to see me?"

Miss Simper poised herself in her prunellas with just the degree of respect that connoted its voluntary quality—and this was also part of Tonnie's daily despair.

"Dear Mrs. Purnell—yes. I fancied there would be time before tea to bring this afternoon's correspondence to your attention. We have several more acceptances for your week-end party. Very gratifying indeed. Miss Mew and Miss Chynnewood you expected, of course, but I have further news." Miss Simper offered her genteel cough, and fixed her friend and employer with an impressive eye. "I have great pleasure in informing you that Mr. Rupert Thannet, the poet, has accepted our invitation."

Mr. Rupert Thannet. A faint stir of pleasure overran Tonnie Secord Purnell. Though to be sure, she had rather expected the young poet, imported by the Wintringham Friday Club, would come to her party.

"There is also an acceptance from Signor Marturo."

Tonnie flushed outright.

This was delightfully fortunate. Marturo, the Italian barytone, known as grand opera's Great Lover, was going through the country on a philanthropic drive for his countrymen. He was taking a brief rest in Wintringham, preparatory to concerts next week. Various local women were trying to snap him up, but she, she was to succeed. "None but the best is good enough for Tonnie Secord Purnell," she repeated again rapidly, silently. But Miss Simper held her eye.

Miss Simper wore a faint lavender blush. She crackled a small note out of one reticule.

"And I have the further happiness—and honor—to read a note from Lord Drakewood: 'I'm no end charmed to accept Mrs. Purnell's gracious invitation for the fourteenth. Drakewood.' Lord Drakewood." Miss Simper moistened her lips. The gondola on her breast shook slightly. "A connection of the Clabbershams. We are most fortunate, Mrs. Purnell. I felicitate you."

Felicitate, indeed! It was Tonnie who trembled now.

She had met Lord Drakewood in London. A pair of Lord Drakewoods—though she was not sure afterward she had not seen double in her agitation. Certainly she couldn't have told which was which. Tall, baldish, monocled men, dropping final g's and wearing morning coats. Dan, of course, showed his worst side. Far, far too familiar. He had had the cheek afterward to say he liked the Drakewoods.

"I don't care what you say, I like 'em!"

"I don't care what you say!" That meant their monocles.

"How lucky they are!" snorted Tonnie. Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us!

Now, a little earlier, hearing that a Drakewood had come to a near-by metropolis—the Drakewoods had gone into trade since the war—and Miss Simper having had acquaintance with some of the Clabbershams, Tonnie had ventured to recall herself with an invitation for a week-end at her mountain cottage.

Another wipe in the eye for Wintringham!

Tonnie tingled from head to foot. The blood pounded to her heart. She longed to spring up and cry out her pleasure. She remembered. She controlled herself.

"But how delightful!" she murmured levelly.

Miss Simper smiled with pleased approval at her pupil. Still, it wasn't possible to hold it.

"I think it's getting hot in here. I'll raise the window." And Tonnie rose and seized the buttons on the sash.

"Shall I, dear Mrs. Purnell, ring for Martin to bring in the tea?"

"Do, please, dear Angelica," cried Tonnie.

A sudden fury, an uproar in the hall, interrupted them.

A tall girl, very straight and dark, in a riding habit strode in.

"Tea!" she roared. Prudy could roar just the way papa used to; moreover, she knew Miss Simper hated roaring, and hating Miss Simper, she usually behaved like a sea lion. "Tea—on a spring day like this. Have you been out?"

It was clear Prudy had. The spring wind of early April had stained her apricot skin tawny rose, her wide clear brown eyes were wind blown. She looked amazingly like Dan—a handsome female replica, even though she got her behavior from papa.

"We were speaking of the coming party, Prudy."

"Yes; and that's what I want to speak about," Prudy roared. "What's this I hear—that you're not asking my young man? Phil tells me he's had no invite."

Tonnie pressed her hand to her phylactery, against the uproar.

"Really, Prudy ——"

"You know, don't you, that you've got to ask my young man, that's courting me, mother?"

"Prudy, you've got no young man. You know that I disapprove of such language too. You're only nineteen. And, besides, I don't approve of this person. This young business person. I have other people I want you to be with."

Prudy started to roar again, and Miss Simper came forward to strew oil.

"Your mother has planned a remarkable list of guests: Mr. Thannet, the poet; Miss Chynnewood; Signor Marturo; and—Lord Drakewood. I fear we cannot include—young Mr. Ryle."

She made young Mr. Ryle sound like young Mr. Cipher. And Prudy gave her a black cool stare.

"I shall make dad ask him, then," cried Prudy.

Tonnie began to breathe rapidly.

It was this sort of thing that was maddening—the complete entente in these matters between Dan and Prudy against her, and her terrible bourgeois inability to bear with them, with that glazed cool insouciance she desired. The veneer slipped now.

"If you talk to your father about this—make him go over my head ——" Tonnie's voice was no longer level, but high-pitched and shrill. "If you spoil this party, just when Marturo and Lord Drakewood are coming, Prudence Purnell, I'll—I'll ——"

She stepped forward emotionally with lifted hand. Miss Simper's cough recalled her. Martin was bringing in the tea. Tears of shame stung into Tonnie's handsome eyes.

But that's the way it usually was. Just—just when she was surest of triumph, just when she had herself in hand, Dan and Prudy—or Prudy and Dan—would crop up to spoil with some suggestion—and then she would skid. She should have withered the child with languid hauteur; quietly, like Miss Simper.

"Perhaps it would be better, Miss Prudence, for your mother to go over her guest list with Mr. Purnell herself. They can decide, of course."

"Of course." Tonnie sighed, resumed her low tones, and sat down before the tray. "Of course—your father and I will talk it over, Prudence."

As though that meant anything. Talking it over with Dan Purnell! He would side with Prudy. He liked this young ordinary Ryle person—a young man in the advertising business, paying attention to Prudy. He cared no whit, for instance, for her own tastes. Young Mr. Thannet, who was a poet—with soul. Or anyone else. Pretending to talk it over with Dan was merely temporizing. He would circumvent her—of course. A fly in the ointment. Nothing but a fly in the ointment of culture.

II

IT WAS not always thus. Tonnie had met Dan at eighteen. At eighteen, coming from school to preside over the big red house, she had found herself given carte blanche.

"Go the limit, Tonnie. Have a good time," said Papa Ed Secord.

They were standing on the veranda, looking at the valley prospect. Papa Secord owned the prospect. It gave him a proprietary pleasure to look at it. He also owned

(Continued on Page 40)

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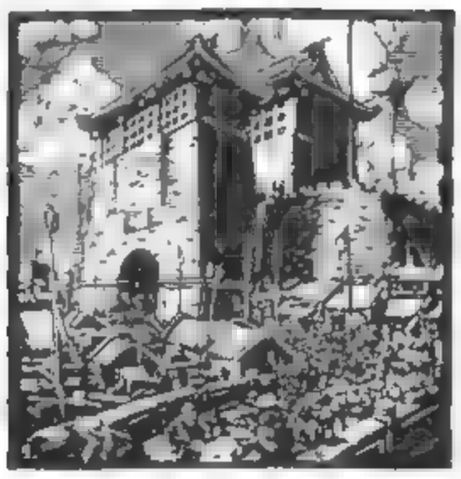

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(Continued from Page 38)

his daughter Antoinette—or believed he did. And looking at her gave him even greater satisfaction.

She was a tall, plump, shapely girl with rosy cheeks, blue-sky eyes and a twist of bright gold hair. She looked vigorous and happy in her riding clothes—one of the new divided skirts that were used with cross saddles, a flannel shirt and panama hat. Papa Ed Secord beamed on her fatuously. How was he to guess that beneath this fair, colored, sturdy exterior an insidious secret ambition was already gnawing at Tonnie—a passion forming that should mount with the years, a passion for complete immolation on the altar of the correct? Tonnie tossed her head.

"In that case I guess I'll give a party, papa. I think I'll give a May Day *festa*. I read about it in a magazine. You have punch with pistachio nuts, and lots of flowers. The pinksters are open. If I could have a man to gather them."

"Go and tell the manager to give you two boys." Papa waved his hand in the direction of the largest wood-alcohol factory in Bellew County. The *festa* had made him blink, but he recovered. "I want you should have a good time," he said.

Tonnie went down the steps and threw a shapely limb—legs had not yet come in, or out—across the back of Ginger, her saddle horse.

"Papa," she said, turning in her saddle, "I guess I'll be the first girl in Irons Falls to give a really smart party."

It was, had her sire realized this, the dominant note in her maturing personality.

She rode up the face of the mountain to the factory—up an emerald trail, until the stream beside it yellowed with waste and chemical—until, rounding a curve, she saw the cluttered huddle of the factory and the ash-whitened shapes of men working inside the door.

"Ryan," she called to a shoveler she knew; but before he could speak a tall young busybody came out and abruptly stopped her.

"I am Daniel Purnell," he said, standing with arms belligerently akimbo, "the new manager here. What is it you wish, please?"

He might as well have added "And I am your future husband."

Sometimes in ruminating on this memory, Tonnie would speculate on the consequence of some slight move, some turn of destiny which, forever left unmade, had yet offered such pregnant possibility!

"If I had ridden over Dan! Or hit him with my crop! Or run my hatpin into him!"

She had done none of these; had stared instead at the busybody, at his handsome apricot skin, slightly grimed now, at the peak of his glossy hair, his stern, good-looking brown eyes; and trembled; with rage—and something else.

"It was because I stood beside my grave and never knew it," Tonnie Purnell would groan.

She had answered haughtily, "I am Antoinette Secord, and I want a couple of your men—for this afternoon. To pick flowers," she added.

That had spoiled the effect. It brought out Dan's sarcasticalest smile. And Dan, smiling in sarcasm, was, in the early years, very moving to look at. He had a beautiful smile.

"Flowers," Dan said softly. "Two men off the licker—to pick flowers."

"Why not?" Tonnie stabbed furiously. "I am giving a party."

"Well, you can't have 'em!"

Tonnie's answer was unworthy of every sworn ideal of her life and ambition.

"You have a gall!" she hissed.

"It's what I'm paid for," Dan had answered coolly; "but I can't spare 'em. We're behind now."

"Why, then—why, then—why, you'll spoil my party!" Oh, if she had only realized! It was a portent. Fate showing her her life path, Dan the spoil-sport starting in to balk her. It was the place for the hatpin. For the challenge to destiny.

But Dan had taken destiny by the horn. He had started in to look at Tonnie. He looked at Tonnie's rounded pretty body, her red lips, her blue eyes, her grapevine stalk of golden hair.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I can't spare any men from the shift, but—but I'll come myself and pick your flowers."

Oh, why hadn't she frozen him—ridden away?

"Instead, I married him!"

"Oh, if only he had forgotten to come about the flowers! But he hadn't. And he came for other things. He began to call at the house regularly.

"He thrilled me! Dan! Think of it." Mrs. Tonnie Secord Purnell would bury her head beneath her pillow at her own shame; at Dan being thrilling.

"I was crazy about him! Crazy! Bound hand and foot. Caught, hook, line and sinker. I must have been mad! Didn't even wait to be proposed to properly."

What Dan actually said, in proposing, was this. He was sitting on the veranda with Tonnie on a moony June night, Tonnie looking like a golden-headed angel in white organdie.

"Tonnie Secord, I want to ask you a question. If a beautiful girl with a well-to-do father knew a young man starting in the business with good prospects of partnership, and the young man asked her to marry him, do you think she would be willing—if she loved him—to settle down and live just on his salary, without leaning on the old man, and take her luck on just what he could make?"

There had been a plate of fudge on the step between them.

The plate went rolling down the steps on edge and down the walk, and down the opposite hill slope, and on down the valley—and may be rolling yet, for Tonnie Secord literally threw herself into Dan's arms—not unprepared -and Dan found himself kissing something like a fresh sweet rose, that was saying hysterically, "Oh, Dan—Dan, I love you so—how can you think I'd do anything else?"

"That's right. Accepted him without even being asked!" Tonnie would moan under her pillow.

Then she would remove the pillow, with the jaded reflection that at least Dan hadn't minded. No, indeed. They had been dreadfully in love. Though Dan stuck to his stern bargain. They lived on Dan's salary in a little house by themselves, and Tonnie even did her own work the first two years. Then papa amalgamated his factories and put Dan over the whole lot, and they went away on a deferred wedding trip.

And that's when it began. The seeds of Tonnie's secret preoccupation had sent out pale tiny budding leaflets, leaflets Dan wrenched apart in the very opening. She had carried him to a smart New York hotel.

She had had herself coifed and gowned like a woman of society. She had used lemon on her hands weeks before to remove traces of domesticity. She had overhauled Dan carefully, seen that his swallow-tail and pearl studs were correct. She had chartered a smart car. They sailed off together to hear La Traviata in the parquet circle. And Dan had slept right through La Traviata. She wouldn't have minded that, but he let near-by people know that he slept!

And afterward, his gaucherie at supper, right at a conspicuous table inside the plush rope, in the public eye. Why, even the head waiter smiled!

Tonnie had been compelled to lean toward him with her fan to her lips, her eyes sparkling with coquetry as one proffering some sly pretty jest.

"Act a little cultured—can't you?" she had hissed.

Dan had only seemed puzzled. And he had said grand opera was a dog-gone racket.

Afterward, brushing out her beautiful hair before her dressing glass—in a bright pink satin negligée with a thousand bright pink plaitings, whose banal memory made her wince now—she had rebuked him bitterly.

"It isn't necessary, Dan, to show the waiter that we don't use finger bowls at home, is it?"

Dan allowed it wasn't.

"And you don't use just any fork out of the row for oysters. The little thin one right on top of the others ——"

Dan in his shirt sleeves, unlacing his shoes as he sat on his bed, had looked up mildly.

"I'm afraid I'm a rube, sweetheart, on the fancy stuff. The oysters taste much the same on any fork." Then seeing weather rising in Tonnie's eye: "George Washington made a lot of mistakes too. He poured out his coffee and drank from the saucer."

"You are not George Washington," reminded Tonnie sternly.

Dan tried to be placative.

He had come over and kissed a strand of her golden stairs—the name he gave her long bright hair.

"I'm glad I'm not George," he said triumphantly; "he couldn't do this, hon."

Oh, well, Dan had points. Dan was all right if only he would be more amenable to the graces of life. Of course all husbands have drawbacks. There are many kinds of men, but only one kind of husband.

Tonnie maneuvering a cup of tea for Miss Simper—who awaited it avidly—and another for herself—who hated it privately—comforted herself. In spite of Dan she had traveled far.

Papa Secord had long since hushed his roaring and gone to sleep among the hills of Irons Falls, but he had died a fairly wealthy man, and Dan with his fine executive had quadrupled everything. She could have practically anything she wanted—witness the lovely mountain cottage whither she would whirl her party of distinguished guests. And what guests!

Tonnie grew calmer. There was no use going to pieces over anything Dan and Prudy might do. She controlled her emotions, remembered not to stick out her fat little finger, and handled the cozy like a veteran. And when Angelica Simper asked "Shall you care to go over your shopping list for the party in the morning, dear Mrs. Purnell?" she made a bull's-eye on her auxiliary without even thinking.

"I shall indeed, dear Angelica. I shall get through with it as quickly as possible."

III

THE cottage belonging to Tonnie Purnell stood by a stream and was approached by a ragged ribbon of dirt road connecting it with the macadam at Pearl Center. Its setting, as the motor party approached, was both vernal and rustic. Pine-covered mountains, great tracts of timber and stretches of wild pasture engirdled its plot of sheared turf. It was the only habitat of man thereabouts, unless one counted the dingy weather-beaten rooftree of some small farmer glimpsed through foliage on an island lying out in the river.

The party of guests leaping up and down as their cars climbed the bowlders knew that it was spring—by the calendar and by the faint green pollen of leaf haze everywhere and the sheets of chilled mandrakes and anemones with their umbrellas closed. But the effect of these was spoiled by raw fingers of cold wind that reached out of a ragged heaven and pinched the ribs even under fur and camel's hair. They hurried into the house.

Martin and helpers had been sent ahead to staff it, and now the great jaws of the living-room fireplace were flung wide over a gigantic mouthful of blazing hardwood backlog.

You knew at once that you were in a rustic setting by the field-stone fireplace and chimney. And, of course, by the bobcat turning upon you, in a slightly at-bay pose—happily in *rigor mortis*—and clamped well up on the chimney breast.

But you had only to turn your head and you could see that you hadn't got to be too rustic to be comfortable, by the Oriental rugs on the smooth hardwood floors, the overstuffed chairs and davenports, the great bowl of smoking punch Martin brought in, the nickeled coffee machine, at which Miss Simper relieved their hostess.

The party was just lovely. Tonnie Secord Purnell, presenting the rear upholstery of her person to the fireplace, hugged herself in secret pleasure and congratulation. But what a success! But what a cosmopolitan, but what a delightful personnel—in the main!

There sat Miss Muriel Chynnewood, pale and elegant, of one of Wintringham's first families, accepting coffee from the delightful Mr. Thannet; there was the great Marturo, brooding in a long, rather gayly plaided cape coat, answering the nibbling timid approaches of little Agatha Mew, who was the perfect filler-in and foil for

(Continued on Page 42)

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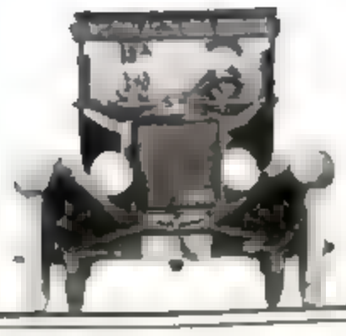

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Watch This Column

"To know her was to love her."
—Rogers, in "Jacqueline."

VIRGINIA VALLI has one of the most fascinating roles of her screen career as the nurse in ***"K—The Unknown,"*** Universal's adaptation of Mary Roberts Rinehart's fine novel of "K," now being shown in leading theatres. Moreover, the cast is exceptional and is headed by PERCY MARMONT, whose ability is notable. This is really an exquisite play. It is clean, wholesome and beautifully photographed. I am anxious you should see it and write me your opinion in detail.

The Los Angeles Times, reviewing ***"The Reckless Age,"*** became mighty enthusiastic over REGINALD DENNY, and said: "How the audience reacted to his zippy, clean-cut comedy. How they delighted in his manly and withal original personality." DENNY ought to enjoy this. I am sure I read it with deep satisfaction. I like DENNY and he always produces 100 per cent. What did *you* think of the play?

Please write and tell me what you think of these Universal pictures, if you have seen them: ***"The Signal Tower,"*** ***"Wine,"*** REGINALD DENNY in ***"The Fast Worker,"*** ***"The Family Secret,"*** from Augustus Thomas' play and Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel. I also want your opinion of ***"Butterfly"*** and ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** which has become famous in Europe as well as here. These opinions of yours are valuable. May I have them?

We have received letters from the following cities, asking us what theatres make a specialty of showing Universal pictures in those cities, and this is our answer: America Theatre, Denver; Cameo, Los Angeles; Cameo, Pittsburgh; Columbia, Seattle; Liberty, Kansas City; Broadway Strand, Detroit; Cameo, Bridgeport, Conn.; Cameo, San Francisco; Columbia, Portland; Rialto, Washington.

Universal Pictures Booklet sent on request.

(To be continued next week)

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 40)

Prudy; there was Simper, correct and imperturbable in moth-eaten squirrel and poplin, with a pale blue nose and her three reticules; and there was—here Tonnie sighed a little—yes, there was the young Ryle person. Oh, of course she had been defeated by her terrible roaring Prudy. But anyhow, young Mr. Ryle was not so bad-looking. Oh, true. But—nothing mysterious. Blue eyes that let you know he meant just what he was saying, the kind that couldn't fib; a square jaw, rather; and clothes that had all the edges even and everything pressed. Nothing Bohemian.

And her own family: Dan, his face red with wind as he helped at the punch bowl, and a tie that fought with his shirt; Prudy, brune and beautiful in a poem of camel's hair with king's-blue shoes; herself in one of those long French sports skirts you fell into, and a harem veil of green tied over her mouth.

And there was Lord Drakewood; rather, here was Lord Drakewood. He was bringing her some smoking punch. A lord waiting on her!

She'd had no idea he was so tall! Nor so thin! Nor that he had such enormous feet! Really—for a lord—and especially in pale gray spats. But he was lovely. He had the kindest eyes—rather small, but full of twinkles. And his overcoat was perfect. A tartan fleece, four sizes too large, covered with fur. Well, it actually had a nap two inches long.

Tonnie had pinched it a little when he handed her her punch.

"This is really tophole," he advised over the smoking stuff.

And Tonnie touched his coat. It felt like smoke and velvet. Lord Drakewood rocked a little on his long kind toes.

"I'm expecteen no end of a delightful time. I've always bean wanteen to visit your mountains on my other stops in the States, but business is constantly interfereen in one's affairs."

What in heaven's name had a lord to do with business?

"Oh, I'm so hoping you'll enjoy it," breathed Tonnie.

Would she ever—would she dare sometime to say "hopeen?" It sounded so delicious.

"I'm an outdoors man myself, Mrs. Purnell. I make a point of visiteen the Cambrians every year. I've a friend with a little box for shooteen there, and we do the pheasant a bit—game and fisheen, too, of course—but I've never had a taste of it here—nor even a look at the scenery."

"Well," said Dan, "Tonnie has rather planned a little fishing here if you care for it, as well as some hill tramps, but I'm thinking you're likely not to get it. We're all chilled because we're soft, but at that, the weather's nothing like as cold as it was yesterday. It's warming up and the sky's fixing for rain; in fact, it rained a little as we came in. I felt raindrops three times."

"Oh, Dan, you didn't!"

Tonnie put down her cup vexedly. How like Dan to feel a raindrop!

"That wood that Martin's carrying in is covered with raindrops, mother."

"Martin, is it raining?" Tonnie demanded vexedly.

"It's beginning, ma'am."

"In that case we shall have to rely on our own resources. And those, we trust, will prove adequate. We can play whist—I remember some delightful whist at Clabbershams Cobbles, Lord Drakewood," suggested Angelica Simper.

"But I shall play Mah Jongg!" Signor Marturo produced suddenly. "I have breeng my leetle cabinet of dominoes wis me; I shall tich you to be East Weend," he said, and he turned his Great Lover's orbs on Prudy's brune flame.

"But how delightful!" breathed Tonnie.

But indeed how delightful—the way the Great Lover was looking at Prudy. Anything might happen, really.

"Oh, we won't mind the weather—some of us, anyhow. Prudy and I love tramps in the rain. We brought ponchos with us," cried the young Ryle person.

"Oh, yes. Bother the rain!" Lord Drakewood agreed. "We shan't let mere weather grizzle us."

"Not ordinary rain," agreed Dan, "but a real mountain tempest—like some I've seen—er sorter cloudburst effect, you know. That might spill the beans."

"Oh, well," cried Tonnie, to check Dan and his beans, "I guess we can stand it—for a few days. It isn't as though we had to live here. Nobody'd do that."

"Only the vegetable woman," demurred Dan.

"The vegetable woman!" cried Miss Mew.

"Oh, a little rural party—a little country widow, with a child, who lives most of the year on Otter Island—the island you saw out in the river. Perhaps you noticed a bit of roof. I believe except for a few winter months she holes up there on a little truck farm. Has a pig and a garden. Or maybe it's a cow and a garden. Anyhow, we get our peas and corn of her. Now, she must get a taste of weather."

"Oh, bother the vegetable woman!" cried Tonnie. "I say, let's all go and dress now. We shan't want to be late for dinner. Cook's making a special effort."

The dinner was most successful, though not unaccompanied of shock. The first arrived with the cocktails.

Tonnie hurrying down from dressing saw that Martin had rebuilt the great fire, and her guests, assembling before it, presented a jewel-like and charming picture. The men were in dinner coats, all save the Great Lover, who was—living up to his reputation for distinction—turned out faultlessly in fork-tailed coat, braided trousers, glossed boots, and a gardenia heavy and sweet in his buttonhole. All but his throat.

He had preceded Tonnie down the stairway by a moment, and she heard her forthright Prudy roaring at him.

"But Mr. Marturo—really! What is the matter? You haven't gone and got yourself sore throat."

Marturo bowed pivotally, circularly, left to right. Tonnie could see that he wore no tie or collar, only a stocklike bandage—a swathing of white silk handkerchief. He smiled paternally.

"But no—leetle lady. It ees only that I do not suffer the mountain air against the expose throat. Even the collar is not protect' suffeeshunt. It must be wrapped, covered over, folded—so." He twisted his plump olive fingers briskly to convey the idea of folding, then drew them with a knifelike gesture across his throat. "One leetla stab of air, one leetla touch of cheel—then comes the migraine, the quinsy, the bronchitis. And where am I? Pouf!"

Dan, who had come out of the next room with Lord Drakewood, stopped with interest. He was still liking Lord Drakewood. Tonnie had heard them laughing together a moment earlier, and she had seen his lordship smite Dan affectionately on the back, quite like one of Dan's ordinary compatriots.

Now Tonnie hurried upon the scene.

"Of course, Mr. Marturo, so wonderful an intrument as the human voice must be protected at any cost."

Tonnie had a blinking vision of a brown supplement:

No. 5: Are you the hostess whose guests come to dinner without their collars on?

Papa Ed Secord had been verbally guillotined in the Irons Falls days for the same thing!

Miss Angelica Simper netting a silk purse by the fire, smiled indulgently.

"Much," she said softly—"much is forgiven to genius."

"Of course!" Tonnie cried. Of course! Papa Secord was not a genius! "Martin," she ordered, "bring in the cocktails and serve Mr. Marturo first. You must have a cocktail at once, Mr. Marturo. I wouldn't have you get a chill for anything."

But the great baritone was not yet finished. He bowed again, deferentially but implacably. His fat olive face disappeared behind what seemed a knotted mass of incredibly tangled black thread—which was really a swift expression of deprecation, pain, humility.

"Signora—madama—dear Mrs Purnell. But no, I take no cocktail before the dinner. The cocktail, eet is bad for the throat. But instead—eet is my 'abit eef you pairmeet—if you allow your man to serve me. I will take now, a saucer of treacle."

"A saucer of treacle!" echoed Tonnie.

"Treacle!" cried Miss Simper.

"Treacle!" echoed Lord Drakewood.

Their voices alone held intelligence. Tonnie had never heard of it.

"I think Mrs. Purnell"—the young Ryle man, in the advertising business, looked up from where he sat by Prudy—"I think the signor"—he pronounced all the letters—"means a dish of molasses!"

Again Mr. Marturo's face became entangled in approval behind the knotted black threads and Tonnie recovered swiftly.

"Oh. Oh, very well; but, of course, Martin—er you may bring Mr. Marturo a dish of mol—treacle. But, of course!"

"And a small tabor or table, please," the signor indicated; "and two napkins—large, please."

Martin brought them.

A little later the firelight was refracted over the careless group of diners sipping cocktails with, as central motif, Signor Marturo, one napkin tied about his neck, another over his knee, eating treacle, slowly, spoon by spoon, from a saucer on the taboret before him.

He ate it slowly, he explained to Miss Simper, that the sirup might have time to percolate the interstices of the throat, and he even vocalized an "e" in "alt" with and without sirup. He used a solution in an atomizer, of course, during the day at four-hour intervals, but there was nothing, really, so excellent as treacle. And if he ate slowly he ate earnestly—some of his dark rich hair becoming disarranged in the effort and falling perilously close to his spoon. Also he ate with little soft hissing noises, bending, hunched forward close to his dish.

"I see," said the insignificant young Ryle. "You let the stuff oil your whistle, in short. By the trickling process. I suppose that's why it's called trickle."

Tonnie heard two snorting snickers from the point where Dan and Lord Drakewood were standing.

Tonnie exchanged looks with Miss Simper.

"Much," she said, "must be conceded to genius. The throat must be an endless care—the throat of genius!"

But all things pass.

The cocktails were drunk, and Signor Marturo finished oiling his throat. Shortly they were seated at the cook's special dinner.

Lord Drakewood had hunted big game in Africa, and now, drawn out by Dan and the young Ryle man, he fell into a torrent of agreeable anecdote. He spoke of *safari* and *simbas* and dongas. He referred to the lions—to one lion—as being far too full of beans! That meant he was dangerous. He built a picture of the danger part. The lion was a dinner roll; a pepper bottle his gun bearer; his napkin twisted, himself; then his fork became his gun. And here he asked for a bit of thin bread, that he might twist some bullets, and, their course being indicated, the dinner roll lay slain before them.

Then Dan followed with some of his fishing stories. They sounded well, from much polish; though of course the descent from a lion to a brook fish!

Still, Dan had no shame. And the table presently burst into applause and laughter; and after stories from others, dessert came on.

There followed then coffee and cigarettes by the living-room blaze. Miss Chynnewood and Miss Mew begged for the chest of dominoes and Mah Jongg, but Tonnie stayed them.

"We've hardly had a word from Mr. Thannet, and now it's surely his turn. He has promised me to read from his own verse."

"Dear Mrs. Purnell, I beg of you!" young Mr. Thannet cried, distressed.

Miss Simper looked up from her purse netting.

"Nature conspires to overcome your modesty, Mr. Thannet. This is surely a moment for poetry."

Nature was clearly busy outside at something. Some window shades were flapping, which Dan and Martin had to fasten, and you could hear a mounting commotion of wind in the trees outside.

"There is something austere and noble about a rising wind," said Miss Simper.

"Somehow," said Lord Drakewood, "it makes me think of The Burial of Sir John Moore—and In Memoriam." Then he looked a little ashamed of his confession.

"Well, Mr. Thannet, you have a very sympathetic setting," cried Prudy. "We're waiting."

"Oh, Mr. Thannet is surely going to read to us," cried Tonnie.

The poet shrank again.

"Dear, dear Mrs. Purnell ——" he deprecated.

He took a deal of persuading. It was some time before he modestly draped himself by the piano, and the lights—at his behest—were lowered.

Then after a moment's abstracted staring he drew a little thin book from his

(Continued on Page 44)

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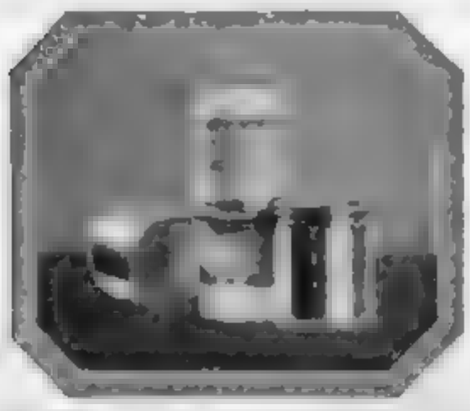

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"Yes; and That's What I Want to Speak About," Prudy Roared. "What's This I Hear—That You're Not Asking My Young Man? Phil Tells Me He's Had No Invite"

(Continued from Page 42)

pocket—happily, of his own verse—and stared again.

It was very quiet, except for the rising wind. His audience watched.

"Pray, pray, Mr. Thannet—do begin," urged Miss Simper.

A shadow passed across his face.

"I must wait," he said in a low voice.

"Temperament!" hissed Tonnie. "He must wait!"

Whatever he waited for, reached him.

He was a tall romantic-looking fellow. Of his last book, printed on handmade vellum—such was his prestige—twenty-five copies were not for sale at any price, and seventy-five, signed by himself, were advised for collectors. And he had beautiful manners. Cultured to his finger tips, Tonnie reflected, watching. Far, far more, even, than the Great Lover or Lord Drakewood, did he impress one as the essential Canfield—or was—or was the man's name Chesterfield?

Suddenly the poet sneered, and shattered the stillness with a sharp cry:

"I . . . . .
What am I?
Who am I?
Spawn of the wind—
I tell you I am
Spawn of the wind!
Do not deny me!
Do not contradict me!
I will not tolerate you—
I tell you I am that
I know I am!

"In the belly of the wind I was conceived,
Aye, and sown and borne to arid circumstance,
Environed by nothingness,
Yet shall your basilisk contrivances not stay me;
Yet shall I triumph—out of nothingness,
For I am the Egg of Self,
I am the Egg of Me,
All things are in the Egg of Me.
I shall hatch them at my pleasure;
I am all subjectivity,
I am all relativity,
I am all potentiality,
I am all eroticism,
I am all time and all dimension,
I am miracle—and I am nothingness.
Yet are your denials of me nothingness,
For if I deny you, you do not exist."

There was a complete pause.

Then Lord Drakewood was heard to murmur to Dan, "A little bit of all right—what?"

"Righto—old egg," Tonnie heard Dan reply

Miss Simper looked up from her purse.

"Oh, I am sure you are not nothingness, Mr. Thannet. I'm afraid you do not do yourself justice."

But the poet was staring again. After a moment he cried out again. He cried—very sharply—two of the effusions in the little vellum book, then closing it, and his eyes, recited a thing Tonnie had heard him give her club. Its name was Rechemicalized Enigma.

This time he spoke of You:

"You are an enigma,
Yet have I knowledge of you.
You are a toadstool, crushed under heel
And stinking in the rain.
You are a spark of sun-fire tingeing the gull's winged flame.
Mount as you please, you will never reach the sun,
But the stink of the rotting toadstool remains
In the nose of everyone."

When he finished you could see how emotional he was. A light perspiration had sprung on his brow, and Tonnie got up and gave him her chair.

"Sit here—do, Mr. Thannet."

For the first time Miss Simper looked displeased. Two lavender spots had sprung to her cheeks.

"I confess," she said, "that I am frankly at a loss at the terminology employed nowadays. In our late Queen's life! For example, why an odor—why the idea of odor should be phrased, at its worst! If indeed it is permissible to refer to odors at all."

I am sorry to say there broke out, at once, a brisk discussion of the new literary values of our times, which lasted for quite a space. It was Prudy who supplied oil.

"Mr. Marturo," said Prudy, "has promised me to sing just one song tonight. Let's have him do it when everybody's fighting. 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast?'"

So Mr. Marturo sang. He went over to the piano in the shadow, accompanying himself, and you forgot his muffler and his dish of treacle. He struck a few chords and sang the Largo al Factotum from the Barber of Seville. And a spell—the spell of genuine authentic art—stole across the room into the hearts of his hearers as he released his magnificent tones in consummate ease and energy. When he had done, no one spoke; only—after a moment—little Miss Mew embellished it:

"It is like the voice of Nature itself. It goes on and on in your ears, like wind in trees or a lot of water rushing down a mountain."

The company listening agreed. Signor Marturo's voice was still going on; its echoes resembled the elements. Then in a moment they realized it was the voice of Nature collaborating with the barytone—a gale of actual weather. A sound like hammers and an army of drumming feet broke explosively, all at once.

Dan threw up a window shade. The light was refracted against a wall of flying hammering steel outside.

"Rain!" cried Lord Drakewood above the racket. "Why, it's like bally sledge hammers."

Thor, just to show him, cut loose on all six anvils.

"In the mountains, you see ——" Dan lifted his voice.

"But it can't last, Lord Drakewood," Tonnie came in in shrieking fortissimo; "it's too violent to last."

IV

BUT it wasn't. It lasted all night. And it lasted all the next day and all the next night, and what Tonnie Secord Purnell endured as an entertaining hostess could, she felt, be approximated only by the finesse and patience of Mrs. Noah.

Somehow the first twelve house-bound hours were managed—with cards and charades and stories, with Thannet and Miss Mew and Miss Chynnewood, Prudy and young Mr. Ryle running out into the pour, under ponchos; with Drakewood doing a steady veranda clip with his pipe and Dan dogging his heel.

(Continued on Page 46)

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[illegible]	[illegible] beans
[illegible]	[illegible]
chow-chow	[illegible]
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buttermilk	tripe
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(Continued from Page 44)

It was toward evening when Martin asked Tonnie if she would step out on the veranda a moment.

The sledge-hammer rain still fell steadily, the turf smoked under white mist. You couldn't even see the near river bank distinctly.

"I've been down to the river, if you please, ma'am." Martin said, "and that's what I want to speak about. The water's very high. There's no way over to Otter Island now. It's three feet above ordinary."

"Well?"

Martin, a simple Northumberland boy, looked worried.

"If you please, ma'am, the cook thinks there's something wrong, and so do I. The cook declares she heard something twice today—when the wind turned."

"Heard something!"

"Over on the island, ma'am; and I think I heard it too. I thought it might be a bird, till cook spoke."

"But what do you mean?"

Martin shook his head.

"I don't know exactly, ma'am. But the high water and all—I got to thinking of that Mrs. Raikes living over there on Otter Island; the vegetable woman. She—it might be her calling out."

"Nonsense!" Tonnie cried. "Why she's a mountain woman. She lives here all the time. She knows all about weather."

"Yes'm, I know. But the rain's so bad—and then, all the stepping stones are covered. This place out here's a ford usually. Now there's no sign of it."

"But who'd want to go out or go away in such weather? However, let's both go down and listen, Martin."

Tonnie got a mackintosh and they went to the stream's edge.

The water was unrecognizable; it boiled and churned in a lather of white horses, like an uneasy giant rolling, swelling in its bed; the willows and rushes by the edge writhed in fog and the rain drove in flying showers out of a torn gray-slatted heaven.

"Call, Martin. Call as loud as you can."

Martin cupped his hands and shouted. But no answer came back; only the harping drum of the rain beat.

"There," said Tonnie vexedly, "you see, Martin. It must have been a bird; a crow or something. If the vegetable woman was calling on Otter Island she'd answer. It isn't so far. No, she's in her little house, high and dry, and tomorrow, if it clears off, this water will go down and you can hop over the ford—if you're worried, Martin."

Tonnie went back to the house, high heels sinking in the pulpy morass of the lawn. Heaven knew she had enough to do to keep her jailed party from boring one another, without adding her vegetable woman to her burden.

"If only it clears tomorrow," she reflected.

It did. By dawn a west wind had come out of the hills and dried the face of everything. The heaven was as blue and mild as the Virgin's robe. The green meads and pastures and forests on the hills glistened from their teary wash, and the air smelt of hyacinth and wet mold.

Tonnie leaped to dress and in a few moments greeted a newly energized group at breakfast, full of plans for the day.

But Martin stayed her as she left the table.

His face was a little pale.

"If you please, ma'am—I—we—the cook and I were not mistaken about yesterday. About that voice!"

"Voice!"

"Yes, ma'am. About the vegetable woman. I—cook has been hearing it all through breakfast. I heard it again a minute ago."

"Well—for pity's sake, Martin—go over then and see what's the matter!"

"But, you see, ma'am, I can't go! Nobody can. The water's still up. It's twice as deep as last night, and it's going fifty miles an hour."

"Well, what do you think is wrong? Why do you think the vegetable woman keeps calling?"

Martin turned still paler.

"It's not the vegetable woman, Mrs. Purnell. I—I took the liberty of phoning to Pearl Center last evening. I couldn't rest, quite—but I couldn't get Central. The rain did something. But this morning just now—I phoned again. They tell me Mrs. Raikes isn't here. She's gone—gone away, and that's why we heard the calling, ma'am. It's the vegetable woman's child, Mrs. Purnell."

"Her child'"

"It's a little child's voice, ma'am; that's why it sounded like a bird. And it got tired yesterday—that's why it didn't answer us. The way the cook and I think is this: Mrs. Raikes went away—probably for the day—and left her little one alone. And the hard rain's kept her from coming back over these roads. Oh, ma'am, that little thing's been alone there nearly forty-eight hours—and crying for help—since yesterday morning."

Oh, If She Had Only Realized! It Was a Portent. Fate Showing Her Her Life Path

Tonnie had gone white.

"Come." She trembled.

They hurried to the stream once more. Where all Nature was fair and lovely, only the water remained a thick, turgid, lashing mass, incredibly boiling and rapid.

Beyond the frothing current ran the girdle of osiers and sedge and foliage marking Otter Island.

From this island came clearly now a faint yet penetrating bitter crying in a child's voice—a child incredibly distressed and agonized. Tonnie looked at the inaccessible water and pressed her hand to her maternal breast.

"O God!" she cried as she listened. "The little thing!"

She turned and fled back to the house. She burst upon her party asprawl on her veranda with imperative hand.

"People—everybody—listen! Martin and I have heard something terrible. We have heard the vegetable woman's child crying over there on Otter Island. Its mother has left it alone. It's been alone for two days. And you can't get over to the island. Think! What shall we do? Oh, Dan—oh, everybody, think! What shall we do?"

The party repaired to the stream. You could hear the child crying steadily.

"A boat. We must have a boat," cried Lord Drakewood, looking at the turgid flood.

"But there is no boat, this is not boating water. In ordinary times you might snake a canoe most of the stream—but here you'd make a carry. And I doubt if a boat could be held across here now—certainly a raft would go downstream like a leaf."

The child cried again, and Signor Marturo tore off his coat.

"Mother of God! You stand only here an' talk—you! An' the leetle babe, he lies there and cries for aid. Is there no man who veel sveem? Then I veel do so. I am powerful at sveeming in my youth in Seecily. Stand away, please."

He drew back to take a running start; Dan and Ryle flung on him and held him.

"Are you crazy, man? No man could swim against such a current. That's going downstream to Bells Falls like a fast motor.

"You'd be pounded to pulp on the rocks before you knew."

"Yes, yes, Signor Marturo; remember 'Woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up,'" cried Miss Simper.

"I say though, just get me a rope," ordered Drakewood. "I'll hitch it to this oak, and you can pay out as I need. I'll jolly well pick my way across on me two feet."

"Can't be done," Dan declared curtly. "It's not a one-man job. You couldn't keep your footing. The rocks are glass—and no rope could keep you from being knocked down. No, this is an all-man job. And I'll tell you what we've got to do. We'll go back to the house and put on our hobbed shoes, then we'll make a human life line. Er—a kind of a bucket-brigade thing.

"Somebody can make a bight here to the oak, and one by one we'll pay ourselves out, bracing each other. And the first chap out is the only one who'll have to run much risk. When he gets over to that old buttonwood yonder, that hangs out over the current, he'll have to uncouple and creep the trunk. That'll be tricky going for a few feet, for that's rapid water over by the bank."

"Well, I'm the lad for the buttonwood, old thing." Lord Drakewood breathed easily.

"What you theenk?" Signor Marturo demanded. "But it is I who will clam the buttonwood."

"You're too stout," objected young Ryle. "I'm the youngest, and I'm only made in buttonwood sizes."

"And I'm your host. I can't let anybody endanger himself on my land," said Dan.

"We'll draw lots for it," suggested Drakewood.

"And we'll hustle," said Dan, "and we'll want everybody—that is, at least five. Oh, we'll want Thannet too."

"Oh, yes—Mr. Thannet," cried Prudy.

Mr. Thannet had withdrawn a little from the group. He was examining the bark on a near-by tree minutely.

"Mr. Thannet!"

"I say—Thannet!"

"Lend a hand, Thannet."

Mr. Thannet appeared to have mislaid his hands. He turned and came slowly to the group.

(Continued on Page 63)

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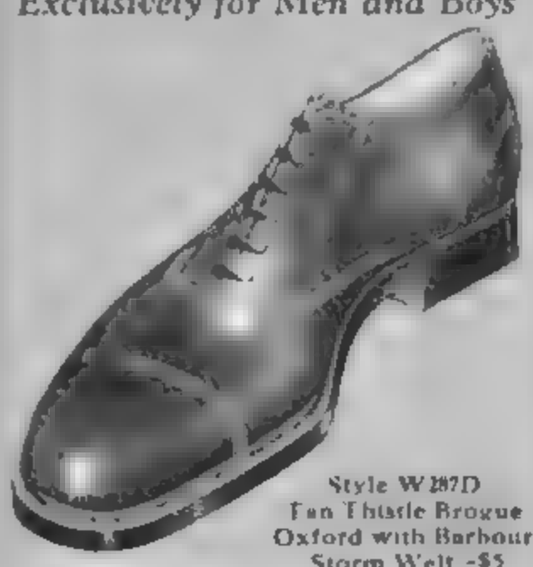

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(Continued from Page 46

"You want me?" he asked, looking a little green.

"We're going to put on spiked shoes and go over to the island. Get a move on, will you?"

"In—into—that water?" Mr. Thannet's green grew greener. "You—you want me to get out in that water? Me?"

"I'll take his place, sir," suggested Martin.

"Right," said Drakewood, and Dan marshaled his flock.

"And do hurry!" cried Prudy. "I never heard a kid wail like that in my life."

It was true. The vegetable woman's child was histrionic in its appeals. It tore the welkin with its wordless distress, so that the blood of the listeners at once boiled with indignation at its forsaken plight and froze with horror of its anticipated condition.

They had not long to wait. The men were equipped and quickly back again, and Tonnie saw that Dan was taking the buttonwood.

He stepped out a few feet—first of all. He was in his shirt sleeves and old canvas waders, thrust into spiked shoes. He held a stout pole. He made a stiff arm, and he was firmly gripped by Lord Drakewood following, who in turn was held by Martin. Martin was followed by Ryle. Lastly young Ryle's left hand was seized by Mr. Marturo's right, who threw his left arm about the heavy boled oak, his mighty operatic shoulders and chest carefully braced.

"Cheerio!" cried Lord Drakewood. "Let's go!"

The water leaped upon them like an avid animal. Dan staggered and swayed, the line slewed and stopped. Then Dan made a reconnaissance with his pole, took a new stand. The whole line shifted, moved a foot.

The eyeballs of the ladies dilated, audible murmurs of apprehension were uttered.

"Attaboy!" cried Dan, and Lord Drakewood said "Cheerio!"

Slowly, slowly, feeling each step, the men advanced. Twice there were slips, young Ryle almost went down, and again Lord Drakewood. Both were hauled up. The line tightened, progressed. And at last it was finished. Dan reached the buttonwood.

Tonnie saw him give his pole to Lord Drakewood, feel for leverage on the bending tree. He encircled the trunk then with both arms, drew himself stiffly up, began to crawl over it to shore.

Tonnie breathed suddenly.

"That's that!" she said.

Dan looked awfully funny. He was crawling over the buttonwood like a big slow bug. Dan was beginning to stouten, and on all fours he was anything but graceful, and you could see the little bald spot on his head shining like a new nickel in the sun.

He was creeping like a fly. He looked like a fly. He actually did. Something stirred in Tonnie.

She had called Dan a fly before! A fly in the ointment -and here he was, actually carrying out the physical resemblance. Suddenly Tonnie remembered something else, and turned faint.

She remembered that Dan said the buttonwood had the only real danger. There was quite fast water below, and Dan was hanging over it like a fly. Only a fly had six legs and had wings. Dan had no wings, he was not a fly—just a two-legged man, who might fall in there; and if he did! A cry, terrible and full-lunged, backed by the vigorous simplicities of Irons Falls training, tore from Tonnie's lips.

"Dan!" she screamed. "Dan Purnell! You fool! You back right out of that tree! Do you hear me?"

He stopped moving—turned his head.

"Shut up!" he called back crisply. "Shut up, Tonnie!"

Tonnie closed her eyes. She ceased to breathe. Wordlessly she prayed, and she counted to a strange metallic ticking—inside her head—for one hundred years.

Then a gale of applause and laughter broke. She opened her eyes. Dan was off the buttonwood and standing on Otter Island.

"The child," cried Tonnie hysterically, "is safe!"

Dan was gone only a few minutes. He disappeared back of the willows to the little huddle of building. He came back, one hand behind him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he shouted across the water, "I have the honor to present the vegetable woman's child. I found it in a shed; nobody else at home."

He withdrew from his back what looked like a tangle of writhing yellow yarn.

"A cat!"

"Is that what we saved?"

"And he's got to come back!" screamed Tonnie.

It was true. He had to come back, and did. The process of withdrawing Dan from the island was even worse, more realizable, than his approach. It was, Tonnie declared, responsible for the five gray hairs she plucked from her head within that week. But Dan reached terra firma and gravely set down his starving charge.

He found a new spectator, a native of Pearl Center, who had brought up the mail afoot over the ruddled road.

"Dog my cats!" this individual was saying. "Is this Niagara Falls you are walking on the tight rope or what is it, that you go climbing trees over water like this! Don't you fellers know a swullen stream's death if ye fall in."

"It occurred to me," said Dan, drawing his sleeve over his sweated brow, "but as a matter of fact it seemed to be necessary at the time. We believed Otter Island to be inhabited by a child in distress. By the child of Mrs. Raikes, and that Mrs. Raikes couldn't get home for mud and high water over the ford."

"Mis' Raikes! Why, she's went away. More'n a week ago. She went away fur good—with her kid."

"And left her cat," said Dan pleasantly, "so we found."

"An' if she hadn't gone! If they'd be'n anyone human on Otter Island, do y' s'pose they'd wait fur birds to fly through the trees to git to 'em. D'y' s'pose Mrs. Raikes skips stones through the river to git home, ever' time she goes away. Why, they's a perfectly good footbridge way 'bove high water t'other side of the island connectin' with th' other shore. If you wasn't all such city bubs ——"

But nobody minded his harshness for the windmill that suddenly flailed its way through the group toward Dan.

It was Tonnie Secord Purnell, the apostle of refined culture and dead-level repression, cutting her way through, in quest of contact with verity and stability.

"What I don't understand"—Tonnie Purnell, brushing out her golden stairs, paused and waved a hairbrush at her husband, who sat on the edge of his bed lacing his shoes—"what I don't understand, Dan, is that you all acted so alike! Or nearly all!" she sighed.

Her face was swollen and distorted by marks of recent weeping, a reaction she could not explain, but which had occupied her a large part of the afternoon. Fits of shuddering and alternate tears.

"It's because, Tonnie, I expect we are all sisters under the skin," said Dan mildly.

Tonnie sighed.

"I'm all crisscross, Dan, that's all. Because you wouldn't suppose any crowd of people on earth could be more different than ours—I mean their lives, their beginnings, and yet—really—you were so alike. If—if—oh, I don't know what I'm trying to say, but if culture and—and having lots of advantages and traveling and meeting the right sort of people, all—all in the end comes out, to just as if you hadn't had 'em —— Well, if all that doesn't make men different! Why now, take Signor Marturo—you know yourself he's awfully petted and he sings like a god ——"

"And gets sirup in his pompadour."

"And Lord Drakewood with all his family and tradition ——"

"'The daughter of a hundred earls'—and one darn good fellow."

"And young Mr. Ryle, who's nobody at all, you might say. He had to wait on table to go through college."

"And who's helped push two sisters through."

"And you—well—you're—you're like me, Dan; just folks. And Martin's only a servant. Why, his father was an ignorant shepherd boy. But when it came to being useful—and using your heads and bodies together—for somebody else. I don't care if it was a mistake. Oh, I don't know what I'm trying to say."

"What you're trying to say, Tonnie, is that taking us all in the rough, in the lump, by and large—including fame, family, money, molasses, poverty, petting, sheep flock, table waiting, education or none, we totted up about of a kind—on a fundamental thing. Just average men. All that is"—Dan turned his dress pump over thoughtfully—"all but the Egg of Me."

Tonnie winced and pressed a sodden ball of handkerchief to her nose.

"It looks as if, no matter how you tried to—to change yourself, Dan—to—to improve yourself, it can't be done."

"Not in the ways you are always thinking of, Tonnie. Because they are only surface things. Mind you, they help a lot. But the real things—that matter to men, lie deeper. Your little tarradiddles are all right; it isn't pretty to put your knife in your face when you eat, but if there's nothing left, when all that's washed off, if there's nothing much in your egg but yolk ——"

"Don't, Dan."

"Well—you know, Tonnie. And I'll tell you something else." Dan waved his pump at her. "This thing ought to be good for you. You've been getting cross-eyed, like lots of you girls, about this trimming stuff. Drop it. You ought to, anyhow. For if ever there was a common woman—a really common woman on God's green footstool, Tonnie Purnell—it's you."

Tonnie's eyes rolled; she reeled against her bureau. Dan rose, approached her, brandishing the pump.

"I mean it. It's the truth. You are common to the bone. I thank God for it. You are common with the commonness you got from Ed Secord—who was the commonest man I ever knew. Salt of the earth! Listen. What that old fellow lacked in honor, intuition, kindliness and sympathy isn't worth talking about. He left his mark on more lives, on more hearts than you and I could count. He had what all cultured people have at bottom—character, or their culture isn't worth a fiddlestring. And you've got it, too, Tonnie—the old vulgar Grade-A commonness, that's got the smell of humanness, of Mother Earth in it—or you would have if you gave yourself a chance. But you've been cultivating Grade B too long, my girl. Swanking yourself in ways that don't belong, chasing the unessential things."

Tonnie buried her face in her hands.

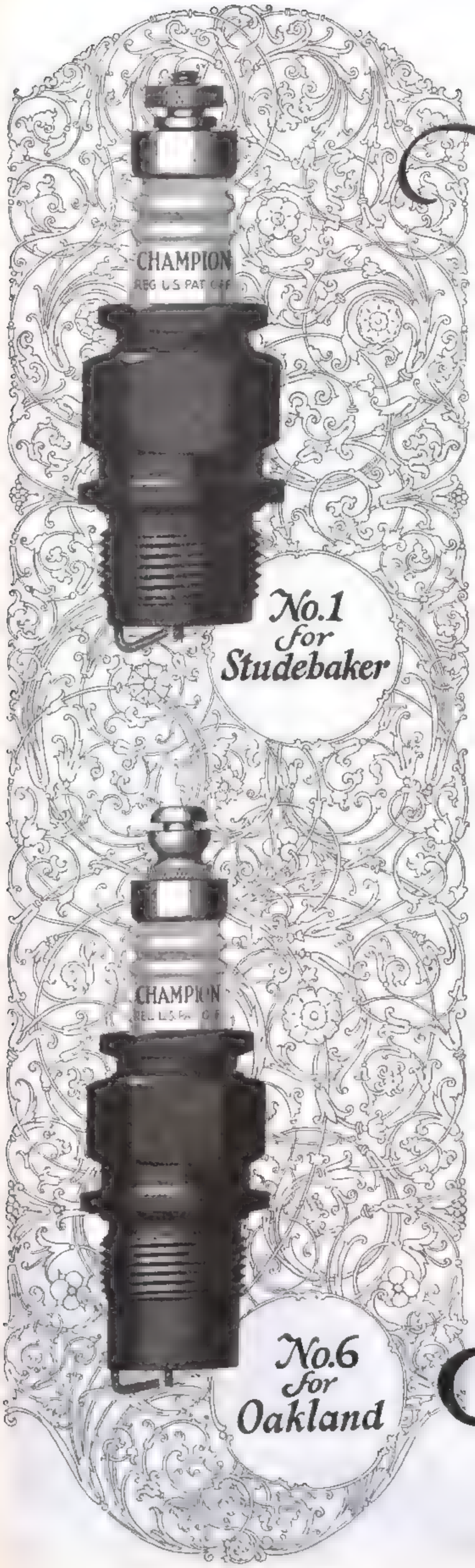
"Oh, Dan—if that's what you mean. All that came to me like a stroke of lightning this afternoon. I—I have been fussing with foolish things. There's Prudy. I've tried to make her just like me. Dan—I—I haven't been a good mother. I've opposed her about young Mr. Ryle. I'll tell her ——"

"You won't have to. Prudy's as common as the whole lot put together. She's accepted young Ryle, anyhow—and I'll tell you something else. We're going to reform you, Tonnie, and make you more comfortable. For at heart I don't believe you have been comfortable for a long time. We're going to send elegant Angelica away. And we're going to take you out West this summer. Prudy and Ryle are coming, and Drakewood. And we'll take Martin along, and we'll get a string of saddle horses and guides and ride up high on the snow line and get the big view, mountains and cañons—out over the big old country—where the Injuns and—er—Sitting Bull used to be—big things."

But Tonnie was looking at a big thing now.

"Oh, Dan," she quavered, "it seems so good to have you here—to touch you, and have you all safe. I—I thought when you were on that buttonwood I might not see you again. I—I've sometimes had such dr-readful thoughts, and when I saw you creeping—l-like a fly—oo-oo-whoo! Oo-oo-whoo! I remembered how much I l-loved you! Oh, I've been a fool—a—big—fat—fool."

"Nonsense!" cried Dan, and he encompassed her, golden stairs and all. He did his best. "Nonsense, my own dear girl! Why, how could you be a fool, Tonnie? Haven't you just showed me you can't get along without your old man?"



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Name

Present Position

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RUSTY ROUSTABOUT

(Continued from Page 21)

came when Rusty, the Irish terrier, might have told his master much about the great wildcat Longclaw, into whose domain the storm had flung the little red dog to wage a long war with the jungle's tawny mysterious lord. Meanwhile, however, weeks and months were to pass—weeks and months during which Rusty the castaway learned to live the new life to which fate had assigned him.

It was a slow process, that learning; yet, even at the beginning, Rusty's wits met the first and most important test—the problem of sustenance. Twenty yards from the spot where the dog had been washed ashore, a white-and-gray bird dropped down to the sand on quivering pointed wings and presently ran on long slender legs to a tall clump of beach grass well above high-tide mark. Soon came another and another, while overhead still others circled and called, "Pill-will-willet, pill-will willet, pill-will-willet." For a half hour after the lynx had disappeared Rusty lay still, exhausted by the brief exertion of that encounter; but after a while strength returned to him and he got to his feet and walked slowly up the beach. Accident rather than design turned his steps toward the grassy area where the willets nested, and one by one they rose before him to fly low over his head, crying and swooping.

He gave them no heed, not knowing the reason for their excitement; but suddenly, as he brushed past a grass clump, something crunched under his forefoot. He had stepped squarely into a willet's nest and had broken two of the buffy, brown-blotched eggs. He ate these ravenously, then broke the two other eggs in the nest and ate them also. Conscious for the first time of his hunger, he nosed about from grass clump to grass clump, found five other nests, each containing eggs, all of which he devoured. Then, suddenly aware of a thirst which exceeded even his hunger, he pushed on across the belt of loose sand that extended between the beach and the jungle's edge.

Luck favored him in his quest. A hundred feet within the dense wall of cassena and myrtle fringing the woods, a chain of ponds and pools extended for a quarter of a mile lengthwise of the island, fed either by rains or by obscure springs hidden amid rank reeds and rushes. As Rusty splashed along the slime-covered margin of one of these pools toward a little cove where the water growths fell away, a great milk-white bird, half as tall as a tall man, startled him as it rose with labored wing beats not more than half a dozen feet in front of him. He drank and drank and drank; then irresistible weariness came over him again and, making his way to a dry spot close to a palmetto trunk, he lay down and slept for hours.

When he awoke dusk had come to the jungle. Where scrubby, stunted live oaks spread their wide branches under the pines it was already black night; and all around him in the gloom the little red dog heard sibilant, mysterious whisperings—the eerie music of the sea winds sifting through acres of palmetto fronds. A chuck-will's-widow cried shrilly in the blackness, another and another answered. Down from the air above the feathery pine tops floated the loud guttural "Quok-quok-quok" of a squadron of black-crowned night herons going forth to their fishing, and presently a homing blue heron sent down his harsh hoarse call.

Then, as the breeze lulled, fell silence, deep and absolute; and in the grim clutch of it, with the blackness growing ever blacker, fear came into Rusty's heart again—fear and a great longing for Mat Norman, his master.

The longing abode with him, but the fear passed. It was not in his nature to be afraid; and the hunger, which the willet eggs had only temporarily appeased, would not let him lie idle in the darkness, appalled by the jungle's dreadful silences, startled by its inexplicable sounds. Soon his nose gave him tidings which made him forget all other matters in a new quest for food—a quest to which he could bring a ripe experience.

His nose told him that there were rabbits about and Rusty was an old hand at rabbit hunting. It mattered little that these dwellers in the jungle morasses were short-legged, dark-tailed marsh rabbits and not the cottontails with which he was familiar. Indeed, it was fortunate for him that this was the case, for these marsh rabbits lacked both the wit and the speed of the cottontail. He bungled his first attempt, but the game was plentiful and a quarter of an hour later he had another chance. This time he stalked his prey more skillfully and soon had a supper suited to his needs.

Thus, at the very outset, Rusty solved the primary problem—the problem of food. If there had been nothing else, the sea birds' eggs on the sands—eggs of willet and plover, tern and skimmer—and the sluggish water-loving hares of the island-pond edges would have kept him alive for weeks. But there were many other sources of food supply besides these; and little by little—sometimes by accident, sometimes by virtue of his keen nose and sharp wits—the terrier gained knowledge of them and skill in turning them to good account.

Walking the beach one moonlight night, he came upon a raccoon busily digging in the sand twenty feet or so above high-water mark. He tried to stalk the coon, but the latter saw him and, after debating the question for a moment, decided upon flight. Rusty treed him in a young live oak just within the edge of the jungle, then lost him as he made off along an aërial pathway passing from tree to tree. Returning to the spot where the coon had been digging, the terrier took up the work of excavation and in a few minutes unearthed a store of round white eggs, more than a hundred and fifty in all.

He did not know that they were the eggs of a great sea turtle which had come up out of the surf earlier that night and, after lumbering across the beach and laboriously digging a deep hole in the soft sand with her hind flippers, had deposited her treasures therein and waddled ponderously back to the ocean. But Rusty found that these eggs were exceedingly good to eat and, tearing open their tough skins with his teeth, he devoured more than a score of them at one sitting.

The discovery of this nest was a stroke of luck, but by using his wits Rusty improved upon it. He had noted the wide, plainly marked trail or crawl leading from the surf to the turtle nest and back to the surf again; and several times that spring and summer he found turtle nests for himself by digging in the sand where an upward trail and a downward trail came together above reach of the tides.

Once, just before dusk, he lay down for a nap at the edge of a dense myrtle thicket, covering perhaps an acre and separated by an open stretch of sand from the main body of the jungle. In the myrtles hundreds of herons had their nests—slender blue and white and brown Louisiana herons, bulky gray-and-black night herons, immaculate snowy egrets adorned with curving delicate plumes. Rusty prowled about in this thicket occasionally, because one day he had had the luck to find there a young night heron which had fallen from a nest; but on this occasion he had come to the place by accident and had gone to sleep there merely because it was as good a place for a snooze as any other.

When he awoke, an hour after dark, he was aware of strong pungent scents tickling his nostrils, scents which he distinguished easily amid the rank and pervasive odors characteristic of every heronry. For a few minutes he lay motionless, sniffing the air and listening. Then, rising stealthily, he went to work with the silence and patience which instinct and experience had taught him.

Ten minutes later a fat opossum, ambling about under the heron nests in quest of fish and frogs dropped by the parent birds in feeding their young, realized too late that certain faint sounds which he had heard behind him possessed a deadly significance. Rusty feasted sumptuously on the possum and found his meat the best that he had yet tasted on the island; and discovering that possums were in the habit of visiting the heronry nightly, he returned often to the place and seldom failed to make a kill.

In these and various other ways the little red dog made his living during the first weeks of his long exile. At first he searched often and hopefully for his master, but little by little he realized that his search was vain. Slowly, too, realization came to him that he was a prisoner. On one side of his island lay the sea, on the other a wilderness of salt marsh, boggy and treacherous, an impassable barrier which Rusty tried only once to cross. A house, where an oyster planter had once lived, now stood deserted and desolate, half wrecked by a terrific hurricane. Rusty's ordeal in the storm had filled him with an enduring horror of the surf. For this reason he avoided the front beach as a rule and made no attempt to swim the deep inlet separating his barrier isle from the next island of the chain. But for his fear of the breakers his exile might have been shorter, for fishermen sometimes landed on the island and walked the front beach. But none of these rare human visitors entered the hot, almost impenetrable jungle behind the dunes, teeming with insects in the warm season and inhabited by many snakes. *(Continued on Page 52)*

The New Hot Springs on Hymen Terrace, Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming

News of First National Pictures

"Sundown"—an Epic of the West of Today

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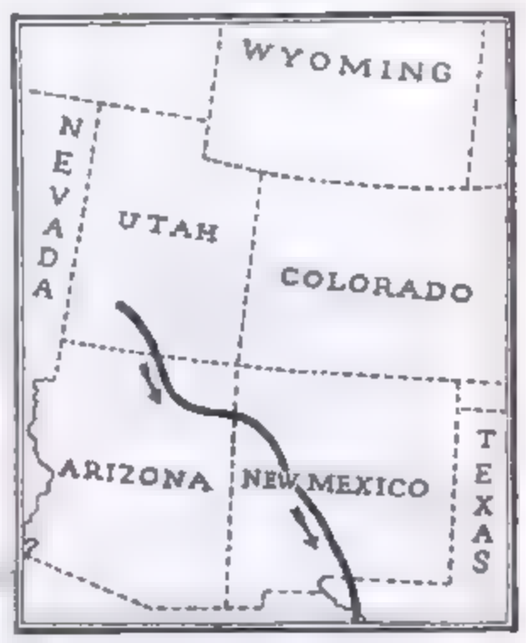
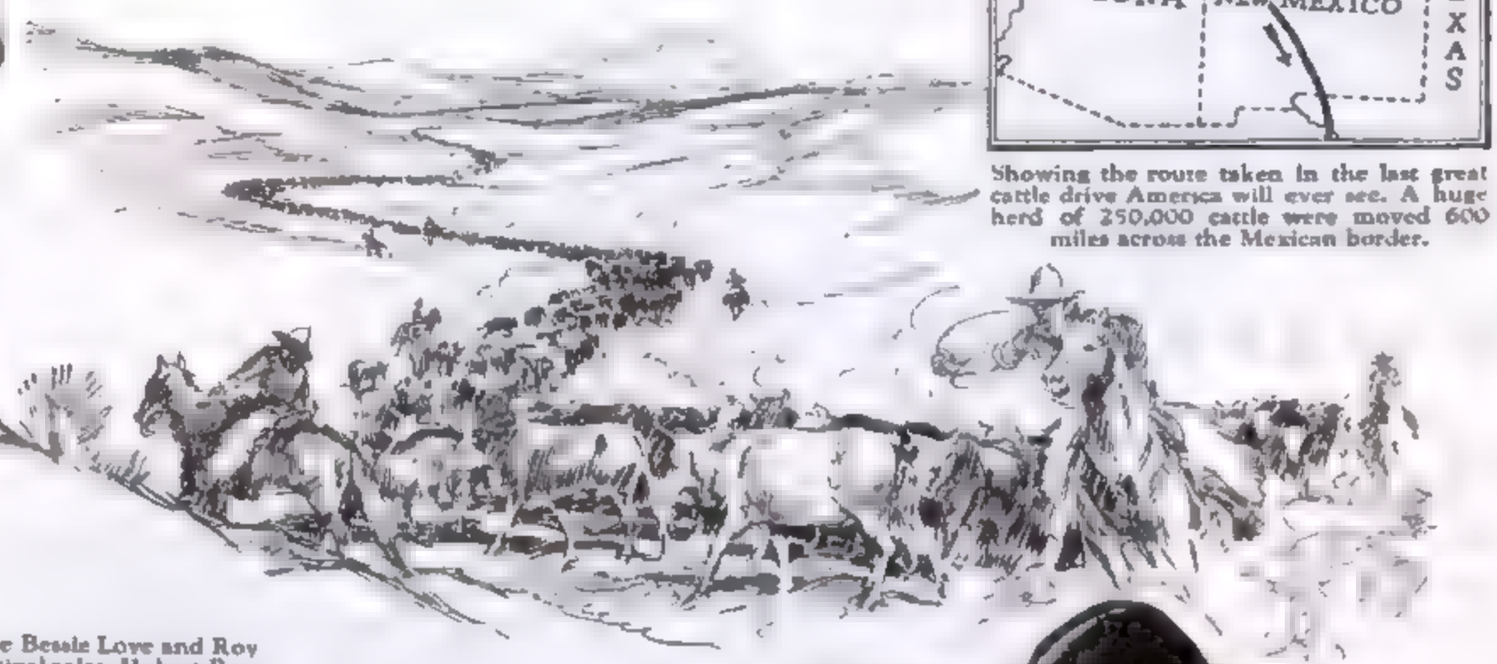
The story of "Sundown," written by Earl J. Hudson, is not simply founded upon history; it *is* history. The movie camera has caught the last great round-up and drive of cattle south into Mexico where there are new lands to pioneer. Such scenes can never be filmed again.

"Sundown" required seven months to produce. There is a tender love story; the thrill of a stampede and a prairie fire.



Showing the route taken in the last great cattle drive America will ever see. A huge herd of 250,000 cattle were moved 600 miles across the Mexican border.

On the left are Bessie Love and Roy Stewart in principal roles. Hobart Bosworth and Charlie Murray are other favorites in the cast. Laurence Trimble and Harry Hoyt directed "Sundown"



"The Silent Watcher"—A Story About Us All for Us All

AFTER all, isn't a story about everyday folk—the kind of people you know and live with—just about the most appealing? Their loves seem a bit more real; their heartaches a little keener. That's what put the tear in my eye when I saw Frank Lloyd's "The Silent Watcher." It wasn't a movie. It was people I know—living, loving, suffering, and laughing.

Perhaps you read the story in this publication last June under the title of "The Altar on the Hill" by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Mr. Lloyd's visualization of it is a real page from American life today, dealing with an American boy and his girl-wife. It will give the world a better impression of American home life, instincts and morals. Glenn Hunter, Bessie Love and Hobart Bosworth all give, I really believe, the best performances of their careers.

GLENN HUNTER and Bessie Love are newlyweds in "The Silent Watcher"—who but newlyweds would make love when the frying pan is waiting for the steak? Hobart Bosworth, on the left, plays the Chief, and across the page is Hunter in that dramatic moment when he takes the blame for "the other woman" in his Chief's life, and thereby saves a political career.

"The Silent Watcher" is now being shown in theatres throughout the country. It's another of the big photoplays that First National will present this season.

Questions on First National pictures and players will be answered by John Lincoln, editor, First National Pictures, Inc., 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

A new way to buy your UMBRELLAS

ALL your life, whenever you needed an umbrella, you simply chose one that met your fancy, opened and observed it casually, paid for it and went on your way.

Today there is a new way to buy umbrellas, which is safer and more satisfactory.

After finding a handle to your liking, look inside at the *frame*. See that it has the narrow metal SWESON tag on one of the ribs, which looks like this—

Better umbrellas sold in leading stores today have SWESON Frames, because they outlast the ordinary kind three and four to one!

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Buy umbrellas with *stamina*—the ones with SWESON Frames.

S. W. EVANS & SON
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SWESON
THE FRAME OF FAME

(Continued from Page 50)

The heat and the insects Rusty endured as best he could. Deep-seated instinct kept him safe from the ugly, thick-bodied, truculent moccasins. As time passed he grew wiser in the ways of the woods, stronger of body, keener of nose, fleeter of foot.

With the advancing summer the sea birds' eggs became fewer, no more turtle trails crossed the sands, the slow ungainly opossums ceased to frequent the heronry because the herons' breeding season had passed. But Rusty was so good a hunter now, so well versed in the essential arts of island life, that though he occasionally encountered lean periods when hunger almost drove him to raid the vast armies of the little fiddler crabs, these intervals of ill luck were of short duration. The marsh rabbits and the possums were his main reliance, both because of their great abundance and because they were comparatively easily caught; but he varied his fare often enough to escape monotony.

Wood rats were an important source of food supply. Now and again he caught a cottontail. Several times he feasted on minks which abounded in the salt marshes behind the island. With surprising frequency he captured squirrels by taking advantage of their uncontrollable curiosity. The raccoons, however, which he often scented and not infrequently saw, were too much for him. Try as he would he could not get to close quarters with them—which was, perhaps, just as well. Some of the island coons were fully as big as he was, and, had he managed to close with them, they might have taught him a lesson. More than one big male ringtail seemed half inclined to accept his challenge. But on each of these occasions there happened to be a tree close at hand, and at the last moment the coon, perhaps impressed by the impetuousness of Rusty's attack, decided to avoid the issue.

There was one other island dweller whom Rusty scented sometimes, but for a long while never saw save only that once when he was so near to death—Longclaw, the big bay lynx, whose overlordship even the surliest of the old he-coons grudgingly admitted. Sometimes the red dog knew that his fierce-eyed, stealthy enemy was near; sometimes he saw the wildcat's rounded tracks; occasionally the wind brought him a scent which he recognized at once. But though Rusty often followed those tracks and sought to trace that well-remembered scent, for weeks it was Longclaw who hunted Rusty and not Rusty who hunted Longclaw.

An irresistible fascination drove the lynx to shadow the little dog, to trail him wherever he went about the island, to keep him almost constantly under observation. Early in this strange game Longclaw realized that, in spite of its doglike smell, the small stump-tailed, rough-coated beast which had suddenly appeared upon the island was nothing like so formidable as the big gaunt hounds which the lynx feared even more than he hated them. The little red dog's woodcraft was no match for that of Longclaw. He was a tyro, a bungler, whom the lynx could easily elude; and, bold though he was, he was of insignificant stature compared with the hunting dogs that Longclaw dreaded. Three times during those first weeks the big wildcat, discovering Rusty asleep, crept almost within leaping distance of him, and once he had all but nerved himself for the attack when the terrier awoke.

But gradually there came a change. More and more often Rusty caught the scent of Longclaw; more and more often he turned aside to follow that scent; more and more often and more and more quickly he forced his velvet-footed ghostly attendant to beat a hasty retreat. The little dog was learning woodcraft, his nose, his eyes and his ears were serving him better; experience was teaching him the ways and the stratagems of the wild folk of the woods.

A time came when the grim game of hide and seek was no longer a ludicrously unequal contest between a novice and a master. Still, the advantage rested with Longclaw, but he could not now venture to take liberties which formerly involved no risk. At last one day Rusty worked out a scent so quickly that he caught a glimpse of his foe; and a week later he not only saw the lynx again but actually treed him in a small isolated cedar and kept him there for an hour.

This marked the beginning of a new chapter. Thenceforward Rusty was no longer content to leave the initiative with his enemy. Whether he realized in some strange way that the contest between the lynx and himself had to be fought out to a conclusion, or whether he found in the excitement of that contest relief from his gnawing loneliness and his poignant longing for his master, the pursuit of Longclaw became his principal business in life next to the finding of food. He trailed the big wildcat in his sleep, fought with him in his dreams; and once, having driven him to take refuge in one of his dens, a leaning oak, hollow for a distance of twenty feet above the ground, Rusty stood guard within the entrance of the hollow for more than five hours before thirst finally compelled him to abandon his vigil.

Summer reached and passed its zenith. In the fierce August heats, when even the languid herons and the tall black-and-white wood ibises of the island ponds and meres seemed to droop and suffer, Rusty rested perforce. It was a struggle then to keep alive, to endure without madness the incessant attacks of the stinging and biting insects from which, when the breeze dropped, escape was all but impossible. Yet morning and evening often found the terrier on the trail again; and with brief interludes the long duel of wits and of nerve between dog and lynx, between the alien invader of the jungle and the big wildcat who had been the jungle's sovereign, continued and became more bitter and more deadly. It was an odd chance which brought the climax.

Two hours after sunrise of a crisp October morning Rusty followed a possum trail to the edge of a small open glade shaded by tall pines and ringed round by a dense hedge of young live oaks. Almost in the center of the glade stood a large palmetto; and just as the terrier reached the inner margin of the live-oak hedge he saw the possum nosing something in the pine straw near the palmetto trunk. Rusty backed into the thicket, made a short detour, then darted noiselessly into the open, keeping out of sight behind the stout trunk, bristling with the stubs of cast-off lateral fronds. When he was within six feet of the tree he heard a scuffle just beyond it; and a moment later, peering around the trunk, he saw Longclaw standing upon the body of the possum.

The big cat's back was turned to the palmetto. Crouching low on the carcass of his prey, he seemed to be scanning the farther edge of the glade, perhaps trying to discover the meaning of some faint sound which had come from that direction. From behind the tree trunk, first the head, then the wiry, compact body of the little red dog emerged. Inch by inch he moved forward across the pine-straw carpet. Then, with a joyous yelp, he leaped straight for that tawny back.

The struggle was over almost before it had begun. Two seconds after Rusty made his leap he found himself lying against the palmetto trunk a foot above the ground, his bleeding body wedged amid the jagged sword-edged stubs of the broken fronds. Blood streamed across his face and blinded him; the red hair of his throat and chest was streaked and smeared with a more vivid red. A moment he hung dazed and helpless. Then, squirming and writhing, he got himself free and, falling sideways, sprawled for an instant on the pine straw. Scrambling to his feet, although the breath had been all but knocked out of him, he stood swaying unsteadily, brushing his forepaw across his eyes to wipe away the blood.

Fifteen feet away, near the thicket's edge, crouched Longclaw the lynx, back arched, fierce eyes agleam, long teeth bared in a savage snarl. There was no fleck of blood on the fur of his back or flanks; but there was blood on his jaws and on his big hind feet, not his own blood, but that of his foe.

That tawny target at which Rusty had leaped had vanished as if by magic. The charging terrier had uttered his yelp of triumph a fraction of a second too soon. With incredible swiftness Longclaw had thrown himself on his back, and the little red dog had hurled himself into a battery of long, needle-pointed, slashing claws and punishing fangs.

Those fangs had seared Rusty's face above the eyes; those claws had torn long rips in the hide of his throat and chest. The terrier's teeth, seeking a hold, had closed upon empty air. Nearly twice as large as the dog and in the prime of his powers, the wildcat could have cut his antagonist to pieces in the first half minute of the battle; but in this first phase of the duel in the jungle glade no such purpose had formed itself in Longclaw's brain.

Taken utterly by surprise, he was trying not to kill, but to escape. A moment his claws had ripped and slashed, his fangs had stabbed and torn. Next moment his jaws relaxed their hold, the claws drew back into their sheaths and a mighty thrust of the long, powerful hind legs hurled the little dog upward and backward. In an instant the lynx was on his feet and halfway across the glade.

He halted there because for a half second it seemed that the dog was dead; and he held his ground, because even when Rusty had regained his feet his helplessness was obvious. In that moment the fear in Longclaw's heart faded and vanished and his pent-up hatred of the interloper who had invaded his kingdom took full possession of him. And mingled with this hatred was contempt.

Now at last he knew that this little stub-tailed dog was nothing to be afraid of, a weak and puny creature by comparison with himself, an opponent whose amazing boldness was out of all proportion to his physical strength. Outwardly, he gave no sign; but Longclaw the wildcat was transformed. For months he had fled from this presumptuous intruder, but that chapter was over. He had taken his enemy's measure at last and revenge was near at hand.

Perhaps Rusty, still dazed and half breathless, but steadier on his legs, his eyes freed in a measure from the blood that had blinded them, understood something of this. Possibly he was able to read the changed purpose of the lynx in those cold, steady eyes; possibly he realized, just as a man would have realized in like circumstances, the inevitable consequences of his defeat in this first encounter which was so decisive a revelation of the wildcat's overwhelming physical superiority. At all events, the dog seemed somehow aware that the headlong recklessness which had saved his life on one memorable occasion would not serve him now.

He did not charge Longclaw as he had charged him that first day on the beach. Instead, he lifted his nose high and sniffed the air. Then he began to bark, wildly, shrilly, rapidly—sharp stabs of sound, piercing, incessant, hysterical, as though a frenzy had him.

A woodsman wise in the ways of dogs might have suspected that when Rusty had tried the air with uplifted nose some strangely exciting odor, imperceptible to the lynx's duller sense, had come to him. The average man, looking on at the drama in the glade, would have said that the terrier was beside himself with fear. To Longclaw, apparently, the dog's behavior carried this latter meaning. Those mad shrill cries seemed to the lynx a confession of irresistible, overpowering terror, and they stiffened his resolution and fanned the flame of fury in his heart.

Yet for a while the clamor in the glade confused and worried him. His muscles were taut for the first of the series of bounds which would bring him to grips with his foe; but minute after minute he delayed his charge, exultant over his enemy's obvious panic, yet a trifle nonplused by the volleys of sharp, staccato sound which filled and bewildered his ears, accustomed to the jungle silences.

At last the tumult of barking slackened and ceased. Rusty's nose was testing the air again; his ears were pricked as though to catch some longed-for, eagerly awaited answer to his summons. The big wildcat's head dropped lower, his long back bent like a bow, his four feet drew together under him. Next moment he shot forward, bounding lightly over the soft carpet of the pine straw.

Five feet from the dog he halted, turned sideways to his foe, uttered a strange, wild, long-drawn, indescribably savage cry. Then, as though his legs were steel springs, he bounced high into the air, passed clear over the dog and, closing upon him with the swiftness of light, grappled him from behind.

Rusty Roustabout II, the light of battle in his eyes, the stubby tail which was his battle flag erect and defiant to the last, whirled as he went down under that tawny bulk and clamped his jaws upon a furry forefoot. Then, as long teeth dug into his neck and trenchant claws raked and ripped his back, he released his grip on the wildcat's paw and, writhing and twisting desperately, strove for the throat hold which alone might save him. The weight of the wildcat crushed his body to the ground.

(Continued on Page 54)

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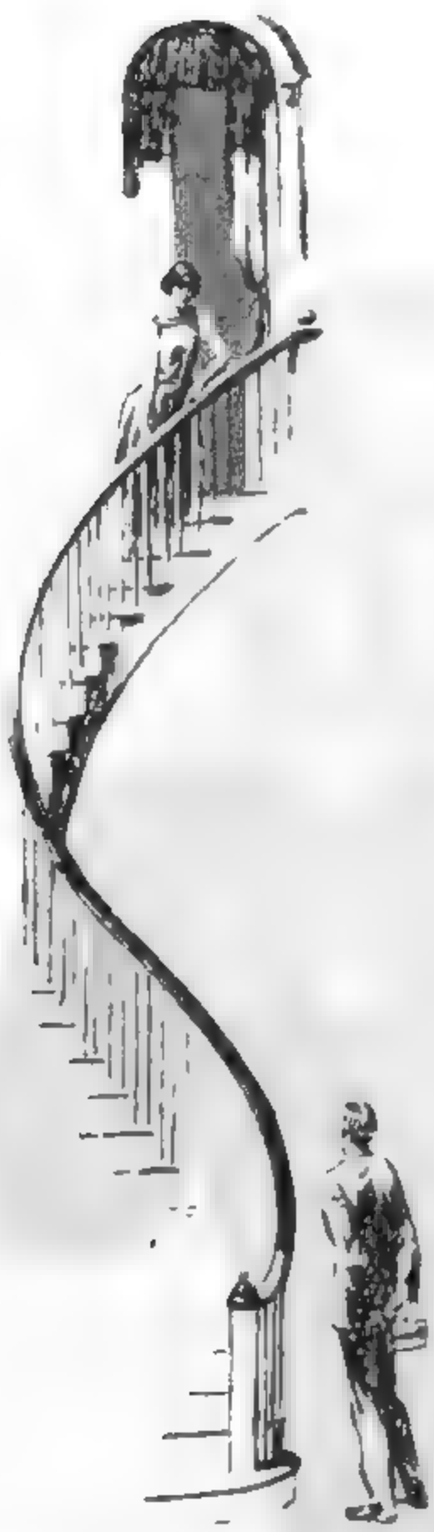

(Continued from Page 52)

After a moment, the little red dog, redder than ever now, had almost ceased to struggle.

Mat Norman, when he landed on the island, told himself for the hundredth time that he was engaged on a fool's errand. The chances were at least ten to one that Rusty had perished in the storm. Over and over again Norman had reviewed the events of that morning, and he knew that the same current which had swept him parallel with the island beach and on into the treacherous bay had probably carried the dog to his death.

An exceptionally strong swimmer, Norman had somehow kept himself afloat, and a big seagoing rum-runner, riding out the gale in the lee of the long sand bar at the island's northern end, had taken him from the water more dead than alive. The rum runner's business was urgent. She put to sea hours before the half-dead man in her captain's bunk had recovered from his stupor. Norman, when he came on deck, learned that he would not see land again until the first of the Bahamas lifted above the horizon.

It happened that for months he had yearned to see the tropics. Fate, it appeared, had given him a free passage in that direction. He had no close kin to bother about and he knew that his dog was dead. From Nassau he wrote home to apprise his friends of his whereabouts. Then for some five months he knocked about the Indies and the Leewards, working his way on various sorts of craft. Presently he had enough of it, and the end of the sixth month found him at home again on the plantation of his birth, whence he could see, far away across a wilderness of marsh, the purple woods on the barrier island off which he had parted from the doomed Sea Swallow.

Those woods beckoned him. He could not rid himself of the thought that some cross-current might have washed Rusty ashore on the island beach; and he reflected that the dog, provided he could kill game enough to subsist on, might remain for months undiscovered by any human being, because, except in the hunting season, the few persons who visited the island seldom entered the woods. Knowing that he would be laughed at, he said nothing to anyone; but on the third day he borrowed a small boat and set out on the long row down the winding marsh creeks. He camped that night amid low sand dunes close to the surf and by sunrise he was in the island thickets.

Another man engaged in such a quest might have whooped and hallooed, hoping that the dog might hear him. But no sooner had Norman entered the jungle than his hopes died utterly. He told himself again that he had been a fool and he tried to banish Rusty from his mind. He still pushed on; but he went quietly, as was his custom in the woods, thinking thus to renew his acquaintance with some of the island wild folk, scanning the moist places for tracks of raccoon, deer and mink, searching especially for the rounded footprints of the big bay lynx that he had named Longclaw.

He thrilled with pleasure when in a sandy swale under ancient palmettos he found those footprints. It was good to know that Longclaw still lived and ruled his island kingdom; that his shadowy form still moved ghostlike and mysterious through the jungle glooms at night. Norman followed the trail eagerly. Where the sandy area ended he lost it, but he pushed on in the direction in which the tracks had led, moving as quietly as possible, searching the sun-dappled vistas ahead. Scores of times he had followed Longclaw's trail, and only once had he been rewarded with a glimpse of the big wildcat whose presence lent enchantment to those woods. But always Norman was ready to try again on the chance that luck would favor him.

An outburst of sound, straight ahead and near at hand, stopped him in his tracks. He knew instantly that it was Rusty's voice. In the utter unexpectedness of the event there was something shocking and frightening, something deeply uncanny, something which smacked of the supernatural. For an instant Norman was obsessed by the grotesque notion that his dead dog was calling him, and for another half second he thought himself the victim of some fantastic trick of the imagination. Then, as common sense reasserted itself, he listened eagerly, studying the sounds.

It was Rusty's bark, he knew, but never before had he heard Rusty bark like that. He choked off the shout which rose to his lips and ran forward at full speed, ducking under the palmetto fronds, thankful for the pine-straw carpet which deadened the noise of his footfalls.

A dense hedge of young live oaks barred his way. He dropped on hands and knees and began to burrow through. Dead sticks and leaves crackled under him; but the dog's frantic, incessant barking came from just beyond the oak thicket, and Norman hoped that in the clamor the slight sounds of his approach would pass unnoticed. He was halfway through the thicket when the barking ceased. The man halted, every nerve tingling.

A wild, long-drawn cry, unmistakably feline, indescribably savage, galvanized him into action. Head down to shield his eyes from the stiff oak twigs, he wormed his way through the barricade to the thicket's edge.

One glance sufficed. He had no weapon, but as he raced across the glade he snatched a half-rotten stick from the ground. Longclaw the lynx, growling and mauling, his fangs red with the sweetest blood that his lips had ever tasted, saw the man when he was scarcely a dozen feet away.

For a fraction of a second the lynx seemed paralyzed. Then like a ghost he was gone. Norman sensed rather than saw a tawny streak flashing into the thicket. Then he dropped on his knees beside the torn and bleeding form at his feet.

Brown eyes, immeasurably happy, looked up into his face. A stump tail wagged feebly. A small red tongue licked his hand. Norman knew that by a margin of seconds he had come in time.

Anticipation

THERE'S a lot of difference between nervous uncertainty—and the pleasant feeling of confidence that a box of Romance Chocolates gives you in these crucial moments.

Not simply chocolates—but *gift chocolates*—that is the idea back of every Romance package. That explains the purity of the ingredients—the rich and smooth chocolate coatings—the wide variety of delicious centers.

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If your dealer cannot supply you, we will mail you (postpaid) on receipt of $1.00 and your dealer's name, a pound box of Romance Selections.

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

TORMENTED MEN

(Continued from Page 22)

homemade couch along it; and there were thick colored cushions and a heavy brown cover on the couch. A heater, shining with nickel trimmings, stood before the wall which separated the front room from the kitchen. Enlarged portraits of Chris and Emma, one of Dorothy and Elbert, and small copies of paintings made groups of color on the blue-and-white wallpaper. Two rocking-chairs were in front of the double window, I sat in another at the table, and Chris had a big upholstered chair. The green carpet was worn, but it had a clean decent look in the soft light of the reading lamp.

"Here's the inside story of a devilish oppression," said Chris. He picked up a magazine which had a picture on the cover of a starved-looking coal miner who was held at a bayonet's point by a soldier, while a gross man in a frock coat and high hat went through his pockets. "See! They made slaves of the miners, they robbed them, and they were not even satisfied with that!" Chris' jaw was clenched, and his blue eyes were blazing. "No!" he went on. "They shot them down; and their wives and babies too.

"This tells the straight of it. The things it tells about will make any real man's blood boil, because they're devilish. And here are other articles which show up the political corruption in the country. And we talk about the imperialism of other governments; but look at this account of our doings in Central America."

"Maybe these writers color up their stories with exaggeration," I suggested.

"No, sir! They are honest writers who sacrifice themselves for the truth. They could all make big money if they'd let themselves be bought off. But they are true friends of the downtrodden and oppressed."

Then Chris showed me a book which he said exposed the systematized lying of the newspapers. It proved that there was a gigantic conspiracy between the big interests and the editors and press associations, he declared. Then he showed me more of the accounts his magazines gave of the steel strike, the Herrin trouble, the shopmen's strike, the Howat strike in Kansas, and of the case of the conscientious objectors in Leavenworth. Always a faithful newspaper reader, I found few new facts in the accounts Chris showed me; but here charges of conspiracy were made, employers and officials were assumed to be guilty and tyrannous, and the workers innocent and oppressed.

But Chris insisted that because honest friends of the workers had written these accounts the charges in them were exact statements of facts. I told him that I did not know whether these writers were honest friends of the workers or not, and I asked him what proof of their friendship could be shown in the lives of us two.

"Why, man, it's right here!" Chris thumped the magazines. "They're exposing the rottenness of our Government, they are fighting the tyranny and greed of capital. They are trying to free the slaves, to build a new society in which everyone will be happy instead of wretched, as men are now; they are preparing for the dawn of a new day!"

I said I was pretty sure that the life we knew would go on for a long time, because most people were fairly well satisfied with it. I asked Chris if he had read Buckle. He said he had not; and I told him of the historian's argument that as the evils that afflict humanity diminish, the outcry and organization against them grow louder and stronger. As intemperance decreased, the demand for absolute abolishment of alcohol developed; as women got more rights, the feminist movement became more powerful; and as the condition of working people improves, they are the more strongly urged to revolt.

"Conditions do improve," admitted Chris, "but the improvement is due to the strength of the organized demand for it. Discoveries of science, new inventions and better industrial organization make things better too. But my point is that our social and political organization is a false structure; it is unnatural. Marx shows plainly that capitalism must pass as a result of the natural law of evolution. Its cruelties and oppressions belong to the Dark Ages. The great change will come soon; and all workers should wake up and prepare to become free men."

I admitted that I had often had a hard time in my life as a laborer; but I couldn't say that I had experienced any cruelties and oppressions, though I had worked all over the West as a common laborer; and often I was friendless and of no interest to anyone except for the use of my labor. Chris was older than I by about thirteen years; he had married at my age and settled down; but until he was thirty he, too, had roved, not only in the West but over the whole land. I asked him what persecutions he had found in his own experience.

"When men are knocking around thoughtlessly they don't see things right," he said. "They think of nothing but seeing the country and having a good and easy time. I don't remember having been in any serious labor troubles, though I was hearing about them all the time. When I didn't like a job I moved on. I didn't realize that I was a slave until I was married. Then I had to stick to a job, whether it suited me or not. I thought of learning a trade so that I could make enough money to be independent. But I never had a liking for any trade I looked into. I might have worked up to be a straw boss or have taken such a back-breaking job as the one you have; but I woke up to my slavery, and I resolved I wouldn't be any more of a tool or victim of the master class than I could help."

Chris again thumped the pile of literature at his elbow.

"We're all trodden down," he said. "All of us who have families have to be tame and submissive under the oppressions that are piled on us. But I have the satisfaction anyway of knowing that I'm not blind to the rottenness and evils of the system that enslaves us. I have faith that a new day is coming, and I support in every way I can the great men who are sacrificing themselves to bring it on."

Mrs. Ansen, followed by Dorothy, came in from the kitchen just then. She had a little smile as she looked at Chris and observed his flushed face, bright eyes and rumpled hair.

"I'm glad Chris could talk to you," she said as she sat down to her mending again. "There are not many here who understand the things Chris reads about. He gets awful lonesome for someone to talk to sometimes."

Then she asked me about the mill and my boarding house, and she wanted to know how I stood my work, which Chris

(Continued on Page 56)

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Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply.

"It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this test in connection with the health of their families.

"Well, you send me your name and address. Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."

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I want to try Postum. Please send me a 30-day supply of the kind I prefer, and the first week's supply of

Instant Postum ☐ Check

Postum Cereal ☐ kind I prefer

Name

Street

City State

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
45 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

CHILDREN LOVE INSTANT POSTUM
made with milk!

You know how [illegible] "put-ups." [illegible]

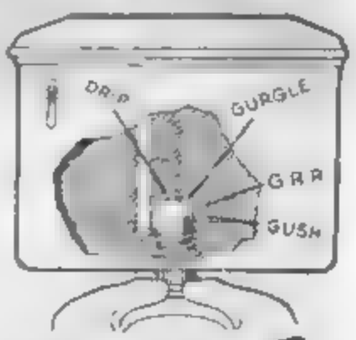
Make Instant Postum [illegible]

Convenience and Economy! [illegible]

-and no water!

THANKSGIVING—and a house full of relatives invited. The turkey with all its "fixins", ready to cook—and no water.

Little do we realize the value of water until just such a situation as this arises. Yet year 'round that ill-fitting, short-lived old style ball in your toilet tank frequently wastes 355 gallons of water daily at the average cost of $25 annually.



MUSHROOM Parabal

Stops the leak

It fits snugly into the valve, sealing it at every point. It can't leak because the one piece of pure, live gum, of which the Parabal is made, cannot split, bloat or lose its shape. We guarantee it three years, but it lasts indefinitely.

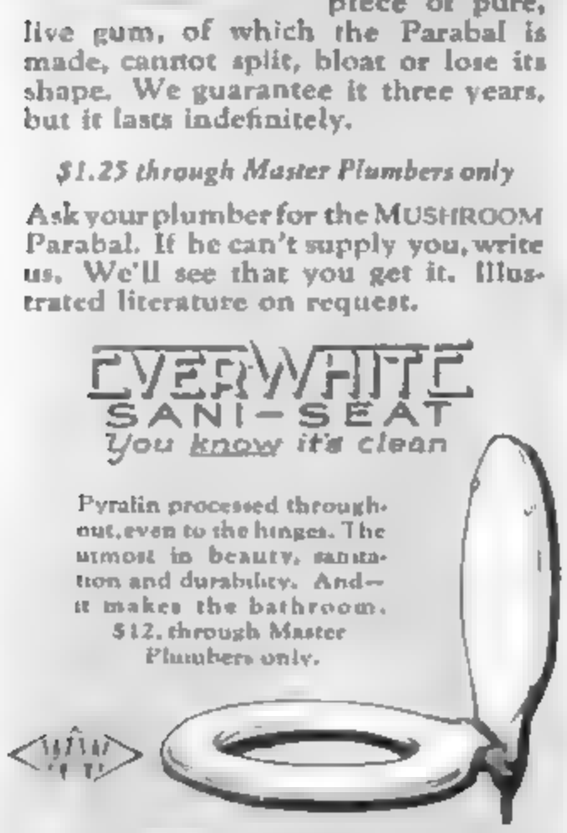
$1.25 through Master Plumbers only

Ask your plumber for the MUSHROOM Parabal. If he can't supply you, write us. We'll see that you get it. Illustrated literature on request.

EVERWHITE SANI-SEAT

You know it's clean

Pyralin processed throughout, even to the hinges. The utmost in beauty, sanitation and durability. And—it makes the bathroom. $12, through Master Plumbers only.



Woodward-Wanger Co

1106 Spring Garden St. Philadelphia

Quality Plumbing Specialties for 16 Years

(Continued from Page 54)

had said was terribly hard. Chris had been filling his pipe; and now Dorothy brought him her school history and showed him a composition she had written about the ancient Egyptians. Mrs. Ansen then asked me about my car; and she said they had always wanted a car, but Chris would not pay interest to the bankers, and even the price of a cheap used car seemed like a lot of money to pay out in one sum. But it did seem a shame not to have a car in this country, where there were so many wonderful places to go.

I said that I hoped they would go with me on a drive to a mountain lake thirty-five miles away on the first Monday we changed shifts. Mrs. Ansen was pleased, and she talked delightedly about her enjoyment on the two trips to the mountains she had taken the summer before.

"Now you and Chris must talk some more," said Mrs. Ansen.

But Dorothy was looking through the music on the piano, and I saw The Road to Mandalay in her hand. I wanted to hear it. Dorothy was not afraid to attempt the marching music of the song. She played spiritedly, and as the music of the chorus sounded for the third time I hummed the tune; and I sang out the last three lines as loudly as though I were out in the open on the green chain.

"Gee!" said a boy's voice then. "Give us Casey Jones, won't you, mister?"

Elbert had rushed in from the Gilkersons'. He and his friends had planned to go to a movie. But when Casey Jones was buried and his children provided with "another papa from the Salt Lake line" Elbert wanted another ballad. So we had the old woods song, The Jam on Gharry's Rock, and Chris himself joined in with a mournful bass to help sing of the grand deeds and sad fate of "the foreman, young Munro."

"Now," said Mrs. Ansen, "maybe your papa and his friend will play five hundred with you and Dorothy, and you will wait for the movie till tomorrow night."

And so we sat down to the game, after Elbert had run out to tell his friends and had returned again.

That hour of cards in Chris Ansen's home will always be a pleasant memory with me. Such a home, simple and unadorned, the creation of the hands of its possessors and their loving thought, seemed a marvelous and beautiful place. Its homely furnishings, bought with the savings from Chris' wages as a laborer or made by his wife in long evening hours, had a dearer worth than their material. Here was a father, a mother and children whose natures made them agreeable to one another, I thought; here was a family who could live contentedly and cheerfully and have a comfortable home from the wages of common labor. Chris and his wife had worked hard and saved carefully to get their possessions; but now they had them, and they were still saving a little every month; they had enough in the bank to buy a small car, Mrs. Ansen had said. The main disturbance and trouble in their life came from Chris' ideas, the ideas he got in his reading.

Bold Playing

Chris and Dorothy were partners against Elbert and me in the game of five hundred. As the scores ran close Chris got a sharp interest in the game; the shadows left his face and the wrinkles about his eyes curved into lines of humor.

"What do you mean by leading out a low trump?" Chris frowned like a lion at Dorothy. "How'd you know your pap had right bower?"

"What's the fun if you don't take a chance?" said Dorothy scornfully.

"She's a reckless child; takes after her mamma," said Chris, grinning at me. "Em breaks a dish regularly every six months just to be devilish."

"Why, Chris—what a thing to say!" She looked doubtfully at me, but the children and I were smiling with Chris. So she smiled, too, and said: "It does Chris good to talk foolish once in a while."

We were merry over the cards for the rest of the game, saying the things which have no meaning in themselves, but which serve to keep up a gay spirit when people are at leisure together.

I thought my evening in Chris' home had been a very good one, and I told him so as I made ready to leave. We were standing by the table, and his hand touched the pile of magazines, which had been pushed to a corner. His gaze dropped to them, and his face got its usual troubled, set look again, and the creases between his brows deepened.

"I wish you'd take this one along and read it," he said, offering me one of the magazines. "It tells all about the senator and shows up the newspaper lies about him. I don't go much on any politician, of course; but here is one at least who has always made great sacrifices and has given his all in the fight for us oppressed and exploited men."

I put the magazine in my pocket and shook hands with Chris. Then I said good night to his wife and children. I told Mrs Ansen it was a treat for me to pass an evening in a real home, and I thanked her for my pleasure. She said again that she was glad Chris had found someone he could talk to, and asked me to come around any time.

Chris came to the door with me.

"I do want you to read that," he said. "You need to read more of the truth. Such men as the senator will bring out a real movement for the workers and farmers one of these days. Read what I read, and you'll see. Oppression, persecution and corruption are everywhere; and rebellion is smoldering under the surface everywhere too. We've got to get ready for a great change."

Inherited Discontent

As I turned into the street I looked back, and through the window I caught a glimpse of the room I had just left. Mrs. Ansen was putting her mending away, Dorothy was standing by the piano, Elbert was playing with the cards, and Chris was stooping over the literature that commanded his thoughts. I had a last flash of his face—somber, frowning, revealing his plagued and tormented soul. And the thought struck me that here was one thing in life besides physical misfortune that I had found to be genuinely pitiful. I knew that in my pocket there were stories written to excite pity and wrath, written with the purpose of stirring action against existing society. These stories, too, would show stooped laborers, slaves stooped under the blows of tyrannous masters and staggering under oppressive burdens. I had seen hundreds of such word pictures, drawn by imaginative radical writers. I wondered if they could dream of what a torment of soul their writings might inflict on a man who had blind faith in them. Here was Chris, a man who took life seriously enough at its best. Not being fitted by nature to rise in the world, not even having the knack of learning the means of a small success, he yet had the qualities of a good husband and father, and he could work steadily and save money. Let alone, his ambition might have flourished in its own limits and he could have lived the more prosperous and contented life some of my other friends enjoyed.

There is an inherent discontent and restlessness of soul in all men that normally makes them strive as individuals for more from life. It is this spirit in men like Chris which is captured and perverted by the noble and honest preachers of revolt. They told Chris he was an oppressed slave; he believed them and lost his self-respect as an individual. They told him that the small comfortable successes which any man can attain in this land were evil deceptions, that they were bait for poor fish, traps set by the tyrants who prey on the weak; he believed them and scorned his work and the opportunities it offered. They wrote about labor troubles and betrayals of public trust and told him that class conflict and political corruption existed everywhere in the land; he believed them and saw every squabble and misunderstanding about the mill as flames of the hidden revolt, and he saw every phase of even common local politics as only another move of the master class to secure dominance of the machinery of government.

Chris lived for the most part in a world of woes, a world created for him by the great leaders who were sacrificing all for him. The facts of his past experience and the facts of his workaday world were too simple, unadorned and undramatic for him now; his heroes had spoiled any chance he once had of getting pleasure and profit from plain life. Laughed at by the more realistic men he worked with, inflamed by the wild talk that sometimes ran around the yards, often so lonely that his wife was delighted when he found someone to talk to, Chris was certainly an unhappy man without sound reasons for unhappiness.

When I got to my room I turned on the light and at once looked into the magazine Chris had given me, to see if I could find some justification in it for the unhappiness such publications give Chris and others of his kind. There were the usual stories of industrial troubles and recitals of political wrongs. Such troubles and wrongs happened, I knew; how could they be avoided in a nation of 110,000,000 whose government is spread over every activity of the people? But they were sporadic, and directly concerned but a comparatively few people; a strike was in one town among thousands of towns; a political wrong was one among innumerable and complex operations of the Government. My own experience and personal knowledge told me that the evils which filled the pages of this magazine were exceptional if true; I was sure that they were actually rare enough to make any laborer and good citizen hopeful and quiet in his mind when he considered them in relation to the life about him. Most of the employers Chris and I had known were fair men who were quite willing to pay good wages for honest work, and neither of us had ever been in a strike. Our only contacts with government officials had been with city and county officers and with perhaps a few members of the state legislatures and the like. But we had never seen one of these men who was glittering with gold taken in graft. Most of the other workers I knew would say the same. But the senator and his scribes and preachers insisted that political corruption was the rule and not the exception, and that every man who worked with his hands was an exploited and oppressed beast of burden. And the deliverers promised salvation unreservedly; they were glad to sacrifice all for the sake of poor humanity.

Well, as I sat and read this and thought of Chris and others who, like him, were living in this blackness of accusation, suspicions and distorted facts, it seemed to me that the one sure effect of such writings was the torment of the souls of men who, through misfortune or through lack of persistence, patience and fortitude, had not got what even plain life had to offer. The radical writers and orators appeal to the man who has somehow failed, they place the blame for his failure on our political and industrial system, and urge him to help them change it. Whatever they may say, they cannot help but show an eagerness to get power themselves; they are professional tormentors, and Chris and his kind are their victims

Letters From the Crew

I wished I might help Chris, but I did not know what help I could give him. I threw the magazine upon the bureau; then I noticed a letter which had been brought in while I was gone. It was my first letter of acceptance from an editor. I considered it quite soberly for a long time. This was the first tangible result I had got from years of study, planning and dreaming. Now, perhaps, I could earn my living with a pen, be perfectly free, my own master.

But as I thought on through the night about what I would do, necessities and responsibilities and doubts and fears such as had never troubled me before, came to my mind. I must write about laborers, about the life I had known. Should I write about laborers as heroes? Well, I was a regular laborer; was I a hero? Should I tell only of their troubles, and pity them? Well, wouldn't I resent pity myself, think it impertinent? But just what was there in the life I had known that was grand, dramatic, colorful, terrible or pathetic? These qualities seemed to be demanded in popular writing; how could I put them into the plain facts of the life I was to write about? Perhaps I, too, would come to invent, color and exaggerate, like the scribes who glorified the senator.

But I thought of Chris—tormented men, tormented men.

I remained on the green chain for four months, pulling lumber at forty-one cents a thousand feet. Then I was able to leave my job and write. For many months now I have worked every day at a desk. It is a lonesome job, and I am glad sometimes when one of the old green-chain crew remembers me and writes a letter that begins, "Well, old kid, how're you making it? I manage to keep kicking myself." Chris wrote me once, condemning me because I did not help in the great fight. He said I was with his enemies. I am sorry he thinks so, for I like Chris and his family.

49%

Power Increase makes New Records

29 OF THE HARDEST HILLS FROM COAST TO COAST

North Adams, Mass.—Mohawk Trail in high gear, turning round at Hairpin Turn and continuing climb, reaching top at 28 miles per hour.

Newark, N. J.—Up famous Eagle Rock Hill and over the top at 20 m. p. h., with four passengers, in high gear.

Kansas City, Mo.—Over Reservoir Hill in high gear.

Cincinnati, Ohio—Over Sycamore Hill with three passengers, in high gear. Clifton Avenue Hill in high gear; over the top at 40 m. p. h.

Syracuse, N. Y.—Over Arsenal Hill, from a standing start, in high gear. To the top of Standpipe Hill in high gear.

Denver, Colo.—Over Lookout Mountain in high gear, with 3 passengers. A 7-mile climb, many sharp turns.

Utica, N. Y.—Over College Hill at Clinton in high gear.

Over Allegheny Mountains—Baltimore, Md., to Cumberland, Md., and return in high gear. Also Hagerstown, Md., to Summit, Pa., and return, traversing seven different mountains, including Big Savage Mountain, 2890 feet above sea level and five miles long.

Philadelphia, Pa—Over Dodd's Lane, State Road Hill, Glenn Road and Gray's Lane, in high gear.

Through the Green Mountains—Via Bennington, Wilmington and Brattleboro, in high gear.

Scranton, Pa.—Up Fairview Mountain at Carbondale in high gear.

Troy, N. Y.—Climbed Oil Mill Hill, and thence over Grafton Mountain, at no time under 30 m. p. h., in high gear.

Albany, N. Y.—Up Swan Street and McCarty Avenue Hills in high gear. Also up the 4-mile Altamont Hill in high gear, five people in the car, minimum speed 33 m. p. h.

San Francisco, Calif.—Over Twin Peaks Hill with two passengers, in high gear.

NEW RUNS SHOWING FRANKLIN'S GREAT ROAD ABILITY

Dallas, Tex., to El Paso, Tex.—683 miles in 18 hours, 9 minutes, elapsed time, beating best train time by 2½ hours. Five passengers. Driving average 40.6 m. p. h., 603 miles between dawn and dusk

Marietta, O., to Columbus, O.—140 miles in 2 hours, 58 minutes. Average 46.8 m. p. h., breaking best previous record.

New Haven, Conn., to Littleton, N. H.—282 miles in 6 hours, 36 minutes, running time; average 42.7 m.p.h.

Butte, Mont., to Spokane, Wash., and return, one man driving, 696 miles on mountainous roads in 22 hours, 7 minutes, elapsed time. Actual running time, 20 hours, 12½ minutes.

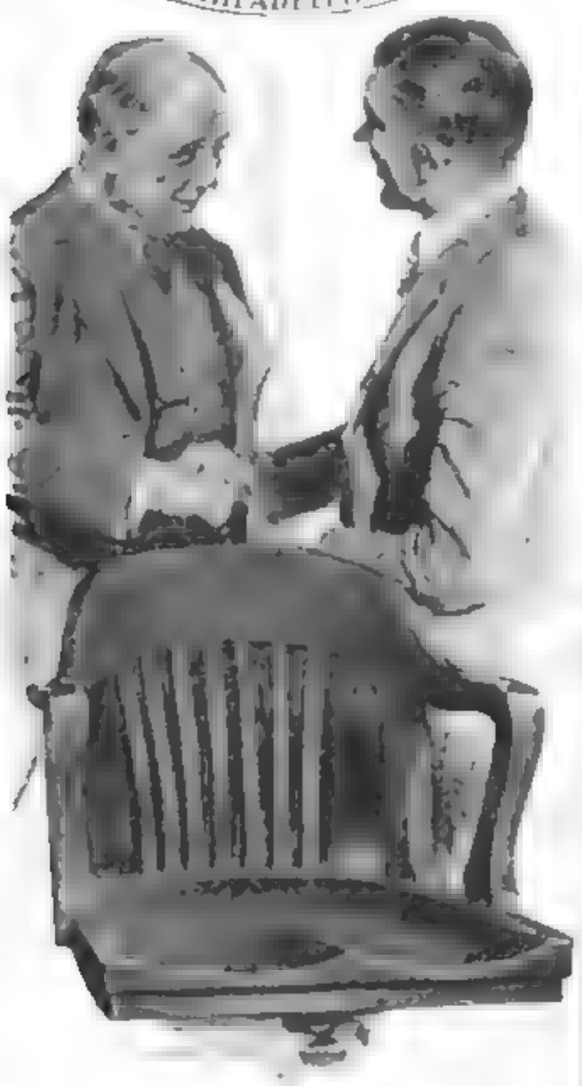
If you are personally familiar with any of these places, you will have a clear-cut idea of Franklin ability. But to know exactly and completely what the Franklin will do, go to any Franklin dealer. He will place a car at your disposal. You will be amazed at its performance and delighted with its comfort.

This fine car can be purchased out of earnings instead of capital—divided payments. Ask your dealer. Begin your motoring enjoyment now.

FRANKLIN

Office Easy Chairs

SIKES CHAIRS PHILADELPHIA



A Friendly Chair

When you welcome an influential business caller, it is well if you have a really friendly chair to offer him.

A chair that puts him at his ease and bids him stay a while. A chair that is both good to look upon and to sit upon. When you have a long day's work before you, it is well if you have a friendly chair which keeps you comfortable—not a hard hearted, crabbed chair continually nudging you in the back and digging you in the ribs, so that you are glad to get up and give your cramped body a rest.

Every Sikes Office *Easy* Chair is a sturdy, friendly chair which aids you in your work. Comfort is the first consideration in the creation of every Sikes model. Its generous width between the arms, its roundness at every edge and corner mean comfort. The distinctive design of seat and back is anatomically correct. Some chairs force the body to fit them. Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs are made to fit the body.

Any Sikes dealer can show you Sikes Chairs in a wide variety of woods and models. There are expensive and inexpensive styles. But all conform to the Sikes standard of workmanship, finish and comfort. Write for the names of dealers in your city.

Sikes

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

STILL FACE

(Continued from Page 7)

twenty-five dollars down on each of them and then stood around when the crowd came out and sold every last one of them over again for fifty dollars profit. You see I'd picked out the choice lots, and so I made six hundred on that ——"

"Um," said grandma—"what's your name?"

"Keats B. S. Dodd," he said.

"What's the initials stand for?"

"Madam," he said courteously, "I will tell you anything but that."

Grandma Newton turned abruptly and looked on all sides of her, and then drew a step closer to Mr. Dodd.

"Somebody," she said in a whisper, "is watchin' us now. I feel eyes."

Mr. Dodd was a practical young man, and, personally, he could not understand anybody feeling eyes; but his twenty-odd years of life had trailed itself in the midst of a procession of people who had been capable of seeing and feeling and hearing innumerable things imperceptible to his senses or his emotions. Therefore he was not in the least astonished; nor, as another stranger might have done, did he question if she were afflicted with a hallucination. On the contrary. He regarded himself as abnormal, and why not?

In all the world of his youth he had been the only individual of his kind, different from the poets and painters and musicians and critics who seethed and saw and argued in his family circle. He was the white frog. In a world of cross-eyed men, he with straight vision is deformed.

"How does it feel?" he asked with interest.

"Like somebody was a-hidin'—slinkin' and snoopin' behind suthin—and watchin', and watchin' kind of malicious, with his eyes all squinted up."

"I guess it has to be born in you," he said, embarrassed at his lack. "I just can't manage it." His keen brown eyes flicked and darted over the adjacent slopes, bowlder-dotted. Somehow they reminded one of the little birds called flickers. "My mother," he said absently, "used to tell me I was as material as a—vacuum cleaner." He spoke subconsciously, for his mind was with his eyes—thrusting flashes—and then he ceased to be at Grandma Newton's side and became a youthful figure hurling itself most efficiently across the pasture and down the slope. He filled the air with muscled legs.

"Well!" Grandma Newton gasped. "Is he runnin' away from, or runnin' after?"

It was demonstrated that he was running after, for in an instant a brown figure, crouching, flicked from rock to rock and then broke across the open to lunge down the steep descent to burrow in the thickets of young spruces in which the brook hid. A hundred leaps behind, Mr. Dodd whisked in after him, ferrethke, leaving Grandma Newton in a state of acute interest and suppressing a desire to comport herself like a college student at a football game.

By the time she had made up her mind to follow, Mr. Dodd reappeared, moving slowly and alone. He retraced in moderation the course he had taken down the hillside immoderately, pausing here and there to scrutinize, and halting for a full minute behind the bowlder that had been the original shelter of the fugitive. When he emerged he dangled something in his hand. He vaulted the stone wall and stood at grandma's side again.

"Field glasses," he said succinctly, waggling the leather case before her eyes.

"I vum!" said grandma; and then, "You don't calc'late to let grass grow under your feet, young man." She pursed her lips. "Thank goodness," she said as an aside, "I've been brought up to dress with the shades drawed!"

Mr. Dodd scratched the back of his excellent, sinewy neck and stared at the pretentiousness of Amassa Newton's house and the neglect of his grounds. It was a house which did not fit. There was too much of it in the first place, and too many doodads on its elevations. It had a fashionable look and obviously was not at home in Westminster. Then he studied grandma briefly and with approval that he withheld from her dwelling.

"Something," he said, "is going on around here."

"Prowlin' and snoopin'—that's what's goin' on"

"Why?"

"Unless it's boys cuttin' up capers ——" grandma hazarded.

"It's not boys." He gave his attention to the stylish residence again. "It looks," he said, "like a house where anything might happen"

"It's a house," said grandma, "where things has happened"

"What things?"

"Treachery," said grandma, "and ingratitude and death that come from heartbreak; murder, though it wan't done with a weapon and the law wouldn't call it so, and theft."

"Ah," said Mr. Dodd, as though this inventory of wickedness was about what he would have expected of such architecture. "Um—be sure. . . . You're rich," he said, as one speaks who has followed a thread of reflection to the knot.

"Where," asked grandma, "d'you git that notion?"

"Treachery and ingratitude and those things you mention happen only within smell of money. And that house—whoever built it had cash to waste." His practical soul spoke for itself. "Lord knows, nobody would build it as an investment." Mr. Dodd continued his deductions aloud, engrossed and forgetful of his companion. "Men don't watch a house with field glasses to count the shingles on the roof."

"If them men with opry glasses," said grandma, "want a job lookin' for money in that house, all they got to do is come to me. They kin hunt all they want to if they'll give me half."

"All the trouble in the world comes from three things: Money, love—and pet dogs."

"Four," corrected grandma. "You got to add line fences. . . . Well, we hain't got any money and we don't own a dog and our fences hain't in dispute, and the way to come courtin' ain't by hidin' behind a bowlder and starin' with opry glasses. So there you be. . . . Young man, d'you know anything about machinery?"

"Machinery," he said, "is a part of my complex. In fact it's what first drew attention to it."

"Of your what?" grandma asked, squinting up her face.

"My complex."

"What"—grandma punctuated with her nose and eyebrows—"is a complex?"

"Really, don't you know? Not making fun of me? Why—er—everybody has them. There is the Œdipus complex and the inferiority complex and—scads of complexes. They're a kind of oopus that hitches itself on you, and then you've got one and it regulates you like a safety valve—only generally they don't seem to be safety valves, exactly."

"Up here we call 'em whims," said grandma with ready comprehension of a clean-cut exposition

"When I was six," said Mr. Dodd, "they caught me running away to watch a stationary engine in a basement. I never could break myself of it. Sometimes I'd go along for a month without seeing a wheel or a toggle joint or a belt or a counterweight, and then I'd give away and get caught in a regular debauch"

"Your pa and ma didn't like sich a bent?"

The expression of his face answered her.

"The janitor of our apartment building was studying a correspondence course in mechanical engineering," he went on, "and I finished that with him. I—well, I couldn't restrain myself."

"Do you feel anyways sanctified or anythin'?" grandma asked.

"Er—not especially. Why?"

"Because," she said, "I calc'late you're an answer to prayer. Put that thing back on your head and come along with me." She dangled her key before his eyes, and then, with the voice and manner of one who entices a child, "It's to a buildin' jam full of enjines and machinery."

III

LACK of either saddle horse or runabout compelled Faith Newton to that primitive mode of locomotion whose use nowadays is to be recommended by physicians as a prescription. Its by-products of health and litheness and beauty had given over trying to carry on a war of attrition against her discontent with it as an advertisement of her poverty. Faith was in that malign state of mind wherein she despised whatever she could possess and valued only what was beyond the capabilities of her purse. Brooding upon the snatching away of wealth to which she had grown accustomed, she stranded herself on the belief that money was not only the greatest gift of God but the only gift worth bothering about. Which constitutes a slippery spot for a girl to stand upon.

She walked down the long hill, very sullen, and blind to a day that had every right to her attention. It was one of those luminous days when light seemed to ascend from the earth rather than to descend from the sun, and the mountains were not mountains but gracious banks of green clouds, and all roads led to fairyland. Westminster had chosen its valley with discernment. Presently she reached the narrow sidewalk that dipped into the village, and then she was passing the post office defiantly, for she believed everybody looked at her with hateful curiosity and pitied her. Here she took the road to the right. This was a road that any county might envy, for after it hurried past the squat ugliness of the Red Mill—whose door stood open—it darted inward to have a look at the rickety dam, and then swept and undulated off to the westward through as fertile meadowland as the state could boast. It loafed along for a mile or more, when, of a sudden, it shook itself in two and both halves bounded up hill in a sort of dance. It was toward the half that played along Trout Brook that Faith was trudging. It was lonely there—a delightful place to carry and to nurse her resentment against life.

Wheels and a rattle warned her that she shared the road with a vehicle; but instead of passing, the wheels stopped and a staccato voice whose mode of egress seemed to be exclusively through the nose, with the exception of sibilants on which the voice seemed to love to linger, addressed her.

"Mornin', Faith, mornin'. Heh. Out fer a walk, s-s-s-seems as though."

Faith glanced upward, resentful of the intrusion, and nodded curtly.

"Want to ride? Lots room. Clamber right up"

"No, thank you."

"Um—used to beller if I didn't take ye. S-s-say, whatever's got into ye, eh? Growin' up hain't improved ye none to speak of. Uppity! Gol-ding! A body'd think a meat cart wan't good enough fer ye. S-s-s-say!"

Mr. Pinch rested his shirt sleeve on his knee and pointed his sharp nose downward at her, while he moved his upper lip back and forth, which set his mustache to twitching grotesquely. Having studied her briefly, he twisted his long neck to scrutinize his canvas-covered cart as if to determine if the fault lay with it. Pride flowed in upon him. No, it could not be the cart, nor the steaks and roasts and chops which were its freight.

"Dag-gone good cart. Dag-gone good meat. Wan't raised hereabouts. Western beef."

His eyes dwelt on his place of business with satisfaction, for he was an artist and therefore an autocrat. He permitted Westminster to buy its meat from him, and one was wise to use diplomacy, refraining from wounding his pride, for if he took offense one got no meat. It was his custom to drive up to each door and to shout "Meat!" nasally. When the housewife emerged he would dismount, his butcher's apron flapping about thin legs, and reaching under the canvas cover, select a piece of his wares.

"Got a roast fer ye today."

"But, Mr. Pinch, we was calc'latin' on steak."

"Um ——"

Thereupon, with mustache twitching, he would replace his selection, turn his back and make as though to climb back onto his seat.

"I guess—mebby—we'll take the roast, Mr. Pinch."

"Ye better!"

That was his sales method. It was effectual.

Once more he aimed his nose—which had at the end of it a hint of a bulb—at Faith.

"Who's the young feller?" he asked.

"What young fellow?"

"One your grandma's got. Kind of upstandin'-like. Uh-huh. S-s-s-seen 'em go into the Red Mill. What fer? Sellin' it?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Um ——" If he could not add to his supply of news, he could at least disseminate what he already had. "Ketched s-s-sight of S-s-still Face?"

(Continued on Page 60

REMY

An Excellent Product! There is a joy in *building* as well as *owning* the truly Excellent thing.

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY, ANDERSON, INDIANA

Builders of Excellent Starting Motors, Lighting Generators, Ignition Systems and Klaxon Horns for Motor Cars

Ready folded for use

The Health Towel *of a hundred uses!*

In the home—office—factory—garage—wherever there is need for clean, safe, comfortable towels that *really dry*—ScotTissue Towels do just that because of their soft, white Thirsty Fibres.

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Scot Tissue Towels

for

Kitchen-Bathroom-Automobile-Office-Factory

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(Continued from Page 58)

"Still Face? Who is Still Face?"

"Mebby," he said tantalizingly, "if your manners git more neighborly, I'll tell ye. . . . Heh! Nobuddy knows who he is and nobuddy knows what he is, but he's moved into Weaver's house yonder, and he's a sight to see. Yes, ma'am. Don't wear no hat. Looks like the high priest of Isreelites or suthin'. Ye git one look at him and his face kind of clutches ye—like that." He illustrated how it clutched. "Grand-lookin'—yeah. And white, like he's allus kept indoors. Ye can't think of nothin' but peacefulness when ye look at him—that and a deep and abidin' wisdom."

"But why Still Face?"

"'Cause it don't never change. Anyhow, nobuddy around has seen it change—not that folks has seen much of him. No, sir, it don't change no more'n the one on the granite soldier in front of the lib'ary."

"Is he old or young?"

"Couldn't say. Judgin' from his hair, he's young; but judgin' from his face, he could be anythin' from twenty to eighty. Cur'ous feller. . . . Won't ride, eh? Huh! Uppity! Cold day before I as-e-sk ye agin. . . . Giddap."

Faith waited for Mr. Pinch's dust cloud to settle before she followed the road again; and now it was with a quickened interest, the uplift of curiosity. Still Face! Westminster was always apt at nicknames. It had time to develop a descriptive wit and an aptness of epithet. Faith strove to regain that resentment again in which she took so much pleasure, but found it crowded out of reach by inquisitiveness. If you live in Westminster you are inquisitive; you have to be; it is indigenous to the soil. . . . Still Face! Who was this newcomer and why had he come? Did Mr. Pinch exaggerate the qualities of his face? The Weaver house—that she would pass shortly—a fine old house, white and roomy, with green blinds and pilasters at the corners to conceal the spruce beams of which its frame was constructed. He must have rented it furnished from the Boston remnants of the Weavers who used it as a summer residence. . . . When she passed it, it was almost like seeing a new house, for its occupant gave it a character it had not possessed. It had become mysterious and attractive. Its blinds were shut and there was no sign of occupancy.

She walked on, turning off to the left at the wooden bridge and leaving the road to follow Trout Brook upward to the huge bowlder upon which she took pleasure in sitting and brooding upon the ill will life bore toward her. The brook twittered and tinkled and gurgled with its cool silvery voice, and made itself very attractive, as mountain streamlets have a coquettish way of doing, while Faith settled herself with her back against the rock to take her morning's enjoyment of despondency. The brook could not pause to look at her as it must have wished to do, but it gurgled compliments as it followed its destiny, and doubtless remembered her even after it had joined the river. . . . Still Face! Deep and abiding wisdom! Might be twenty or eighty! High priest of the Israelites! Face that clutches you! Mr. Pinch's descriptions repeated themselves in her memory and her imagination began to nibble at the personality that inspired them. It is a fortunate man who may be so preceded.

Thoughts, when not restrained by the will, run about like colts in a pasture, looking over this fence, then that fence, prancing, shying, whisking their tails and frisking aimlessly. One of Faith's thoughts frisked to the open door of the Red Mill, and then to her grandmother and the upstanding young man who had been seen entering it. She frowned with displeasure. Who had Grandma Newton picked up now and what was she up to? Grandma had no sense of fitness and dignity. Well, whatever it was, she would put her foot down on it.

"Signorina." The voice was deep, calm, not startling.

She looked up and saw him standing there, stately, tall, bending a trifle from the waist upon which long slender fingers clasped themselves. His head was uncovered, but the mass of dark waving hair was sufficient protection. Faith knew him then, for there was no man in Westminster with such splendid hair; but when she looked into his eyes she was sure. . . . Still Face! Of its pallor one first became aware, then of its oval beauty, then—by degrees and in wonder—of its serenity, its loftiness, its wisdom! Purity and aloofness and knowledge! With involuntary deference Faith arose to her feet and stood with a feeling of awe, almost of reverence.

"The signorina is not at peace."

Faith made no reply; stood fascinated, silent.

"I see resentment, bitterness, hatred," said the man. "It is not well."

Faith's tongue returned to her and she asked, flatly enough, for she was not at ease, "Who are you? Are you Italian?"

"Because I spoke to you as signorina?" He spread his hands. "I might have addressed you as Fräulein, as mademoiselle—in Arabic, Chinese—I have no nationality. They are all one to me." There was no play of feature, no expressed emotion—only stillness of face as he spoke. The eyes moved, the mouth uttered words, that was all. Perfect immobility, forever the same, as if carved out from some unknown rare stone.

"What do you want? Did you follow me here?"

"Follow?" The voice expressed grave surprise, but no displeasure. "I was not aware of you until—now."

"You do not know me—my name—who I am? Then how did you know I was resentful and bitter?"

He fixed his eyes upon her and held her until she was vaguely afraid.

"I see those things," he said at last, "as I have just now seen the cause for them."

"Seen? Where?"

"Behind your eyes," he said, "where you store your memories."

"You—you mean you can read my mind?"

"The mind is a printed page to those who have eyes to see. Shall I read for you? Listen!" He closed his eyes and, with oval face uplifted, spoke in a soft, musing tone. "I see regretted riches, trust violated, treachery. There is death and a flight, and hatred of the man who escaped. They are there, distinct, as is his face. I see resented poverty—and a wish, a willingness. I see pride, humiliation. Are these not printed on the page?"

She was frightened, but also she was affronted.

"How dare you? How dare you peer and pry? What are you? Who are you?"

"I am," he said gravely, "one who contemplates."

"Contemplates what?"

"The beginning and the end of things."

"Why?"

"To be free of the wheel of life."

"I—I don't understand."

"Because you are tied to the wheel by resentment and hatred and covetousness."

All this was beyond Faith's experience; it awed her, fascinated her—the mysticism and the glamour of it laid detaining hands upon her young imagination; and yet, because her forbears and her heritage were such as they were—practical, material, self-contained and hard-headed—she was not convinced. Was this the language of one whose wisdom had carried him beyond the mysteries, or was it but the patter of a charlatan? She lowered her eyes by an effort of will and suspicion mounted; she lifted her eyes again to that beautiful, placid, lofty face and suspicion crouched and whimpered. She held her eyes upon the ground resolutely and undertook the unusual exercise of rational thought. The point that determined her to be suspicious was his presence in Westminster. If he were real, a great philosopher, a great thinker, a mystic—if, in short, he were what his face advertised him to be—what was he doing in this of all places on the face of the earth? She despised Westminster, revolted against the placid self-satisfaction of it and its contentment with monotony. It bored her: more than that, it chafed her rebellious spirit because it contained her like a prison, walling her in, shutting her away from the life she had only raised to her lips as it was snatched away from her. No; nothing real, nothing glamorous, nothing worthy, nothing to stir the imagination, nothing desirable could come to Westminster; and so logic compelled her to dubiety of the genuineness of this arresting being.

"What are you doing in Westminster?" she demanded.

Again he lifted his hands.

"Westminster? What are places—what is time? As well here as elsewhere, signorina. The mountains and the spaces. The quiet of illimitable distances. In a throng, jostling, pushing, trampling, one does not walk freely. So in your cities, amid your great populations, material thoughts jostle and push and trample. But here one may

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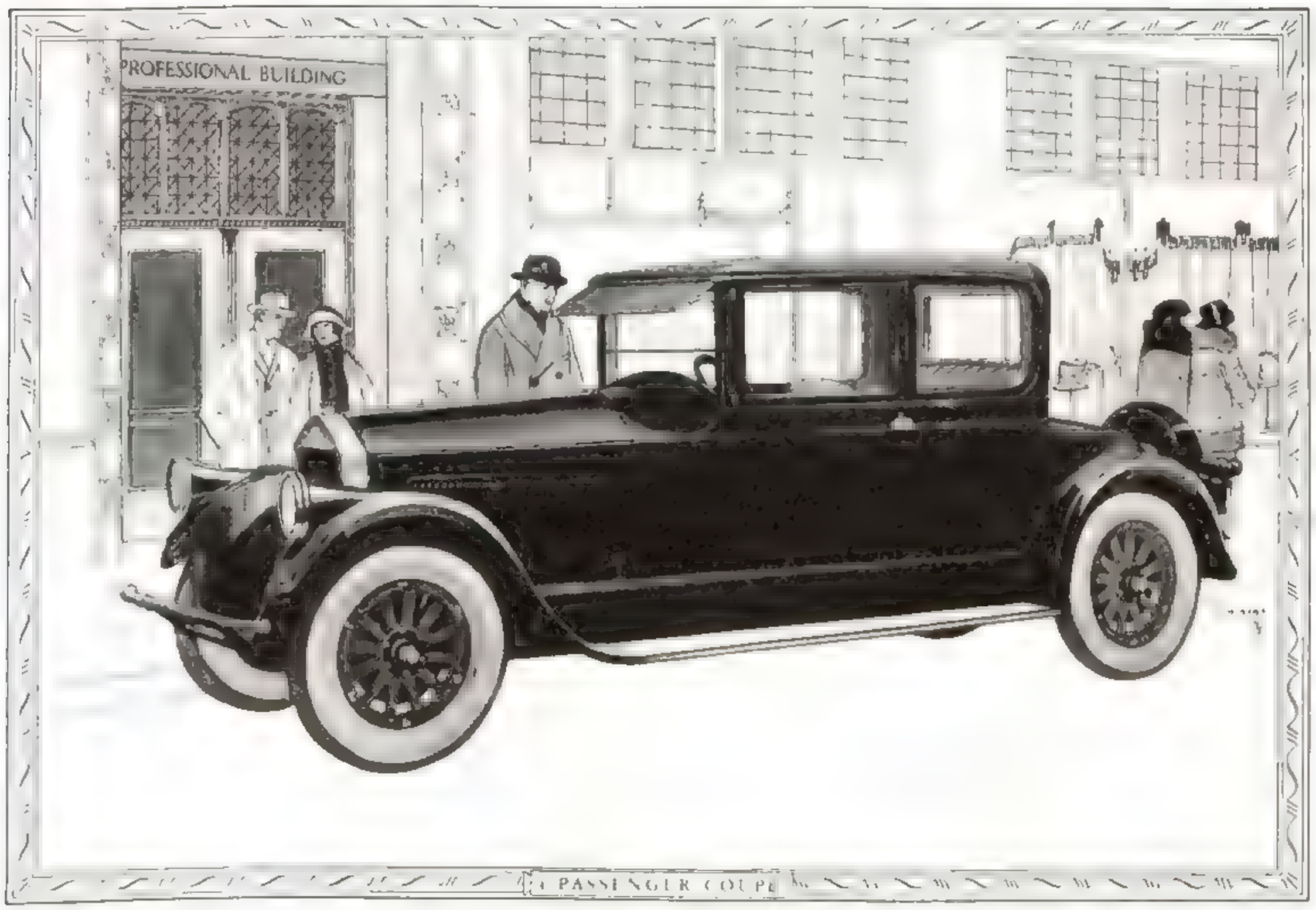

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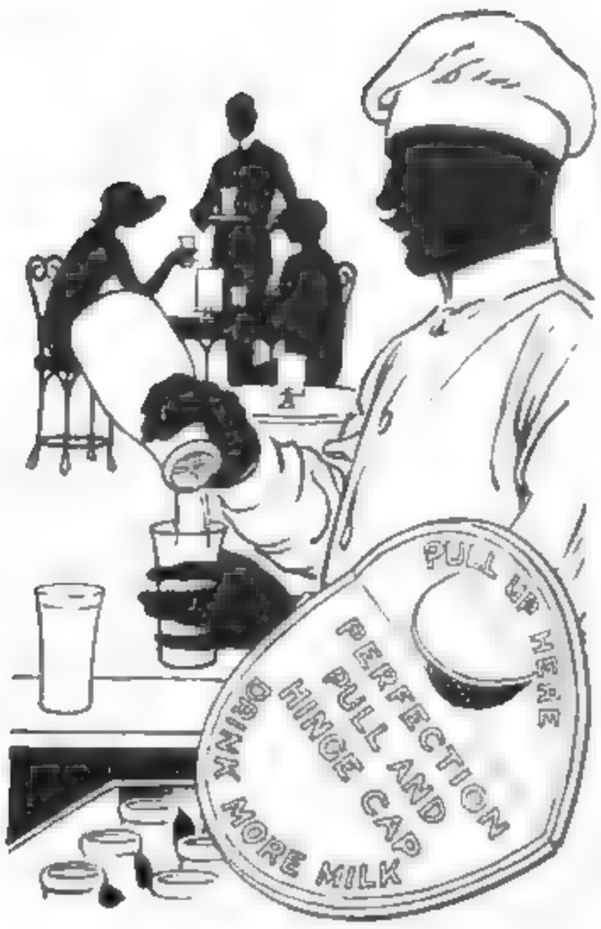

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(Continued from Page 60

sit upon a hillside, turning his thoughts inward, becoming a part of the great silence. Therefore I came."

It was not enough. What he said might mean something, but she did not understand it.

"What is your—business? Are you a preacher? One of these funny new religions with swamis and yogis and Hindu things?"

"Your religions," he said, "are only the play of children standing on the shore of a great sea. Your preachers sail toy ships. . . . I am no preacher. I have no religion."

"Then you don't do anything but contemplate?" Being what she was, she considered this a poor occupation for a man. "What do you contemplate?"

"The word which indicates—but no word could define—is 'infinity.'"

In spite of herself, the personality of the man was fastening upon her. She did not understand; skepticism was the thread upon which her thoughts were strung, and instinct held up a warning hand; yet the serenity of that face, its purity, its unworldly detachment, arrayed emotions against reason.

"You do not understand," he said.

"No."

"Ah, you will understand, signorina." He closed his eyes and again lifted his face so that the sunlight, trickling through the leaves above, poured over it and illuminated its pallor. "You are of those who may understand. I see you free, signorina free, at peace, swept clean of resentments and of hatreds. Have patience yet a while and you shall live."

"You—you pretend to read the future?"

"There is neither future nor past—time is not. If one remembers what you call the past, why may not one remember what you call the future? I see ——"

She stepped toward him, tense, excited, frightened—conquered for the moment in belief.

"You see—what?"

His eyes returned to her and he peered into her face with a strange, emotionless gaze.

"Not yet," he said in a low voice. "Not yet. There remains the preparation—the purification. . . . Patience, signorina, patience."

With that he turned from her to seat himself upon the flatness of a rock, arms folded, head bent upon his breast, eyes closed to the world. He did not move, seemed not to breathe. In a matter of moments it seemed to Faith that he had always been there, was age-old, contemporary of the mountains. She waited but he did not stir. She waited. Then, urged by awe, by fear, by some emotion which made that spot forbidden to her, she stole softly away.

Still Face was not aware of her going. Immobile as the rock upon which he sat, oblivious, deep in the silence and the contemplation of infinity, he seemed to have withdrawn from a finite world.

IV

THE door of the Red Mill stood open—for the first time in two years—and Faith Newton paused as she came abreast of it. Her grandmother was up to something. The old lady had threatened to reopen that dilapidated woodworking plant and to resume the manufacture of wooden spoons and drumsticks and potato mashers—and Grandma Newton had an uncomfortable way of carrying out her extravagant threats. She seemed to have no sense of the fitness of things. It would be just like her to get herself up in overalls, to the everlasting disgrace of the family, and operate a lathe. Faith compressed her lips and walked across the road with stern intention. After all, it was her mill.

Then she remembered the young man of Mr. Pinch's gossip and hesitated. A stranger! Grandma would pick up and talk to the queerest people in spite of all her granddaughter could do to explain to her the impropriety of it. Faith compressed her lips and strode into the dusty cavern to put an end to all nonsense.

"Grandma!" she called. "Grandma!"

"What's wanted?" came grandma's voice from spaces beyond the saw carriage.

Faith's stern resolution carried her through ancient accumulations of sawdust and shavings, under lopping belts and through a jostle of woodworking machinery which must have forgotten its skill during years of disuse, and in the end found her grandmother and a young man with their heads bent over some small object they held in the intercepted light of a cobwebbed window.

"It's a chair rung," said grandma in much the same way a scientist would have said it was a dinosaur's leg.

"Grandma!" said Faith.

The old lady reluctantly tore her eyes away from the wood turning and regarded the girl abstractedly; then she seemed dimly to recall the amenities.

"Faith," she said, "this is Mr. What's-His-Name."

A little jig of laughter danced in the young man's eyes.

"We don't pronounce it that way," he said. "Our family always call it Dodd."

Faith ignored him elaborately. Humiliation drenched her. She was ashamed of her grandmother; she resented Mr. Dodd because he was an amused witness of her humiliation—and because he existed at all—which was perfectly reasonable.

"What are you doing in here?" she demanded.

"Run along, child," said Grandma Newton, "and don't be a hindrance. Mr. What's-His-Name and me's talking business."

"What business? I've a right to know."

Suddenly Faith screamed and shrank against the resented young man.

"There!" she said in a whisper. "There!"

"Where? What?" asked Mr. Dodd sharply.

"A man's face—pressed against that window. I saw his white teeth—great white teeth. He was staring in at us."

Grandma and Mr. Dodd bartered glances; then he sprang to the window and looked out. There was nothing to be seen, no movement, no skulker; but on the outside of the window, in the accumulated dirt, were the prints of fingers and of a forehead pressed to the glass.

"Must have been mistaken," said Mr. Dodd in a matter-of-fact voice. "Let's go to the office, Mrs. Newton, and see what we can find there. We may get some idea."

"Idea of what?" asked Faith, still trembling.

"Of what they made here, and how much it cost to make it, and who they sold it to for how much," said the practical Mr. Dodd.

"Grandma Newton," Faith said in a voice that should have frightened the old lady, but obviously did not, "you're not really—really—going ahead with that wild, absurd, disgraceful idea!"

"I be," grandma said succinctly. Then, "I never knowed a Newton that didn't prefer bein' disgraced to bein' hungry."

"Who is this man?" Faith asked as nastily as she could manage.

"How sh'd I know?" grandma countered. "Come along, young man. I ain't int'rested in who he is, but in what he kin do."

With that they walked off and left her as though she were a person of no importance whatever. What she resented most heatedly, strangely enough, was the abstracted manner of Mr. Dodd. He had not noticed her. He had not looked at her. He had walked away without a backward glance. As she walked away from the mill there was at the back of her head a subconscious resolution to look in the mirror.

Mr. Dodd and Grandma Newton went to the small room which had served as an office and dirtied their hands with ancient files and books whose covers had served many a hungry rat. These they studied for hours, tracing the history of the business, noting names of customers, prices, quantities and other matters of interest to people setting out to adventure for dollars.

"Um," said Mr. Dodd, picking up a book of later date—"here's a new bookkeeper. Some difference, eh? Now this was a good man. Who was he?"

Grandma advanced her spectacles and looked; then she made a snapping sound with her lips and Mr. Dodd saw her face grow hard and somber.

"It's him," she said.

"Who?"

"Carl Phillips," said grandma.

Mr. Dodd, waiting, saw grandma's hands clench into fists, saw the bright old eyes glow with unquenchable hatred and dim with tears.

"The man who murdered my son," she said.

"Murdered?"

"With treachery and theft! Amassy took him in and give him work. Oh, he was smart! Amassy come to trust him like his right hand—and he was Amassy's right hand. He got so's he run almost everything of my son's. Why, he lived in our house like he was born a Newton! And all the time plannin' and schemin'. But I got suspicious of him, and I warned Amassy, but he wouldn't hear to it—and then I got proof. I wan't to be bamboozled like a man. I got proof even Amassy couldn't blink. They took him by surprise and all but ketched him, but he knocked two down and got into the hills. They chased him with horses." Her voice broke. "He hain't been seen from that day to this—and two hundred thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds went with him. It was wartimes. When Amassy got through settlin' up—what with all them bonds bein' gone, and the other money Carl Phillips had stole, and the heartbreak of it—the' wan't nothin' left but the house and this old mill and a mite of money. That's what Carl Phillips done. And Amassy died of it."

"They never caught him?"

"Nary hide nor hair," said grandma. "Well, that's that," she said with abrupt change of tone. . . . "I got to go home and see that Huldy don't set the bread to raise in the parlor. Here's the key to this place if you want it. You nose around. Fetch the key back this evenin' and you 'n' me will talk business—if so be you're inclined. Mebby," said grandma, snapping her eyes at him, "you've kind of stumbled over that destination you was huntin' for."

When he was alone with the mill, Keats B. S. Dodd availed himself of that unchaperoned opportunity to place himself upon terms of intimacy. He descended into the wet pit where hung the water wheel and counted the missing buckets. He penetrated the cobwebby engine room and did all that a man could do with hands and eyes to determine its potentialities. He checked up belting, let the eye of efficiency pass judgment on the conveyor system and carried on a separate flirtation with every piece of machinery in the place. Following this mechanical debauch, he locked the door and gave his attention to the dam, the log yard and the crumbling hot pond. From his expression it would have been impossible to hazard a guess at his conclusions.

It was noon when he walked into the bank on the corner and opened an account, depositing in currency a matter of twelve hundred dollars, to which his original three hundred had increased themselves.

"Moving to town?" asked the cashier.

"Just pausing," said Mr. Dodd, and discouraged further conversation by pocketing his pass book and moving away rapidly toward the hotel, where he was seated at the traveling men's table. Here he was eyed by three traveling gentlemen, one of whom, after the soup, asked, "What's your line, brother?"

"Destinations," said Mr. Dodd.

"Eh?"

"Destinations," Mr. Dodd repeated distinctly but affably.

The three looked into one another's eyes, but found no enlightenment, and spent the remainder of the meal in speculation. Mr. Dodd arose first and the three stared after him.

"H'm," said the fat hardware salesman. "Them destinations, now—they're a kind of a patent medicine—sort of a cough drop. Seen 'em advertised."

Mr. Dodd sat down on the piazza of the hotel to smoke his pipe and to consider matters, but hardly had he found a comfortable place for his feet on the railing when Mr. Pinch's cart stopped at the hitching block. Mr. Dodd regarded the turnout with curiosity, for this was his first experience of itinerant butchers. Mr. Pinch returned the curiosity with variations that only skill and long practice could have accomplished. Then he climbed the steps, half opened the door, closed it again and took the chair beside Mr. Dodd.

"How be ye?" he asked.

"Well, I thank you," said Mr. Dodd.

"Stoppin' to the hotel?"

"Yes."

"Long?"

"What," asked Mr. Dodd, "is the big mill down the river?"

"Amassy Newton's old mill," said Mr. Pinch. "When he busted it was took over by Boston folks. . . . I seen you goin' into the Red Mill with Mis' Newton this mornin'. Didn't know she was offerin' it for sale."

"Is she?" asked Mr. Dodd.

"I dunno," said Mr. Pinch, and the ends of his mustache flicked about like antennæ. He had asked a number of questions in his best manner, and though this young man seemed to be answering them—anyhow, he was talking—Mr. Pinch had received one

(Continued on Page 65

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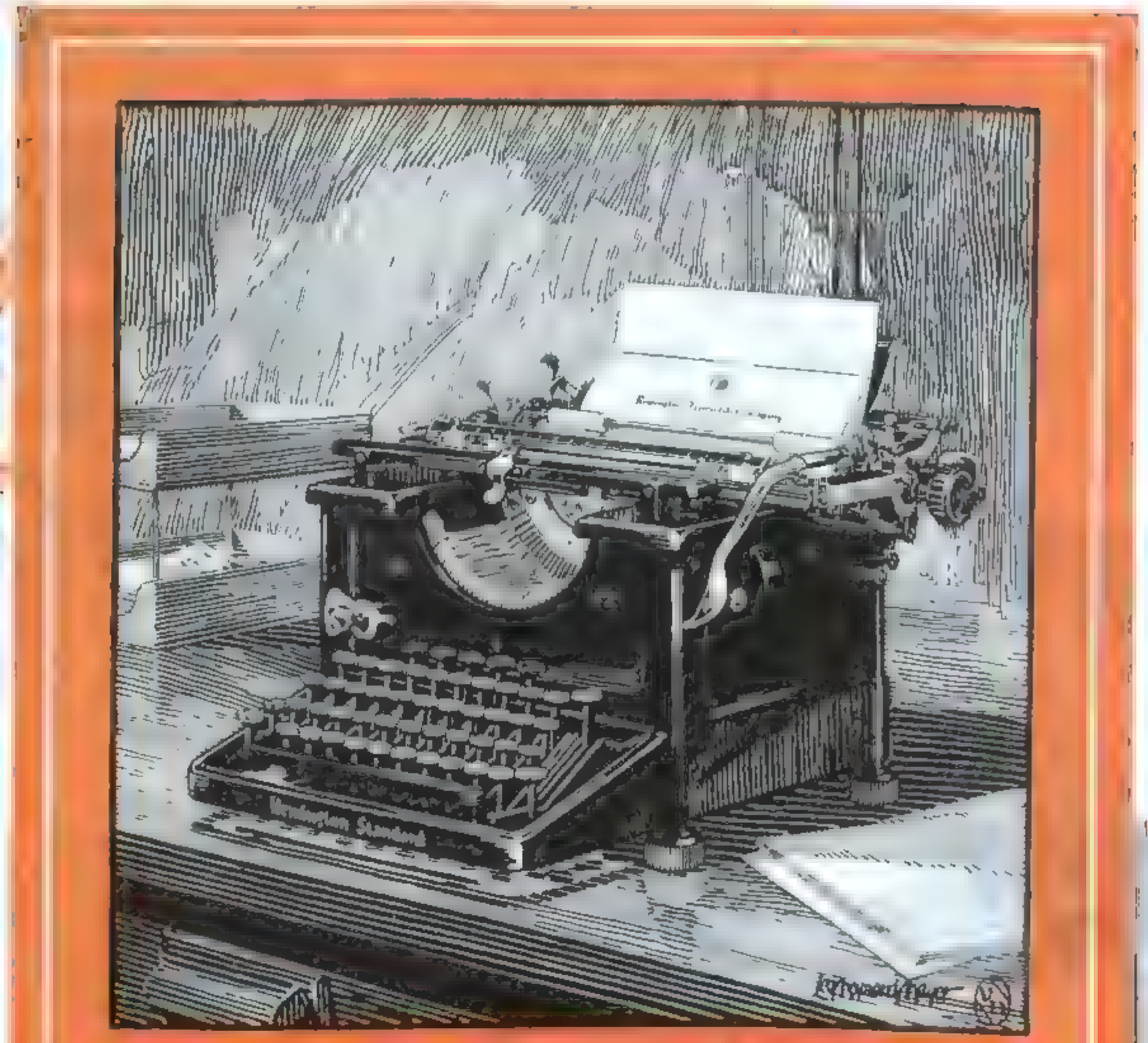

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(Continued from Page 62)

direct reply and that with respect to health. He wondered if this young man were doing it on purpose; but he had not the look of one evading curiosity. Mr. Pinch persisted.

"Knowed Mis' Newton long? Come from Boston, didn't ye?"

"New York," said the young man. "Lots of trees growing on the mountains."

Mr. Pinch had known the natural resources of his locality, but at least he was inducing statements instead of questions.

"Lumber business?" he asked.

"It must be a very interesting way of earning a living. Who owns all of it?"

"Different folks, but mostly this here Westminster Lumber Company, as it calls itself. Heard tell they tried to buy the Red Mill, but Mis' Newton wouldn't sell to'm."

"No!" said Mr. Dodd with encouraging interest. "Now what do you suppose that company wanted of the mill?"

"Anybody that knows anythin' knows that," said Mr. Pinch. "It was so's they could control all the timber in the valley 'thout buyin' it. Yes, sir, slick idee. So long 's that mill's here, the's a chance for folks to sell logs to it; but if 'tain't here they can't sell now'eres but down below. One of these here monopolies."

"If I was this Westminster Lumber Company," said Mr. Dodd, "I'd be sorry to see the Red Mill running again."

"They would," said Mr. Pinch; "and I bet ye they'd make it hot for whoever done it. That gen'l manager down there's a slick feller, and meaner'n quinine on the tongue. I know on account of I used to sell 'em meat for the boardin' house."

"Most likely," said Mr. Dodd, "anybody who started to run the Red Mill couldn't get enough timber then."

"Off'n farmers and sich he could keep a-goin'. Might be kind of peckin'. Course, if he had money ——"

"Yes?"

"Why, the's big pieces he could buy up that the lumber company is jest lettin' lay, on account of they know they hain't nobody but them to sell to."

Mr. Dodd removed his feet from the rail abruptly and smiled affably upon Mr. Pinch.

"This," he said, "seems to be a town where people are practical. I noticed the stone soldier in front of your library."

"It's been admired," said Mr. Pinch.

"It gives assurance," said Mr. Dodd, in the voice of flattery, "that art has made no serious inroads upon you. . . . I hope the meat business is flourishing. Er—good afternoon."

Mr. Pinch stared after him; he was conscious of having imparted considerable information, but his own mining had brought to light only three nuggets: Mr. Dodd was well, he came from New York and there were trees growing on the hills. He scratched his head, snapped his mustache from side to side and could not account for his failure with so simple and talkative a young man.

It was early evening when Mr. Dodd dropped the knocker with which Amassa Newton had ornamented his front door. Instead of being admitted by a servant, he was surprised and made not a little uncomfortable to see the door opened for him by Faith Newton.

"Good evening, Mr. Dodd," she said; and then, with a disquieting directness, "I was waiting for you—because I want to talk to you before you see my grandmother."

Her manner was inauspicious, and the cold formality of the room into which she let him did little to allay his perturbation. She walked very straight and stiff-backed; her chin was set and her eyes forbidding. Mr. Dodd thought to himself that here was a girl with a great aptitude for making people uncomfortable.

"Mr. Dodd," said Faith, "my grandmother has been talking to you about this ridiculous scheme of hers to operate the old mill, has she not?"

He felt like some bug impaled upon the hatpin of her eyes.

"She—mentioned it," he admitted.

"I waited for you to come," she said, "to put an end to it once for all—to tell you it is impossible."

"I'm quite sure the mill will run," he said, feeling that he must say something, and then aware that he had selected the wrong thing to say.

"I am not in the least interested in whether the mill will run," she said coldly. "I merely wish to tell you it must not run. Therefore you will oblige me by telling my grandmother that you will have nothing to do with it."

"I see. That is, I mean to say—you don't want the mill to start up?"

"I think I have made myself clear."

"You have. Yes, indeed. You have been perfectly clear—perfectly. But ——"

"But what?"

"Why don't you want it to run?"

"It is enough that I do not," she said, feeling that she was overpowering this embarrassed young man; but he took his turn at surprising her.

"It's—um—not enough for me," he said.

"Wh-what do you mean?"

"Why, in effect—don't you see?—that your desires in—ah—a business matter of this kind are extraneous—not germane—unsupported by a reason."

"Is that," she demanded hotly, "a roundabout way of telling me it is none of my business?"

"It did sound like that, didn't it?" he said with an ingratiating smile, which she noted but disregarded. "It wasn't exactly what I meant; but as we used to say when we played hide the thimble, you were warm."

"You are rude," she said.

"No, I'm practical. It's my besetting sin. What is your reason?"

"The idea! The absurdity of an old woman like my grandmother operating a mill! The whole county would laugh at us!"

"Is that your only reason?"

"It is enough."

He shook his head.

"It isn't a practical reason," he said.

"You mean that you won't do as I ask? And you claim to be a gentleman!"

"I haven't," he said. "I haven't claimed anything. Does a gentleman always do whatever a—young woman asks?"

"He should."

"Even if it is unreasonable?"

"A gentleman," she said loftily, "would be above asking a lady's reason."

"You may be right," he said. "I don't know any gentlemen. Only poets and painters and authors and sculptors and musicians—and, when I could sneak out, engineers and bricklayers and mechanics. . . . Is Mrs. Newton ready to see me now?"

Faith gasped. That she was nonplused did not quench the flame of her rage or dim the flaming signal of her scarlet cheeks. Her rage was as much at the feeling of helplessness of which she was conscious as at the affront this young stranger seemed to offer her. She could not understand him, for he was outside her experience. He seemed embarrassed, ill at ease because of her presence and of her demands—but for all that, very steadfast and immovable. He made her feel singularly futile and she hated him for it. It was her desire to blast him, to shrivel him with her well-bred scorn; but she was only twenty, and each moment of her rage decreased her maturity by a year. She leaped to her feet like a small, petulant girl at the end of a childish quarrel.

"You—you—you're unspeakable! You're a boor! Why, wherever did even my grandmother pick you up?" She paused for a breath. "But you shan't do it—you shan't! I won't have it!"

"It's business," he said with a certain eagerness and not without diffidence, "don't you see? And I have to consider it on its merits."

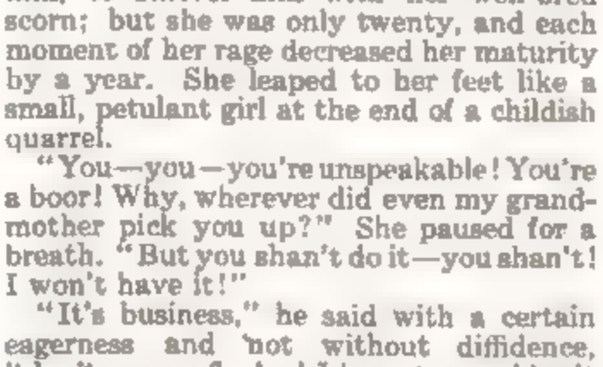
"Oh," she cried, and stamped her foot, just as Grandma Newton entered.

"Oh, you're here?" she said. "Faith must 'a' let you in. I declare I didn't hear you. . . . Well, Faith, how was you and Mr. What's-His-Name gittin' on?"

"We weren't," said Faith.

"No, Mrs. Newton, we weren't, and that's the truth," said Mr. Dodd in a wistful voice, not unmarked by bewilderment. "Somehow we didn't get on at all. Ah—haven't you found your granddaughter is sometimes—er—a little unreasonable?"

"Once in a blue moon," said grandma, "Faith contrives to be reasonable. She's kind of economical of it. Kind of laid in wait for you, didn't she, to warn you about me and my notion about the mill?"



Faith glared at them with eyes shooting sparks of animosity.

"If you do this," she said, "I'll make you regret it to the last day of your lives" Upon which she made a tempestuous exit.

Grandma seated herself coolly, her granddaughter's tantrum shed from her mind as negligible; but not so Mr. Dodd. He was worried and perplexed and unhappy. He felt he might have done better, made himself clearer, put his position into words that would have showed him in a more enviable light to Faith. Not that she mattered, but he disliked the idea of his own inadequacy.

"Well?" asked grandma.

He held out the key to the mill.

"It's kind of attractive to me," he said, "but my mind isn't made up."

"That child didn't make no difference?"

"Not the least," said Mr. Dodd, who really thought he was telling the truth. "I just want another day to look over the lay of the land"

"In that case," said grandma, "we'll jest set and visit, and before you git ready to go home I'll put on a drawin' of tea, and I got a fresh batch of sugar cookies."

"Yes'm . . . Many Italians in town?"

"None."

"None? But I saw a couple—maybe three. Little men. South of Italy they looked. You—er—know the Sicilian type."

"I don't know nothin' about furriners—and precious little about home folks."

"I was just wondering about the local labor market," he said. Then, "By the way, have you, during the day, felt anybody watching you again—like this morning?"

"I have been too busy to feel anythin'," said grandma.

"No man in the house?"

"The's me," said grandma.

Before ten o'clock Grandma Newton produced tea and delicious cookies, and in effect shooed Mr. Dodd away. Early hours were a passion with her—and very needful these past nights when she had been awakened by noises after midnight. She retired and slept. The clock, striking twelve, awakened her and she got up to take her station at the window, kitchen tinware close at hand. There was a half hour's silence, then a stealthy sound. In the murk below she fancied she saw a figure move, and dropped her kitchen utensils with a crash. This drowned out other sounds she might have heard, such as a grunt of surprise, the trampling of feet, a cry of pain. But presently she was aware that somebody rapped.

"Who's there?" she demanded.

"Mr. Dodd," answered a voice that did not sound exactly as his voice should sound. "I think you'll have to let me in. He's gone. It's all right."

She lighted her oil lamp, for electric lights in Westminster do not burn after ten o'clock at night, and descended the stairs. She was a bit apprehensive about unbolting the door, but got through with it as quickly as possible and opened it the merest crack.

"Be you sure it's you?" she demanded.

"I'm certain," said Mr. Dodd, and she opened the door wider. Mr. Dodd came in, not with springy step, not erect and speaking of youth and health as she knew him, but crouching, tottering a little, with right hand pressed to the other shoulder and blood streaming through his fingers. "It's—nothing—much," he said, but his lips were white.

She slammed the door to and bolted it. Mr. Dodd was sitting on the floor now and was very pale indeed.

"What kind of a dido you been cuttin' up now?" she demanded, as if didoes were his regular habit.

"I waited around—to see—if there really—was anything," he said faintly. "And there was. He got away."

Grandma had been getting him out of his coat and working his shirt away so she could get a view of the source of the blood.

"Why," she exclaimed, "it looks like a stab wound!"

"He had a knife," said Mr Dodd, and his head began to droop. Then it lopped and Mr. Dodd lay in a rather crumpled and awkward position on the floor.

"Now how ever," grandma said to herself, "be I a-goin' to git him into bed? And we don't want no gossipin' doctor neither. Um—now what in tunket has come over the face of things? Fust time I ever had a young man stabbed on my door step. . . . Huldy! Oh, Huldy! Slip on your kimoner and git down here quick!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"QUALITY"
it's explainable in this
WATCH CHAIN

How often is "quality" an indefinite term, meaning little—or nothing at all! But it is rightly applied to a Simmons Chain, for it means longer wear, better looks and more security for the watch. It is the natural result of fine designing, detailed care in making and the Simmons special process of manufacture. By drawing gold, green gold or Platinumgold over a stout base metal, we offer you a watch chain that is not only durable and beautiful, but remarkably reasonable in price. At your jeweler's—$4 to $15. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass. Canada—95 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

SIMMONS
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Walk-Over

SHOES *for Men and Women*

Why is this the best-fitting shoe made?

It has exclusive features that give it a personal, made-to-order fit. It is made in styles to fit every known shape of foot. You will find your own personal model at the Walk-Over store. It will be good-looking. It will be comfortable. It will keep its comfort and good looks because it has the exclusive Walk-Over personal fit.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Quality for Half a Century

Walk-Overs fit at the heel and ankle. The exclusive Pear-shaped heel is narrow at the top, and extra wide at the bottom where your heel is extra thick. It has room for your heel to expand when your weight is upon it. The grip at the sides, not a pressure at the back, makes Walk-Overs fit without gaping.

The Walk-Over Main Spring* Arch is made of hand tempered steel that gives flexibility to the tread. The scientific design, which gives resilient support, can be concealed in a style shoe. It looks normal. It feels normal to the normal foot. To the foot that needs support, the Main Spring* Arch gives correct support.

*Patented, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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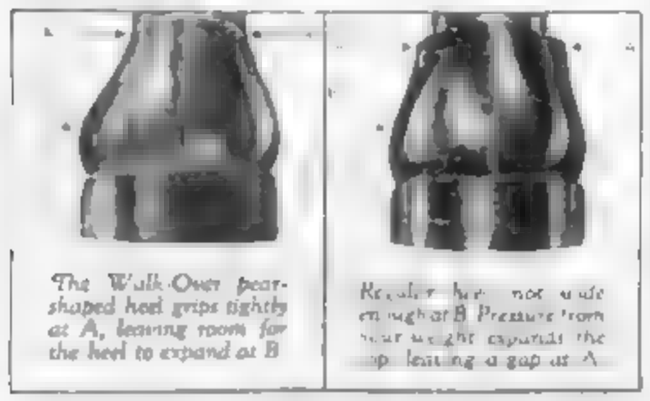
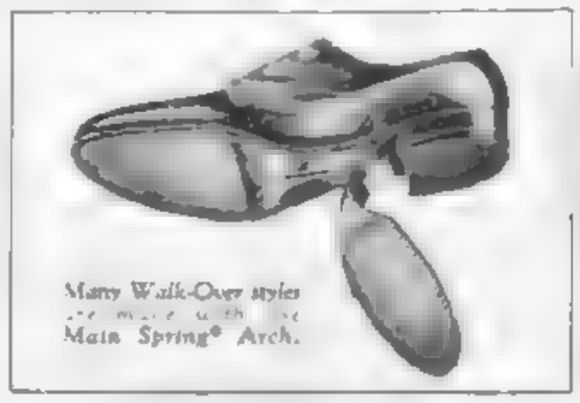


The Walk-Over pear-shaped heel grips tightly at A, leaving room for the heel to expand at B

Regular heels not wide enough at B. Pressure from your weight expands the top, leaving a gap at A



Many Walk-Over styles are made with the Main Spring Arch.*

THE VALUE OF LAND AND OF RAILWAYS

(Continued from Page 27)

redound to the benefit of the public has come to life again in these proposals to limit the value of railway land to its cost.

This controversy over the value of railway land has been raging now for almost twenty years. During that time we have had many valuations of railway property. These brought the increase in value of railway land before the public. Attention was fastened upon this, while the general rise of land values went unheeded. There was a maximum of loose talk about the burden laid upon the public by this growth in the value of right of way; and there was a minimum of definite information and of facts. Even, in 1911, so sane and hard-headed a public official as the Honorable Franklin K. Lane discussed seriously the suggestion that it would be wise for the Government to protect its people by taking over these railway properties at present value rather than await the day, perhaps thirty or fifty years hence, when they would have multiplied in value ten or twenty fold.

He went on to observe that it had been estimated that the increase in land values of one railroad involved in the Spokane rate case amounted to approximately $150,000,000. All this occurred in 1911. Since that time the Interstate Commerce Commission has valued the land and other property owned by the railroads. The Commission has also sought to determine the original cost of this land to its present owners. It has not been possible to find the entire cost, and the Commission has disallowed all items which could not be proved beyond any doubt. Yet for this railroad which Mr. Lane cited the Commission found a value of land in 1917 amounting to less than $85,000,000. It found items of cost which could be established beyond doubt amounting to $35,000,000. This gives an increase in value of less than $50,000,000 from the time of acquisition to 1917. It shows how absurd was the estimate that the increase had been $150,000,000 to 1911. Despite the fact that land values in the territory through which this road runs had increased at a rapid rate from 1911 to 1917, the final increase over cost for the land of this road was less than one-third the figure which had been so glibly used in 1911.

Some critic once said that he liked Joseph Conrad's novels because he pushed his characters through the door and let them speak for themselves. That is exactly what we need on this question of railway-land valuation. Let us push the facts through the door and let them speak for themselves.

I. C. C. Valuations

A letter from the secretary of a county farm bureau in Iowa recently inquired concerning the pertinent facts needed to pass judgment upon this question of railway-land values, which has become a political issue in this campaign. He wishes to know how much of the nearly $20,000,000,000 valuation that has been tentatively placed upon the railway systems of this country is made up of valuations of land used for rights of way in cities and towns and out in agricultural regions, or in the two combined if there are no separate figures for town and country rights of way. He also asks: "About how much greater is this present valuation of such rights of way estimated to be than the probable original cost to carriers of such rights of way?"

While the Interstate Commerce Commission has not yet completed and made public all its valuations, it has proceeded far enough with that task to enable one to arrive at a pretty accurate answer to these questions. Of the $20,000,000,000 valuation placed upon the railroads of this country, about $2,650,000,000 is made up of the valuation of land. Most of this land is used for rights of way in cities and towns, and in the agricultural regions. But about $400,000,000 of this pertains to noncarrier land. Approximately one-eighth of the value of right of way and terminals is located outside of cities and villages. This means that only $350,000,000 of this land consists of right of way located in rural territory. Naturally the proportion of rural land varies widely upon the different roads. It amounts to almost 20 per cent on some of the large roads, like the Rock Island, which traverse agricultural territory. In the case of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, rural lands were only 1 per cent of the total valuation which the Commission placed upon the company's land.

For thirty-eight of the large systems located in all parts of the country, from Georgia to the Pacific Coast, and from Texas to New England, the Commission found a total value for carrier lands of $325,000,000. Of this amount $37,000,000 was rural land, and $288,000,000 was located in cities and villages. This group includes such diverse roads as the Central of Georgia, the St. Louis Southwestern, the Great Northern, and the New York, New Haven and Hartford. The concentration of railway-land values in the larger urban centers is evidenced by the fact that the 11,000 acres which these thirty-eight railroads owned in cities having a population of 75,000 and over had a value of $165,000,000. The 110,000 acres which they owned in towns of less than 75,000 had a value of $123,000,000.

Comparative Increases

The original cost which the Interstate Commerce Commission has been able to establish beyond question will amount to something more than $1,100,000,000. The total increase in value which will be included in the tentative valuation of the Commission is, therefore, close to $1,500,000,000. It must be borne in mind, however, that we are here comparing the present value of *all* the land owned by the railroads with the cost which could be established beyond question. For a considerable amount of this land no cost could be found, or it could not be proved conclusively enough to be included by the Commission. Some of the land was donated to the railroads by the Government as land grants or by individuals who desired to see the roads built. But a great deal of it cost the railroads considerable sums of money which cannot be traced at this time because of imperfect or destroyed records.

This $1,500,000,000 of increment in railway-land value compares with a figure of $28,000,000,000 in the increase in farm-land values even since 1900. The value of farm lands, exclusive of buildings, in the state of Iowa alone rose from $1,256,000,000 in 1900 to $6,699,000,000 in 1920. After the decline of 27 per cent which has occurred during the past four years the value of all farm land in Iowa is $4,875,000,000. This still leaves an increase of more than $3,600,000,000 since 1900, as against an increase over cost of $1,500,000,000 in all railroad lands of the United States. In North Dakota the value of all farm lands exclusive of buildings rose from $173,000,000 in 1900 to $1,279,000,000 in 1920. This land has a value today of more than $1,000,000,000. It is true that this increase is due in part to greater acreage, but the land in farms is only a little more than twice as large as it was twenty-four years ago, while the value is still six times as great. In Iowa there was an actual decrease in acreage.

In Texas the acres of improved land in farms increased by 50 per cent. As against this the value of farm lands without buildings rose from $591,000,000 in 1900 to $3,245,000,000 in 1920, and today still stands at $2,400,000,000. The facts in these states prove how inconsequential is the increase of railway-land values when compared with the increment which has been enjoyed by other landowners.

It is clear from these figures that the railroads are not receiving an extortionate increment of value. The increase in land values which has been allowed them by the Interstate Commerce Commission is far less than that which other people have enjoyed. If the people in the various counties knew the value which the Commission has actually placed upon railroad right of way in their communities the criticism would vanish overnight. Take, for example, Washington County in the state of Iowa, which is the home of Senator Brookhart. The Rock Island owns 812 acres of land in that county outside cities and villages. The Commission valued this rural right of way at $134 per acre. The census placed a value upon the farm land of that county, exclusive of buildings, of $43 per acre in 1900, of $104 in 1910 and of $221 in 1920. The

(Continued on Page 68)

CURTAIN!

AT LAST marcelled Claude is reunited to blond Ella. The old homestead is saved and Sir Jasper takes his crime-ridden soul and his incredible hat out into the night and a bitter paper snowstorm! In the theatre of to-day such a scene would be greeted with shrieks of laughter, but it stirred the public of a past decade to wild applause.

The curtain of public favor has fallen on the old crude melodrama, but it has only begun to rise on movies and the radio. It has fallen on the buggy and the red plush sofa. But it has risen on the automobile, electrical equipment and the phonograph.

Everywhere experts and specialists are planning new inventions that will command public favor. Scientists are working at new processes that will change buying habits.

But those who would anticipate or develop the favor of the public by advertising must do more than collect scientific data, collate facts and figures and establish lines of communication to original sources.

The advertising agency which will adequately serve and counsel a client must also keep alive that sixth sense which detects intangible changes in public thought. It must keep in accord with changing tastes and new viewpoints. It must know what people are doing and thinking. It must draw on the experience gained only by years of continual contact with buyers and sellers in order profitably to suit a commodity to a market. For after all is said and done, markets are simply people. And the human mind is, now as always, a variable and changing quantity.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Drink it through Stone's Sanitary Straws

Make your parties different!

Society pays homage to the hostess who dares to be *original*.

Add that original touch of daintiness by serving Stone's Straws with every cold drink. Dainty, delicate golden tinted they are really appetizing. Made and packed entirely by machinery, they are absolutely sanitary.

Always use Stone's Straws when serving milk to children. Straws prevent gulping. Your druggist or grocer has them in handy 10c Home Packages—several weeks' supply. Take home a Home Package today.

Druggists: For fountain use the round, spill-proof box of 500 Stone's Straws assures *full count* and guarantees perfection.

The Stone Straw Co

GENERAL OFFICES WASHINGTON D C

(Continued from Page 66

value of all farm land in the county in 1920 was $60,000,000 higher than it had been in 1900. The total valuation of all the land of the Rock Island, including the terminal lands in Chicago, was $41,316,125.

The Great Northern Railroad enters the state of Iowa at the northwest corner, and runs through the three counties of Lyon, Sioux and Plymouth, into Sioux City. The road has 897 acres of right of way in these counties located outside of cities and villages. This was valued by the Commission at an average of $138 per acre. The average value of all farm lands in those counties was given as $174 per acre by the census in 1920. It was valued at $96 in 1910 and at $36 in 1900.

Nor is this discrepancy in the increase of railway-land values as compared with farm land values limited to states like Iowa, where prices are unusually high. In North Dakota the Great Northern Railroad has 35,024 acres of land in rural districts. This was given an average value of $32 by the Interstate Commerce Commission. All farm land exclusive of buildings in the counties which this railroad traverses was worth on the average $41 per acre in 1920, according to the census. In 1910 it had been $27, and in 1900 it was $13. All the land, rural and urban, which the Great Northern owns in North Dakota was given a present value of $3,272,795. The original cost which the commission found for this land was $1,557,371, or almost one-half its present value. In Nelson County, which is a typical agricultural section with no towns of any size, the rural right of way of this railroad, amounting to 1595 acres, was valued at $29.50 per acre. The census placed the farm land in this county at $45 per acre in 1920. In 1910 it had been $29, and in 1900 it had been $9. If railroads are to be treated like other properties, and are allowed to share in the increase of values which comes from the growth of population and production, there can be no doubt of their right to the increase which is being allowed them by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

A Grotesque Theory

Anyone who has followed these figures cannot help noticing that the increase in railway land has been much smaller than that which other property has enjoyed. The reason why the increase of this land over original cost as shown by the Interstate Commerce Commission is less than the rise which other lands have enjoyed, even since 1900, is to be found in the fact that a railroad must commonly pay more than the going market value which land brings when it is sold in ordinary lots or in entire farms. The railroad must have a continuous right of way, located in such manner as to give favorable grades and reasonable construction costs. It is well known that when the roads buy land it costs them several times as much per acre as could be secured for the land if it were sold for ordinary purposes in lots or parcels of conventional shape or size. Because of this the original cost per acre of acquiring the land, even for roads which were built in the 70's and the 80's, was commonly greater than the value which surrounding lands attained for a number of years thereafter.

What the Interstate Commerce Commission has allowed the roads, then, is a value for their property no greater, and in many cases less than that which prevails in the community today. Since the railroads paid several times the surrounding land value when they acquired this property, they have not enjoyed so rapid an increase as have other owners. Yet there are those who would deny even this increase to the railroads. The argument for their contention is that the character of the land in the right of way is changed by the fact that it becomes dedicated to a public use when the railroad acquires it. This is true, according to this point of view, because the railroad is performing a function of the state, and in so doing it is exercising governmental powers. They hold that the moment that land is dedicated to a public way it ceases to be land.

Thus far neither the Supreme Court of the United States nor the Interstate Commerce Commission nor Congress has given any support to this bizarre legal principle.

Railroad Economics

The value which the Interstate Commerce Commission has placed on railway land is, then, less than $1,500,000,000 in excess of original cost; and it is certainly vastly less than the amount which would have to be expended in acquiring a right of way and terminals at the present time in the communities which these railways serve. Compared with the total increase of $28,000,000,000 in farm land values, and with an increase of much more than that amount in the value of land located in cities and villages, during the past twenty years, this increment in land values enjoyed by the railroads since the date of purchase many years ago is trifling indeed. The total increase which is allowed them under this valuation comes to only about 2 per cent of that which other land owners have enjoyed during the past twenty years. The total railway property of the country, including buildings and equipment as well as roadway and land, amounts to about 6 per cent of the nation's property. This was fixed by the census at $320,803,000,000 for 1922; and it is greater than that today. The railroads are valued at roughly $20,000,000,000. Almost 5 per cent of the number of people gainfully employed in this country are in the service of the railroads. It is clear, then, that this industry has lagged behind owners generally in participation in the increase of land values which has come with the growth of population, wealth and well-being.

Nor is the amount of land value to be supported by each ton of freight carried any greater today than it was twenty-five years ago. In 1899 there were 501,000,000 tons of freight originating in the United States. The great mass of land owned by the railroads had already been acquired at that time. If $1,000,000,000 of the original cost be apportioned among this freight, it comes to $2 per ton; and a 6 per cent return thereon would amount to twelve cents for every ton of freight originating. In 1923 the number of tons originating was 1,303,000,000. When this is compared with the value of land of $2,650,000,000 it is again almost exactly $2 per ton. The amount which would need to be collected from each ton of freight in 1923 to support the value of railway land as fixed by the Commission is, therefore, no larger than in 1899. The labor costs of transporting a ton of freight have more than doubled; the material costs are more than twice as high; the taxes are three times as high. But the amount of land value per ton transported remains the same, despite the fact that every ton of freight was carried a much greater distance in 1923 than in 1899.

The reason is, of course, that the rising land values which have been granted the railroads have no more than kept pace with the increase in the nation's production. Everything that is produced in this country involves transportation, both for the raw materials used and for the finished products. The output of our farms measured in physical units is 38 per cent greater than it was at the beginning of this century; the volume of mining output is three and one-third times as large, and of manufacturing output is two and three-fourths times as large. This increase in production has naturally brought with it an increase in economic well-being and a rise in land values. But the increase which is allowed the railroads has not outrun the nation's product which must be transported, nor has it increased in any measure the freight rates per unit of output.

In this respect the relation of railway-land values to freight rates is quite different from the relation of commodity prices to farm and city land values. The phenomenal rise in the prices of farm lands between 1900 and 1910, which continued until 1920, was the direct result of an increase in the prices of farm products which began in 1897 and continued uninterruptedly for thirteen years. During that period the prices of farm products increased 87 per cent. After 1910 there was a lull in rising prices, which continued until the European War once more swept them upward in 1915. By 1920 they stood at a level almost four times as high as in the closing years of the last century. The price level for farm products at this time is still more than twice as high as it was in 1900.

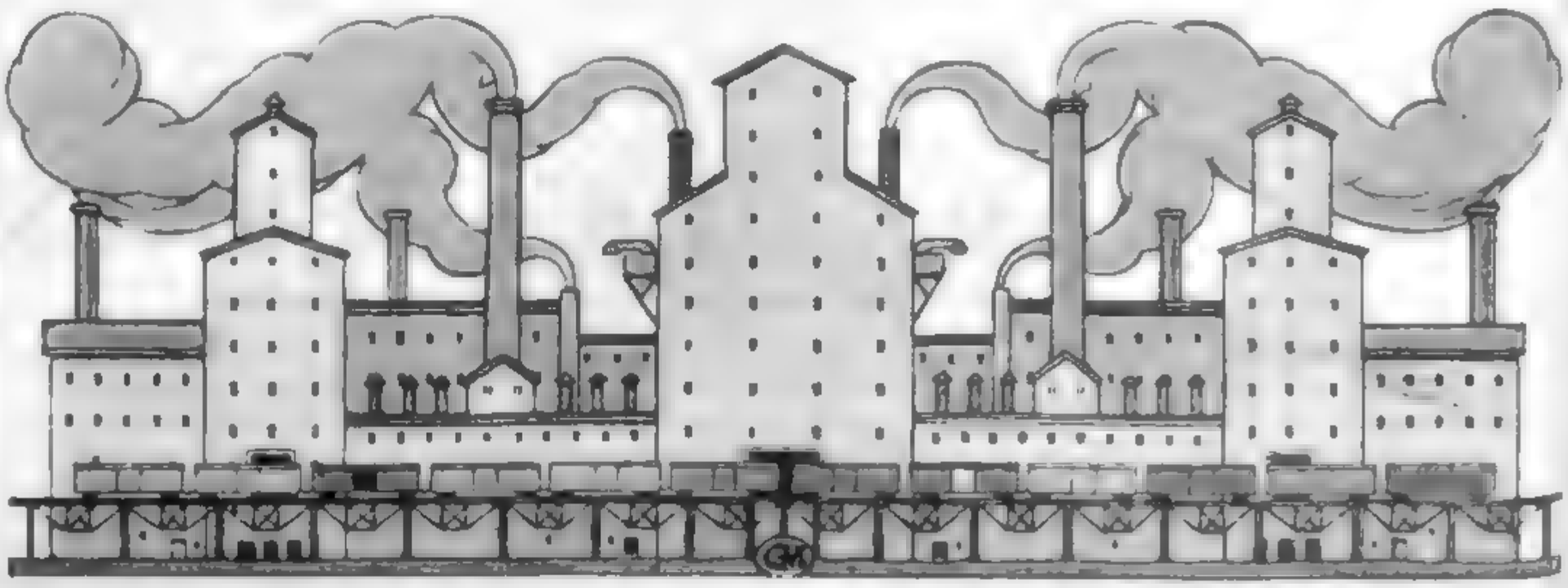
According to the Department of Agriculture the total value of all farm products, excluding those used for seed and fed to animals on the farm, rose from $3,549,000,000 in 1900 to $6,607,000,000 in 1910. In 1924 it will be $12,000,000,000. This is three and one-half times as large as it was in 1900, and maintains the price of farm lands at a point three times as high as it was then.

It was the price of the farmer's products which drew the price of farm land up after it.

A Sound Principle

In the case of the railroads the increased value of land has not contributed in any measure to the rise in freight rates. From 1900 to 1917 the rates did not rise at all. The increase since that time was necessary to cover the rising costs of labor, materials and taxes per ton carried.

For the next decade there is no prospect of another advance in the general price level. Land values will be maintained at their present levels, and will probably see some slow and orderly increase with the growth of population and production. The output of our industries will continue to grow, and the number of tons of freight to be transported will keep pace with production. The amount of land value which each ton of freight must support will therefore decline in years to come, for production will surely increase more than land values in the next decade. In the meantime there is nothing in the facts concerning railway-land values which warrants a departure from the principle laid down by Mr. Justice Hughes in the Minnesota Rate Case, when he assumed that the railroads were entitled to a reasonable share in the general prosperity of the community which they served, and thus were entitled to attribute to their property an increase in value.



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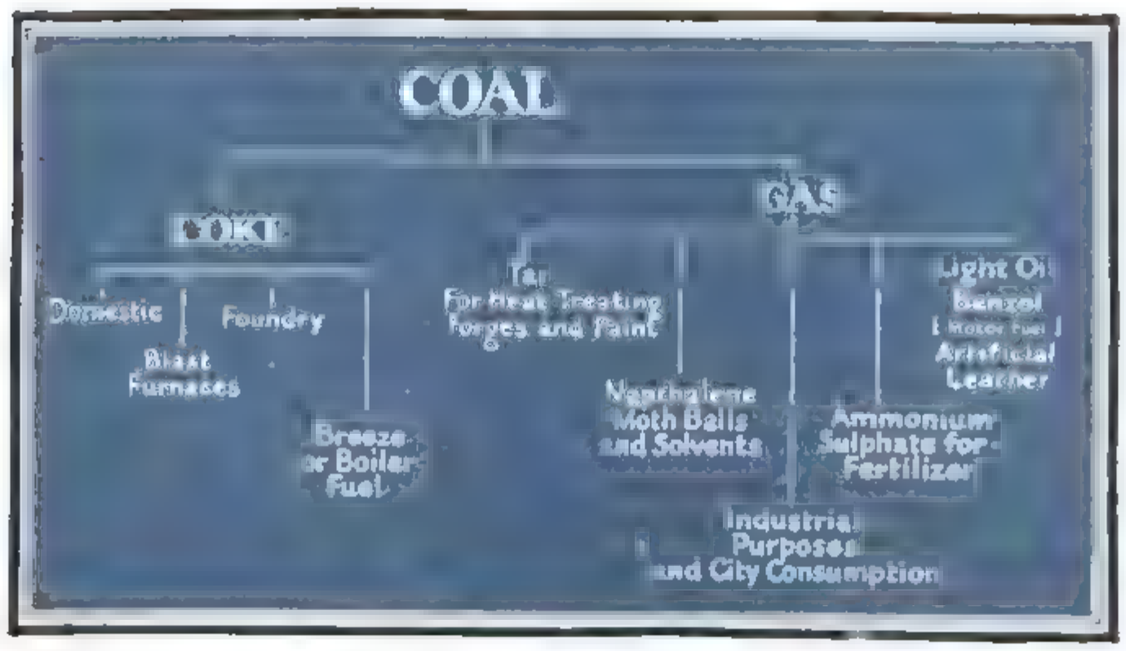
Discharge of coke from one of the 120 ovens at the River Rouge Plant.



The chart above shows the by-products derived from coal at the River Rouge Plant and their utilization for Ford manufacture.

SAVING MILLIONS

By Robbing Smoke of Its Waste

To feed its two 600-ton blast furnaces at the River Rouge Plant, the Ford Motor Company built and operates a battery of 120 modern type coke ovens, consuming 2,160 tons of dry coal daily.

The first instance of this being done within the automotive industry—it has effected important economies in handling and transporting fuel and has resulted in the conserving of valuable by-products.

From the vapors of these ovens are obtained about 26,000,000 feet of gas per day; 18,000 gallons of benzol (motor fuel); 60,000 pounds of ammonium sulphate, used for fertilizer; 16,000 pounds of tar and 4,500 gallons of refined oil. Most of these are turned back into the Ford industry for use in various stages of manufacture.

No heavy plumes of smoke roll from the tall stacks above the main power plant. For smoke is waste, and waste is unpardonable by this company's standards.

The economy program of the Rouge Plant which includes many other reclamation and salvage projects is typical of that which has been enforced throughout every step of Ford Production. The annual saving is tremendous—one of the big factors making it possible for the company to give such high quality in its products and sell them at the present low cost.

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Don't take a chance this winter. Get Wright's Health Underwear to-day. It comes in all pure wool, in worsted, in cotton-and-wool mixtures. Your choice of heavy, light or medium weights—one to suit any preference, any climatic condition. Union suits and separate garments.

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For over forty years, the finest of underwear

INSIDE INFLAMMATION

(Continued from Page 26)

"You just quit worryin', Brother Potts, an' count on me. Ise gwine fix things all right."

But J. Cæsar feared that he was boasting idly. It seemed that he had undertaken a task which savored of the physically impossible. Conscious belligerence was something of which Welford was simply not capable, and yet ——

"He's got to do it. My whole organization is gwine go flooey if he falls down now."

The day on the lot was not a signally happy one for J. Cæsar Clump. He watched Welford off the set and on, and grew heartsick at every fresh indication of that gentleman's undoubted histrionic ability. Worried as the little actor was, he yet succeeded with each scene in throwing off the depression which gripped him and of projecting himself into the slapstick comedy with such hilarious effect that even the hard-boiled cameraman laughed.

"An' tha's the feller," mourned Clump, "that ol' Latimer craves to fire."

Orifice made it quite plain, too, that he intended to brook no procrastination. Before ending work for the night he walked on the set.

"Tomorrow," he announced, "us takes the big scene where at Opus and Welford have their fight. I want all of the company heah early to git ready, 'cause if that scene ain't no good the pitcher is rotten. Good night, folks; sweet dreams." And with the "sweet dreams" his eyes focused upon the cowering figure of Welford Potts.

J. Cæsar Clump took his problem home with him. An element had entered into the situation which turned the director's soul to iron. Orifice Latimer had presumed to usurp certain powers which were inalienably the right of the director; Orifice had dared make it a personal issue between himself and Cæsar. Therefore if Mr. Clump was to retain the authority necessary to his continued success, he must emerge victorious from this clash.

Must—but how?

"Ev'y plan I gits that is all right is all wrong," moaned the harried director. "I wisht I was lyin' six foots underground whiffin' lilies."

He dined in lone misery at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, where he greeted his friends with curt and distant nods. Invitations for a sociable evening were coldly refused. Even Florian Slappey's alluring suggestion that they spend a couple of hours shooting French pool at two bits a game was turned down.

"Somethin's eatin' on Cæsar," proclaimed the superb Florian to certain friends, "an' whatever it is has suttinly got an elegant appetite."

From Bud Peaglar's, Cæsar returned to his pretentious two-room apartment, where he donned a flowered lounging robe and gave himself over to an orgy of thought. He conscripted every atom of brain power he possessed and set it to work, but the devious trails he followed proved to be mental cul-de-sacs; each plan broke its neck against the brick wall of impossibility.

And then, just when it seemed that J. Cæsar Clump was doomed to disgraceful defeat, the great idea came to him. It came suddenly and full-panoplied, and at first it left the director dazed and gasping.

"Hot dam!" he muttered. "If it on'y would work!"

If! It seemed too good to be true, yet the more he thought it over the more feasible it seemed. He paced the room nervously, viewing the proposed scheme from every angle; and as he thought, the stern expression departed from his coloradomaduro countenance and in its stead appeared the ghost of a smile, which gradually expanded into a full-fledged grin and came into the world in the form of loud and triumphant laughter.

"I got it! I knowed mind was gwine triumph over matter, an' the bigger the mind—which is mine—the less it matters. Brother Welford Potts, you is gwine git saved in spite of yo'se'f, an' I is the man which saves you."

He changed feverishly from lounging robe to sack suit. He trotted downtown to the office of a doctor friend in the Penny Prudential Bank Building in Eighteenth Street. Fortunately the gentleman of medicine was in. To him Cæsar outlined his scheme and at his recital the M.D. began to chuckle. He gave the scheme his unqualified indorsement and then requested permission to attend the hostilities the following day. When Cæsar rose the doctor extended his hand.

"Mr. Clump, I am proud to have talked with you. Brains are the most things you possess in your head."

From the doctor's office Cæsar made his way to the corner drug store. His purchase there was very simple, and quite interesting. He bought fifteen cents' worth of volatile oil of mustard and he chuckled as he left the store with the innocent-looking vial.

His next objective was the studio of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., an old abandoned warehouse which had taken a new lease on life. The night watchman knew Cæsar and greeted him respectfully.

"Workin' late tonight, ain't you, Mistuh Clump?"

"You sho' expostulated somethin' that time, my man. Ise wukkin' late an' Ise wukkin' impawtant."

He entered the dark and cavernous recesses. He pressed a button and the lights flashed on, disclosing a scene of wild disorder—new sets and old sets; sets in process of construction and sets in process of being demolished; wires squirming across the floor like great black snakes; lumber, furniture, what not. But the disorder—organized disorder—held little interest for J. Cæsar Clump at that moment. He picked his way across the cluttered space and paused before a dressing-room door. Inscribed on this door was the name of Welford Potts and immediately above that name was blazoned a large star. A skeleton key gave access to the director. He closed the door carefully and snapped on the lights. Then he worked with swift and efficient purposefulness. From a hook he removed a weird-looking garment of wool. It was quite lengthy and uncompromisingly black. Cæsar held it at arm's length and gazed upon it with sincere affection.

"Ideas which I has got! Wrastlers' trunks!"

Wrestlers' trunks they were—one solid piece of material calculated to fit the stellar form of Mr. Welford Potts from wrists to toes.

"What goes in heah," mused Cæsar beatifically, "ain't nobody gwine see."

The task of turning the trunks inside out was a trifle more complicated than at first appeared. But eventually it was accomplished, whereupon Cæsar took the first step in the execution of a Machiavellian scheme which was calculated to make Welford's job safe for Welford.

Giving careful heed to the expert medical advice recently received, Cæsar placed on the inside of the woolen wrestling suit a score or so of drops of oil of mustard. The points at which these drops of fire were placed were selected scrupulously; each was a strategic position and the effect was calculated to fill Welford with enormous enthusiasm when the Opus Randall fight should start the following day before the all-seeing and merciless eye of the camera.

J. Cæsar did an artistic bit of work, and when the oil of mustard was duly distributed he swung the trunks about his head until quite certain that the drug was thoroughly dry. Then he turned the tights right side out again, hung them back on the wall and inspected closely. There was, in truth, a faint aroma which had not been there before; but J. Cæsar was quite certain that this would not be noticed by the unsuspecting Mr. Potts.

"By tomorrow it's gwine be dry th'ough, an' when Opus commences th'owin' Welford aroun' an' Welford begins to perspire, then ol' Mistuh Oil of Mustard is gwine take the directin' right out of my hands."

All the way back to his apartment Mr. J. Cæsar Clump was chortling with unholy glee. He was positive that the oil of mustard, so cunningly placed on the interior of Welford's wrestling costume, would impart to that gentleman an unnatural eagerness for combat; and though Cæsar confessed to himself that the measures pursued were rather drastic, there was no slightest doubt in his mind that the end justified the means. After all, it was a poor director indeed who would throw up his hands and confess himself beaten when the president desired to discharge his most valuable male star.

The following morning J. Cæsar was on the lot early. There Welford Potts found him. Upon the countenance of Mr. Potts was a lugubriosity which made the surrounding atmosphere soggy with gloom.

"I ain't gwine make a good fight of it, Cæsar. Ise skeered."

"Shuh, boy, you ain't got nothin' to be skeered about."

"Yes, I has. Orifice Latimer is a'ready heah an' he has done tol' me that di'n't I fight Opus hahd my job was gwine be ain't."

"Words what he talks with his mouf. You just stick around, Welford; I'll look after you."

"You mean that, Cæsar?"

"Suttinly do. I promises you faithful that I'll handle things so as Orifice Latimer will be salisfried."

"What you gwine do?"

"Nemmin' what Ise gwine do. Is you willin' to trust me?"

"I shuah is, Cæsar. You is a fine friend fo' a feller to have."

"Boy, you said it!"

Welford turned away.

"I'll git dressed in them wrastlin' trunks."

"No; stick around with me. Gittin' dressed now might put ideas into somebody's haid. You just hang aroun' until I say fo' you to git into those coschume, understan'?"

"I does. I ain't cravin' to git into them graveyard clothes no sooner than I has to."

Cæsar sought Orifice Latimer.

"Mistuh Latimer, ev'ything's chicken."

"Says which?"

"I got it all fixed. Ise plumb glad you is heah so you can see fo' yo'se'f how much injustice you has done po' Welford Potts."

"Huh! Nothin' ain't injustice to that po' jellyfish."

"You is a good president, Orifice, but you ain't no judge of men. You just watch Welford."

"You bet I will!"

"On'y one thing worryin' me. S'pose Welford beats Opus Randall up so bad Opus cain't work next week."

Orifice flushed.

"What you tryin' to do, little man, kid me?"

"Never would try to kid you, Brother Latimer. Ise se'ious."

"You is crazy."

"All right; le's see." He glimpsed a ponderous figure waddling across the lot incased in a moth-eaten bath robe. Immediately the shrill voice rang out:

"Opus!"

Welford's co-star turned and grinned. Cæsar beckoned and Opus came.

"'Mawnin', Mistuh Latimer. 'Mawnin', Cæsar."

"'Mawnin', Opus. You all dressed?"

Mr. Randall flung back his dressing gown, disclosing a huge paunchy figure clad in wrestling trunks of ocher shade. Cæsar put hands over eyes.

"Great wigglin' tripe! You looks like an accident goin' somewhere to happen."

"I is," murmured Opus confidentially. "Fo' six months, Cæsar, I has been lookin' fo' a chance to git even with that uppity Welford Potts, an' today is my day."

"What you mean?"

"President Latimer tol' me he wanted this fight between I an' Welford to look reelistic, an' Ise shuah gwine give him what he craves."

Inwardly Cæsar chuckled.

"Tha's just what I has called you over fo', Opus. I know you an' Welford don't love each other none, an' Ise puffectly willing you should beat him up, 'specially as it'll make a swell pitcher fo' us. But just one thing I requests—don't go too hahd on him at fust. Staht off slow until Welford gits a chance to git warmed up, then go as strong as you like."

"Sweet orders which you issues!"

"An' another thing, Opus: You take good care that Welford don't git away. Seein' as you-all will be wrastlin', it'll be easy enough to hol' him tight. Mos' likely he'll want to git loose an' run."

"He won't never git loose fum me. I'll hold him with one hand and wallop him with t'other."

"Tha's talkin'! Give him hell!"

"Hell's cool to what he gits."

Cæsar turned smilingly to the president as Opus waddled importantly away.

"You see, Orifice, I has suttinly fixed things."

Mr. Latimer turned a puzzled eye upon his director.

"Does Welford know how thoughtful you is taking care of him?"

(Continued on Page 74)

JOSEF HOFMANN AT HIS STEINWAY

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EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. Hammons
President

(Continued from Page 72)

"We-ell, not ezac'ly, but ——"

"Yeh! An' when he finds out he's gwine run away, an' then ——"

"Trouble with you, Mistuh Latimer, you ain't got no confidence in me."

"You ain't doin' the fightin'. An' if this scene ain't good an' rough, Mistuh Welford Potts ain't gwine have no mo' job than a worm."

J. Cæsar Clump smiled an enigmatic smile.

"You watch," he counseled cryptically.

Mr. Orifice R. Latimer had absolutely no intention of doing anything else. He hovered around the set like a buzzard near a prospective meal. There was a voracious light in his eyes, and in conversation with Opus Randall he amplified the instructions of the director anent the degree of mayhem which should be committed upon the terrified and unsuspecting Welford Potts. As for that gentleman, he gloomed about in his dressing room clad only in his misery. J. Cæsar Clump was with him—"Kinder chaperonin' you into yo' clothes, Welford."

"Oh, lawsy!"

"Don't you go to frettin'. Ise fixed things."

"But ——"

"No buts. Ev'ything's ready. Just you climb into them tights an' come with me. Might as well git it over with."

"You talk like I was gwine be hung."

Eventually they came to the set, an improvised amphitheater. Within the eye of the camera were grouped all members of the organization plus certain extras who offered their services gratis. In the foreground was the buxom lady who was cast in the rôle of picture heroine. Opposite her was the camera and near the camera stood Orifice Latimer. He hungrily eyed the sadly deficient figure of the approaching Welford.

Welford sensed that the crowd was not unlike the gatherings of old Rome when the gladiators came forth to do battle. There was a tenseness on the set, a subtle feeling that something genuinely dramatic was about to happen. This was an idea which the director deliberately had fostered. The tense expectancy of the dark faces was not simulated, it was startlingly real. No question that the scene would be a success. If ——

Thus far there was no hint that the volatile oil of mustard had commenced to function, which was just what Cæsar desired.

"When that cullud boy gits to perspirin' ——"

He tarried not, neither did he hesitate. He summoned to the ring the principals in the wrestling match. He was a bundle of nerves, barking orders here and there, coaching the extras in the parts they were to play, explaining to the lady star the degree of interest she should register.

"This stahts as a wrastlin' match fo' the lady's hand an' money," he told them. "An' you bofe loves her so much that you craves to 'sterminate each other. Is that plain?"

"I'll say it is!" Opus Randall seemed to comprehend clearly.

"N-n-n-n-not really 'sterminate," hazarded Welford fearfully.

"Co'se not," reassured Cæsar. "Just make it look good."

He walked with Opus to that gentleman's corner.

"Don't you let him git away, Opus."

"Not a chance."

"A' right. Ev'ybody set?"

A general nod. A final quiver of terror from Welford Potts. Then the voice of the director crackled through his megaphone:

"Ready! Action! Cam'ra!"

The combatants came to the center of the ring. Welford put out a gentle, tentative hand. Opus grabbed it and clinched. Welford's eyes rolled.

"Not so hahd, Opus."

"I ain't gwine hurt you. C'mon, le's us git warmed up."

Welford's puny figure was locked in Opus' embrace. Came the directing voice of J. Cæsar Clump:

"Tha's good! Tha's fine! Now wrastle around a bit, you fellers. Le's git a perspiration up."

Thus far the scene was far from satisfactory and Orifice Latimer was peeved. His basso profundo beat upon Welford's ears:

"Little mo' action there, Brother Potts!"

Welford tried his pitiful best to oblige. His slender figure wriggled and squirmed. He panted and struggled, and Opus stayed with him. J. Cæsar Clump leaned forward interestedly; he saw tiny beads of perspiration on the little man's forehead. Welford was doing his best—when suddenly a ball of living fire touched his right thigh. He wriggled fiercely.

"Hey! Lemme loose! O-o-ouch!"

Cæsar howled enthusiastically:

"Tha's it, Brother Potts! Now you is fightin'! Hold him, Opus!"

The eyes of Mr. Welford Potts popped wide open. The terrific burning on his thigh was no longer only on his thigh. He was stabbed in the back by a jet of flame; another pierced the calf of his left leg; still another crawled over his tummy.

"Hey! Leave me go, Opus! Leave go of me!"

And Cæsar shouted orders:

"Stick with him, big boy!"

The big boy stuck. He grabbed Welford more tightly than ever. But now stark terror had gripped Mr. Welford Potts. The oil of mustard was functioning at top speed and Welford felt the urge for sudden departure. Poor Welford didn't know exactly what was happening, but he did know that he desired it to cease. He fought and kicked and tore. Opus clung tighter and tighter. Desperation gripped Welford. He gathered the idea that his agony was directly due to his opponent, wherefore Mr. Welford Potts inaugurated a battle for freedom. And Welford was good. He doubled his puny fists and battered them upon Opus' amazed countenance. His voice pealed forth in wild and eerie shrieks which punctured the atmosphere and set the spectators dizzy with enthusiasm.

Then Opus Randall got mad. No longer did he require the hysterical advice of his director to make it look realistic; Welford Potts adequately had taken care of that.

There started on the stage an epic battle. Opus manhandled Welford, but Welford didn't seem to mind. As a matter of fact, Mr. Randall's most stalwart attack was as nothing beside the effectiveness of the few drops of oil of mustard with which the interior of his wrestling trunks had been flavored.

"Lemme go!" howled Welford. "Lemme go or I'll ——"

Wham! His right landed on Opus' nose. That organ protested redly.

"Bust me on the nose, will you?" Mr. Randall was fighting in scarlet earnest. "Take that! An' that! Hey! quit chewin' my ear!"

For several moments Orifice R. Latimer stared pop-eyed at the shambles. Then he dropped a respectful hand on Cæsar's shoulder.

"Boy," he murmured apologetically, "they suttinly is fightin'."

"Shuh! They ain't even stahted yet. Just stick aroun' a while." Then, loudly—"Hold him, Opus!"

Opus was holding; but he was holding now for self-protection. Mr. Randall was frightened. Every time he released hand or foot of Welford the temporarily emancipated member came to painful rest upon some vulnerable portion of Mr. Randall's protuberant anatomy. It never occurred to Opus that Welford craved flight; he fancied that their personal grudge was being settled then and there by a suddenly berserk man who was thirsting for gore.

"Leave go of me, you big, fat —— O-o-ow!"

The spectators howled and raved. Amazement and delight shared equally in their expressions. The calm, critical eye of the camera missed no detail. The men on the platform pitched about, locked in a grasp which Opus feared to loose. And finally Opus' voice came pitifully from the mêlée:

"Hey, Cæsar, make him quit beatin' me up. Ise all in."

"Hop to it, Welford! Attaboy!" No sympathy from the director.

Around and around they lurched. The physical strength of each was well-nigh exhausted. They were breathing with difficulty and their heads rolled about on their necks. Welford was suffused with fire—all he knew was that he was burning up. He was scarcely conscious that Opus was swatting him.

And then ——

"Cut!" Cæsar's voice boomed through the studio. He and Orifice leaped forward and separated the combatants.

For an instant Welford Potts stood teetering on the balls of his feet. Then he saw an opening in the warehouse door and through it he vanished like an ebony meteor. J. Cæsar Clump turned in grinning triumph to President Latimer.

"I guess you fires Welford now, eh?"

Orifice was graceful in defeat.

"I was all wrong, Cæsar. Mistuh Potts is a wonder which has a job with us as long as he wants. Sufferin' side meat, how that boy can fight! Tomorrow mawnin' I apologizes to him pussonal."

Cæsar left the studio. He mounted his flivver, which was parked at the curb, and started for the boarding house of Mr. Welford Potts. He overhauled that gentleman halfway. Welford was zigzagging down the street, slightly worse than all in. Cæsar bundled him into the car and took him to his own apartment. There, by main force, he stripped the pungent garments from the stricken wrestler and anointed the burning body with cold cream and lard which had been stocked against this emergency. And at length Welford Potts received some surcease from his pain.

He sat up on the edge of the bed and turned puffed and inquisitive eyes upon his director.

"Well," congratulated J. Cæsar, "I fixed things fo' you, didn't I?"

"Says which?"

"I fixed things."

"What you mean—fixed things?"

Briefly J. Cæsar explained. For an instant the light of murder flared in Welford's eyes, then died. After all, as Cæsar explained, what was done was done, the ordeal was over.

"Orifice Latimer is gwine 'pologize to you in pusson tomorrow. An' instid of gittin' fired you has got a job with us fo' life. I hated to do you thataway, Welford, but it was plumb nessary. An' I'll han' you one thing, boy—you shuah fit noble."

Slowly Welford Potts straightened his slender figure. A new and vast dignity settled upon him.

"Yeh," he agreed, "I guess I did. Then he finished magnanimously, "An' Opus done pretty good himse'f."

An hour later Welford swaggered down to Eighteenth Street with his friend and director. Welford was not at all averse to the plaudits which he knew would be showered upon him and he was eager to display the new pride which had resulted from his he-man exploit. To have whipped a man ninety pounds heavier ——

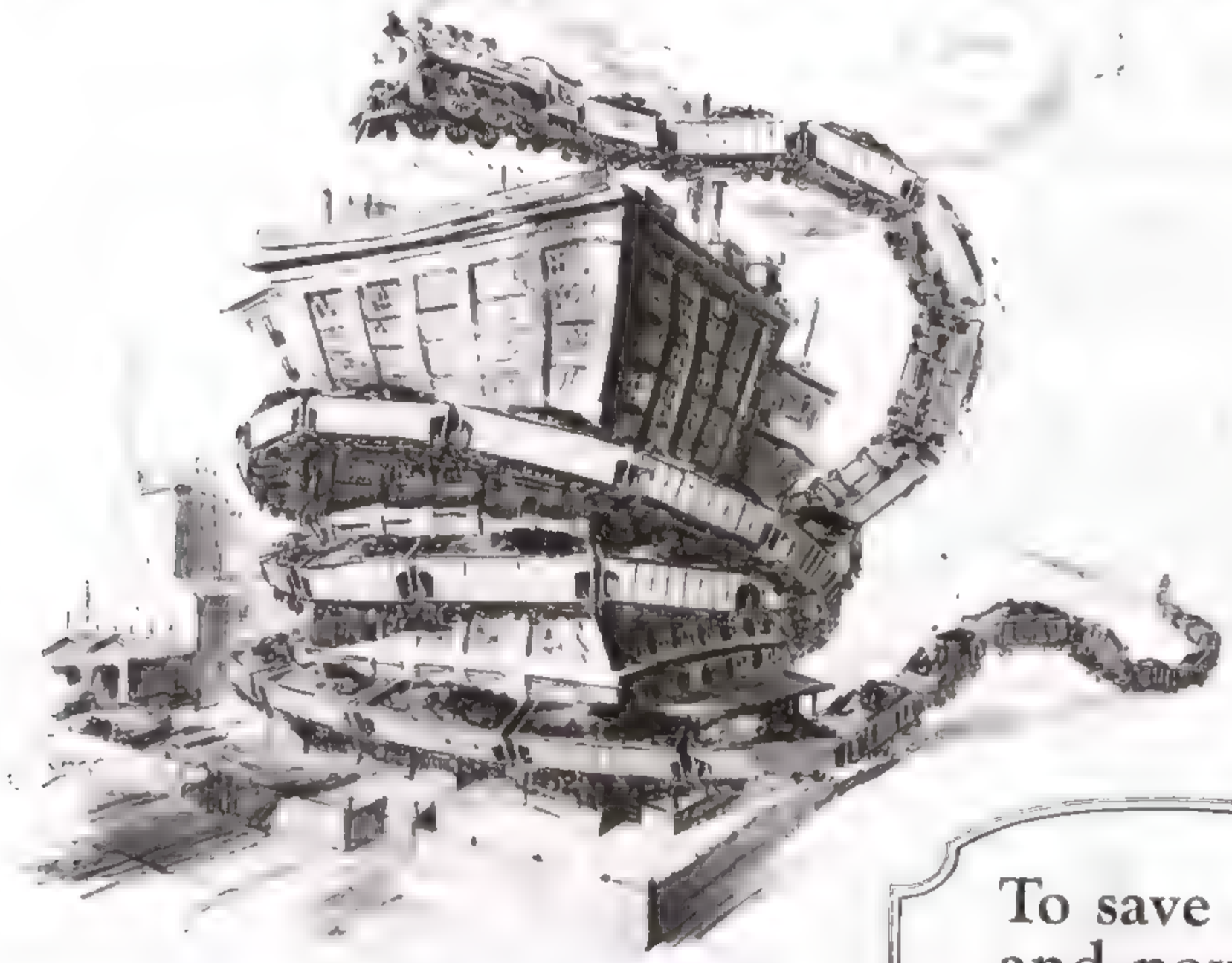
They paused in front of a hot-dog stand.

"Le's eat," suggested the director, and Welford agreed.

They posed at the counter. J. Cæsar Clump gave the order—"Two hot dogs."

The man behind the counter inserted two succulent Wieners in a pair of crisp rolls. Then an idea came to Mr. Welford Potts. He leaned across the counter and spoke with intense feeling. Said Mr. Potts to the hot-dog man, "Don't put no mustard on mine!"

TO MEN IN INDUSTRY



Too much coal— chokes many a business

IN many a business the cost of fuel that need not have been used represents the difference between a profit and a loss. In others it may merely mean reduced profits—the business is choked but not choked to death.

It has been estimated that the American nation wastes five hundred million dollars' worth of fuel per year. Is some of this waste going on in your plant? Have you leaky boiler settings that may waste a third of the coal you buy? Have you bare or poorly insulated steam lines, boilers, dryers, or other heated surfaces wasting heat that is stifling your business because it is something more than wasted heat—it is wasted fuel—money? Have you any leaky pipe flanges, stuffing boxes, or steam traps? The hiss of escaping steam is the hiss of the serpent of waste that chokes many a plant.

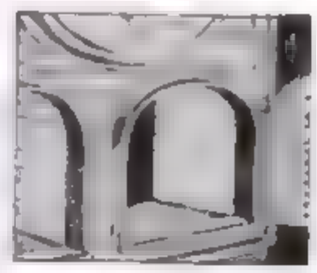
Johns-Manville, through its products of asbestos designed for the conservation of heat and power, can loosen the throttling coils of waste, can help you to bring your plant to maximum efficiency so that your finished product, whatever it is, may not be handicapped from the start by high fuel and power costs. See panel at right.

It is the business of our men to help you find and remedy fuel wastes.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc., 292 Madison Avenue, at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 62 Large Cities
For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

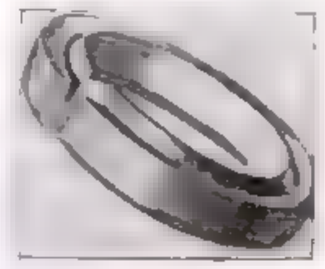
To save fuel and power:

Johns-Manville Heat Treatment means bigger savings than ever by providing a sound fire-box, leak-proof baffles and sealed outer walls through which the infiltration of air is impossible.



Johns-Manville Service Sheet Packing: A dense, resilient, asbestos-compounded material that will effectively pack flanges against practically any fluid. It cuts packing costs and saves packing waste

Johns-Manville Sea Rings, for packing rods and plungers, eliminate unnecessary friction and thereby save power. They pack only when packing is necessary and release the rod for easy return.



The Johns-Manville Steam Trap is so simply constructed that it cannot get out of order. The only moving part is the hollow copper ball. It discharges air with water without loss of steam.

Johns-Manville issues a publication called "The Power Specialist", in which users tell how they have saved power and money with Johns-Manville Power Specialties. We will gladly add your name to the mailing list upon request.

JOHNS-MANVILLE
SAVES POWER

Asbestos

GUNN LINO DESKS and TABLES

With Inlaid Lino Tops

Patented and Guaranteed

Excel in Service, Beauty and Real Desk Comfort—LINO provides the **Ideal Writing Surface.**

Lino is our specially prepared fabric, scientifically treated, so that ink and stains can easily be removed. Lino has life-time wearing qualities. The surface retains its distinctive, new appearance and is not easily marred. **No Necessity for Glass or Desk Pads.**

"It Isn't a Lino Unless It's a Gunn"

Grand Rapids Made

Eliminate Glare!—Eyestrain!

The soft shade of Lino is **restful to the eyes.** The quiet color prevents irritating light reflections common to any polished surface.

This assures physical comfort, which stands for better health and a better and more accurate day's work.

Do not confuse with floor linoleum laid on or glued to ordinary wood top.

Gunn LINO Desks and Tables are widely adopted by commercial establishments, banking institutions and for public buildings.

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The Gunn Furniture Co.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Branch Offices and Salesrooms

11 East 36th St., New York City

312 West 10th St., Los Angeles

Preston Furn. Co., Ltd., Preston, Canada

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

twenty stab wounds on the body, so the theory of suicide was scouted."

I listened with rapt attention as Mrs. Boggs narrated the details of the famous crime to her little daughter. At times the child would interrupt with a question, and I was amazed at the keenness and alertness of her mind

"Didn't they find calcification of the pituitary gland?" she asked.

Then the conversation turned from crimes of violence to lighter topics.

"Why," said Junior, surreptitiously emptying the saltcellar into his father's coffee, "does a chicken cross the street?"

"I give up," said Boggs.

"Because he wants to get on the other side!" exclaimed Junior triumphantly.

I was not prepared for what followed. Boggs and his wife became rigid, and with loud shrieks fell over backward on the floor, where they lay prone and motionless for a few seconds. I was frightened for a moment until I realized that this was merely the usual comic supplement of parents to the bright remarks of their progeny.

Mr. Boggs showed me through his house. The walls were hung with framed portraits of the heroines of celebrated divorce and breach-of-promise suits.

Some neighbors dropped in during the afternoon and we played merry games, taken, as Mrs. Boggs explained to me, from the woman's page of The Evening Mongrel. We were in the midst of a jolly game which consisted, as I remember, of writing down the names of all the European rivers that begin with the letter W, when little Clara burst weeping into the room.

"What's the matter, dear?" said her mother.

"Brother won't play with me," she sobbed.

"That's a dastardly canard," said brother, who entered directly after her. "She wants to play Follies Girl Horsewhips Wealthy Turfman in Cabaret, and I'm tired of that game. I want to play Burlesque Queen Sues Rich Clubman for Heartbalm, for a change."

"Brother is older than you," said Mrs. Boggs, kissing the two children, "and you should play what he wants."

The children left the room and we resumed our hilarious pleasure.

We had an early dinner the following morning—about 7:30—as I remember, for I had to catch a train into town.

"Here is a little souvenir of your visit," said Mr. Boggs as I said good-by. He handed me a coupon clipped from one of his papers. "This," he said, "if presented at any one of our branch offices will entitle you to a ticket for half price for one of those popular concerts we're running this week."

When I was seated in the smoking car of the train I tried to remove my hat and found that either Junior or sister had spread glue on the band, and my hat was firmly stuck to my head.

—*Newman Levy.*

(Continued from Page 28)

Mithridates

An Old Tale With a Modern Moral

NOW of Mithridates
Let me tell the glories.
To the broad Euphrates
Spread his territories;
Westward did his armies come
To the site of Troy.
Evidently he was Some
(As Livy puts it) Boy.

Customs then prevailing
Let us not be blind to.
Poison was a failing
Society inclined to.
Poison in the soup had done
For Mithridates' kin;
Mithridates was the one
Who had put it in.

Wise old Mithridates
Wouldn't stand for fooling;
Till his early eighties
He intended ruling;
In his childhood he was fed
Poison from a spoon;
He had trained and dieted
Till he was immune!

Vitriol and strychnine,
Hemlock and bichloride,
Others quite as sickenin',
Equally as horrid,
He would take dilute or neat
With gusto lickerish;
He liked carbolic on his meat,
Ammonia on fish.

When his little nieces
Were discovered pressing
Glass, in little pieces,
In the chicken dressing,
He ate it all and rolled his eyes.
"Well, kids," he cried, "who won?"
He laughed and laughed at their surprise.
He was full of fun.

Fate, however, handed
A knockout to his splendor,
For the Romans landed,
Forced him to surrender.
Honor called for suicide,
He had lived enough;
But in vain he tried and tried;
He was far too tough.

This is why I care to
Recur to Mithridates:
His life I would compare to
One of my old mateys
Who recently has vainly tried
By arsenic to die;
In vain he gobbles cyanide—
Bootleg gin is why. —*Morris Bishop.*

The Courtship of Miles Standish

[Twentieth Century Edition]

SCENE: *The veranda of a Cape Cod hotel.* PRISCILLA *sits on the railing smoking a cigarette. She is dressed in a one-piece bathing suit and her hair is bobbed and waved. Enter* JOHN ALDEN.

PRISCILLA: Hello, Johnny! Whaddya know?

JOHN: Ain't tellin', kid. Want a word with you, that's all!

PRISCILLA: Shoot, honey, I'm a sweet target!

JOHN: Well, you see, it's like this, Pris. I just been talkin' with Miles Standish. You know, he ain't such a bad skate.

PRISCILLA: Uh-huh!

JOHN: He's got an awful lot of jack. I seen him cashin' a check for a thousand beans yesterday.

PRISCILLA: Yeh?

JOHN: I hear he's got a summer home and a limousine. Some class, what?

PRISCILLA: Oh, I dunno.

JOHN: All the girls around this dump has gone cuckoo over him. Valentino couldn't get a job shining shoes if that baby was around. And he's the swellest dancer!

PRISCILLA: Well, what's all this to me? You tryin' to get me to trail along with that has-been? You want he should be my sweet daddy? Not while I got my strength!

JOHN: You could do worse, kid

PRISCILLA: Be yourself, boy! I ain't gonna run no old soldiers' home at my time of life. No, Johnny, your boy friend may be the crab's curls, but when I want an antique I'm gonna pick on King Tut.

JOHN: Well, I gotta be goin'. I done all I can, but I see it ain't no use. So long, Pris; don't grab no rubber dimes!

PRISCILLA *(quickly)*: What's the rush, John? You ain't workin' for nobody.

JOHN: I know, but I gotta check. Pippip, sweet one!

PRISCILLA: Just a minute, John!

JOHN: What?

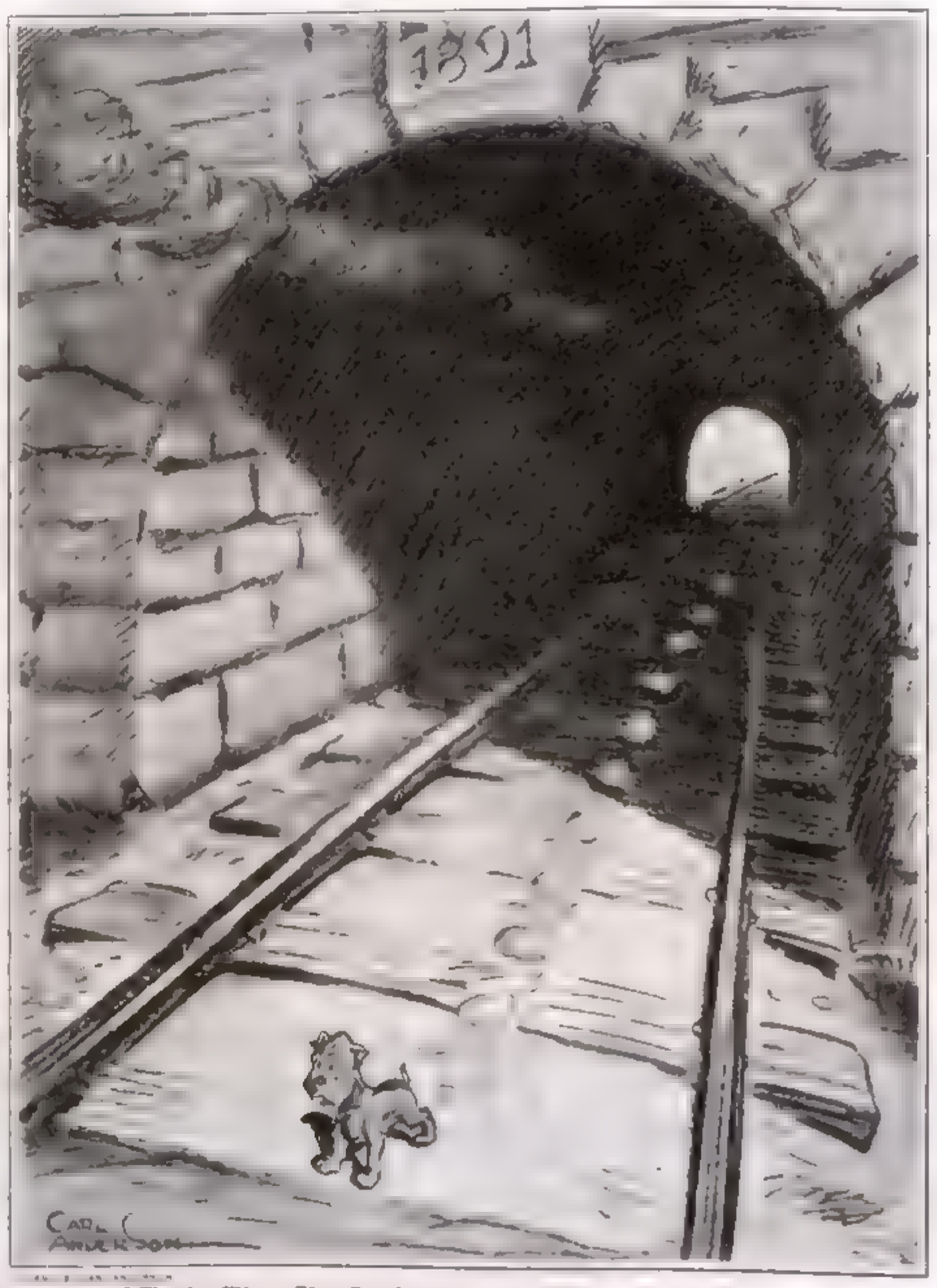
PRISCILLA: Why doncha put in a good word for yourself, kid?

JOHN: Whaddya mean? You mean you like my style? Say it quick, cuteness!

PRISCILLA: Don't mean nothin' but! You're a whiz! Be brave and kiss me!

JOHN *(embracing her)*: Hot dog!

(Curtain)



I Wonder Where That Big Coward I Chased Into This Hole Went To!

Cook with *focused* heat
—*save time, save work, save money*
An oil range that directs the heat right on the cooking

JUST look at the business-like way the flame behaves in the Florence Oil Range. Notice that it doesn't spread out wastefully in all directions. See how it goes straight to the bottom of the pot—intense, concentrated heat.

That's why we speak of the Florence as the oil range with *focused heat*—it has the special construction that sends the heat into the cooking, where you want it—and not into the kitchen, where you don't.

Better for the cooking—better for you

You notice the difference when you see the Florence. The most elaborate cooking is possible with this handsomely porcelain-enameled range—the slow, through-and-through cooking for cereals, the quick hot cooking that makes steaks crisp outside and tender inside.

It is easy to operate the Florence. No priming, no messy wicks to trim, no guesswork about the heat of your flame—just a simple turning of the levers and your clear gas-like flame gives you any degree of cooking heat you desire.

The Florence is economical. With the heat *focused* where you want it, the cooking gets done in less time, with less fuel. The Florence delivers to the cooking more heat in a given time from a given amount of kerosene than any other oil range.

The Florence Leveler makes the stove stand even

A clever device attached to each leg adjusts the stove to any unevenness in the floor. Turn the screw to the exact height indicated by the spirit level on the feed pipe.

Ask about Florence Ranges and Ovens at a department, furniture, or hardware store. Find out more about the Florence and the things you can cook and bake on it by sending for our free booklet, "Get Rid of the 'Cook Look'."

The Florence Oven

This is the Florence Oven, built on the principle of the Dutch oven, with the "baker's arch" to prevent air pockets. The patented heat spreader at the bottom assures even distribution of heat and guards against your roasts and baked things being underdone on top and burnt on the bottom. On the door of the oven there is a heat indicator that shows how much heat there is inside.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY, Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.

DIVISION OFFICES New York, Chicago, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Cleveland

Makers of Florence Oil Ranges, Florence Ovens, Florence Water Heaters and Florence Oil Heaters

Made and Sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada

FLORENCE Oil Range

THE cut-away picture below shows how the blue flame of the Florence goes straight to the cooking. The heat is focused just where you want it. Cook with *focused* heat and save time, save work, save money.

Another Migh

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A wooden corner post hides a complete car only two seconds away. Danger lurks behind those blinding wooden corner posts. Overland increases the driver's range of vision fully 50%.

O V E R

y Step Ahead

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a degree of protection been
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greater strength and safety
of repair — its resistance to
to take a permanent, beauti-
finish — all-steel bodies give
from the driver's seat.

By this master-stroke—by adopting *all-steel* bodies—Overland has banished half the risk of motor driving.

And, with this new safety of *unobstructed vision*, Overland gives you 23 big-car advantages which have earned its reputation as "the most automobile in the world for the money."

The power of the bigger new Overland engine. And the cradled riding comfort of Overland Triplex Springs (Patented), which give a springbase 30 inches longer than that of any other car of equal length. A sturdy rear axle with a shaft of Mo-lyb-den-um steel — 50% heavier than that of *any car at the price*. A balanced crankshaft that gives amazing freedom from engine vibration.

Overland is the most economical car in the world to own and operate. Economical in first cost—economical in upkeep—economical in fuel and easy on tires.

Ask your local Overland dealer to show you the new, *all-steel* Overland, and let him explain the easy buying terms which place this wonderful car within convenient reach of everybody.

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L A N D

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is all you need pay down to secure a Hoover complete with household cleaning attachments. Now, anyone can afford a Hoover. Have yours delivered today!

It beats rugs gently; **sweeps as** no broom can; and thoroughly air-clean**s—*electric*ally!** Its handy new air-cleaning tools d**ust, *dustles*sly.** It keeps your home immaculate; **saves time**, strength, health; makes rugs wear y**ears *longer*.** Certainly, it's a Hoover! Delivered **to any home** upon payment of only $6.25 down! **Your Au**thorized Hoover Dealer will explai**n our easy** purchase plan.

R COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
and largest maker of electric cleaners
also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontar

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

TOLD TO THE SPORTING EDITOR

(Continued from Page 13)

I still had confidence. I figgered if I just left Bat alone a bit everything would come out all right.

Well, Ed, that shows how even a good man can be fooled.

Next afternoon when Bat boxed four rounds he showed about as limp as a section of macaroni.

"Bat," I said, "I wanta talk to you serious. Ain't you wise that we're fighting Blink Balou Saturday night? Don't you want to clean up?"

"Aw," Bat said, "I don't care whether I clean up or not."

Ed, I never had a boy talk that way to me before. If I'd had a bottle I'd have beaned Bat just to put a little heart into him. But I didn't have no bottle.

"Bat," I said, trying to talk gentle, "Bat, that Blink boy packs an awful wallop. If you ain't right and if he lands on you—he may kill you."

"Aw," Bat said, "I hope he does—I hope he does."

What was I gonna do, Ed? All Monday I kept trying to kid Bat along, but no use. Tuesday he wouldn't come out and do any road work. Wednesday he wouldn't even put on the mitts. And Wednesday night he sat down at the table, looked at the beans once, then pushed back his plate and walked upstairs.

And there I was, Ed, there I was.

Well, not being able to think of anything better I went out and hunted up old Moxie Ryan, that's known 'em all ever since the Boston Strong Boy.

Moxie pulled on his old corncob a while and then he said, "Well," he said, "there's two kinds. The first takes it hard; the second takes it harder. If Bat's one of the second kind you better call it a day. He couldn't lick the champion paperweight of the Second Ward kindergarten."

Ed, you know how I always treat my boys, watching over 'em like babies. I don't deserve no credit, Ed; it's my nature. That's the kind of a heart I got. But a man's first dooty is to pertect himself, and he can't allus pick and choose about the way he does it. Bat had cost me good money, Ed, and I was entitled to get some of it back. And as long as Bat didn't have a chance to win I figgered I was justified in doing what I done.

First thing, I had a friend go round and see if they was any money being bet on Bat. Usually you don't get much on these newspaper decisions, but this time somebody had left eight hunert at Morgenroth's. Peaches.

Well, I borrowed off'n our end of the purse; I hocked a coupla rings; and I dug the rest outta my roll, and betting on Blink I covered that eight hunert. After that I went home and slept—slept sound, Ed, for the first time in three nights.

When I woke up the sun was shining in the winda; there was a blue sky and the birds were singing. I felt good. I smoked a cigarette and come down to the breakfast table whistling as purty as a steam piano at a circus.

Well, the first thing I see nailed me there in the door. I couldn't have moved for a dollar. There was Bat sitting at the table and eating oatmeal as if he had a hole in his stomach.

"Hello, Bat," I said, coming out of it, "feeling better this morning?"

"Aw," Bat said outta the corner of his mouth, "who said I wasn't feeling right?"

It wasn't what he said, Ed, it was the way he said it; and allatime eating that oatmeal as if it was so much boiled shingle nails. Just looking at Bat and thinking of my poor ol' eight hunert dollars made me feel them cold chills side-stepping up my back.

"Bat," I said, "we better let the boxing go this afternoon; then you'll be resting up for Saturday."

"Aw," Bat said, with his mouth full of oatmeal, "rest? I been resting too long. A girl t'run me down, but that's all right. I'm off 'em now for life. Never again. I'm gonna lick this Blink bird so bad he'll wisht he'd kept on selling ribbons."

"Listen here, Bat," I said, using all the argument I could think of, "you ain't got nothing against Blink. He's working, the same as you, and what's more he's got a mother and a raft of little brothers to support besides paying alimony in two different directions. You oughta feel sorry for him, Bat."

Bat give a mean laugh. "Aw," he said, "sure I feel sorry for him. I feel sorry for him the way Jack Dempsey felt sorry for Firpo after getting knocked through the ropes. I feel so sorry for him that I'm gonna put him out of his misery so I won't have to go on feeling sorry for him. That's me."

And in the afternoon allatime laughing that same mean laugh Bat makes two lightweights quit on him and winds up by knocking Dutch Olsen cold for twenny-three minutes.

Everything had come out the way I'd planned it first, and how did I feel? Ask me, Ed, ask me.

IV

THERE'S moments, Ed, when a man's got to face facts. I couldn't hedge on my eight hunert because first they wasn't any money being bet and second because I couldn't have covered it if they had been. To keep me off the rockpile Bat hadda lose, and I knew if I pulled any coarse work they'd get me.

Boxing in that Wisconsin state ain't a business, Ed. No sympathy there; nothing but rules and regulations.

"Well," I says to myself, I says, "there's just one thing to do; bring the little girl back to Bat. One hug and a kiss and Bat'll wilt the way he wilted before, and Blink won't have to do nothing but punch the bag. Then if I can break up Bat and his little girl the second time—say a week before Young Kid Angelo thinks he's gonna grab some cigarette money—wow, baby—champion—New York."

So Saturday afternoon I done some extra dressing on the little girl's account and went round to the South Side and to Nelson's.

Ed, it was certainly a crime the line of bunk I handed that little girl, but what could I do? There I was, Ed, there I was.

I begun by telling her the facts about what had happened to Bat and how hard he was hitting now. Then I got down to cases.

"When the society," I said, "sees it's gone too far it's allus ready to step in and pertect the innocent. The first time I was sent to pertect you; this time I'm sent to pertect Bat."

She grabbed her hands together. "Oh, Mr. Bryzinski," she said, "what do you mean, you have to pertect him?"

"Because he's in danger," I said. "Ain't I been telling you how he's knocking 'em all cold?"

"Yes," she said, "oh, yes."

Then I begun my little story. "You know," I said, "in a prominent battle like this they's thousands of dollars bet on both sides."

She give a little start. "Oh, I know," she said.

"All right. The friends of this here Blink Balou are one tough gang. When they see Bat going downhill they sold their shirts to bet on Blink. Now then if Bat wins they'll figger Bat was double-crossing 'em, and they'll take it out of his hide."

"You mean if Bat—if Mr. Quinn wins he'll be attacked?"

"Attacked," I said with a laugh; "that ain't no name for it. Murder, Miss Nelson, murder. And unless you can speak to Bat and make him listen to reason—well, it'll be in and out—one-two—allatime—bing-bing—uppercut him, boy—*wham*—wow, baby—Blink, you're out. Then Blink's friends'll come back on Bat. You may not like Bat as a sweetie," I said, "but just think of his mother."

And I pulled out my handkerchief, Ed.

Well, when I left, the little girl was shaking me by the hand and weeping and thanking me for my good deed. She'd promised not to say a word to anybody but to come round to the boarding house that evening before me and Bat left for the auditorium.

Ed, I felt better—some worried but practically better. At dinner I was purty near cheerful.

When Bat finished eating I got him into the parlor and started one of those sobby violin records.

"Come on now, Bat," I said, "a little sweet music'll cheer you up."

Bat said he didn't like any kind of music, but I knew what I was doing and pretty soon I saw a sad expression come over his face. He shut his eyes and begun shaking his head.

Just then by the winda I see the street car stop and the little girl get off and start toward the house.

"Well, Bat," I said, "you stay here and enjoy the music—I'm going up to my room for ten minutes."

So I starts the record again and slips out into the front hall and tiptoes into the back parlor which was shut off from the front parlor by a pair of folding doors. I'd left one of 'em open on purpose.

Then edging behind the portière and with Bat noticing nothing I squeezed back of the piana. From there I could hear everything without anybody in either parlor seeing me.

It was dusty; it hadn't been cleaned since the Big Wind. But I figgered I could stand the dust in a good cause, so I settled myself and waited.

V

WELL, I ain't got much more's settled when I hear Seena say, "Meestare Pal, lady ban hare see you." And then nothing else except I could sort of feel Bat breathing hard.

Next the girl's voice said, "Oh."

There was nothing from Bat at first till he spoke up short and ugly, "Aw, what?"

It looked bad, but there was nothing for me to do but keep my head down. I could feel the prespiration running down my collar, and practically every time I moved a lot of dust would come off the wall into my nose.

Then the girl said, "Do you know why I've come here?"

"No," Bat said; "why?"

"Well," the girl said, "I've come because—because I couldn't help it."

Then there was a sort of a rush and I come near yelling "Break!" Once more they were together, and I felt better, Ed, all except a crick was getting in my back. Yes, I begun seeing pitchers of that eight hunert dollars.

After they'd been clinching for quite some time the girl said:

"Oh, you know everything is different now. When I first heard you were a boxer I couldn't believe my ears. You were always so nice and gentle, and I don't like rough people. But now it doesn't matter to me what you are. Only I want you to promise me one thing."

"Aw, sure." Bat's voice was so changed I couldn't hardly reconnize it. "Sure I'll promise—what is it?"

"Well," the girl said, "I wish you'd promise me that tonight you won't hit Mr. Balou hard."

I could hear Bat scratching his head. "Aw," he said, "I don't need to promise that; since I got you back I got friendly feelings for everybody. I don't think I could hit him hard if I wanted to."

And there everything was fixed. By just his voice you could tell Bat had gone back to where he was a coupla weeks before. Ed, it made me feel good. I begun having some friendly feelings myself and I purty near forgot the crick and the prespiration and the dust.

They must have clinched some more because they wasn't a word till Hazel bust out, "Oh, honey!"

"Aw, what?"

"Honey, are you perfectly happy knowing you're not going to hit Mr. Balou hard?"

"Aw, yes," Bat said.

"But if you don't hit him hard you won't win."

"Aw, I guess not."

"But are you satisfied to lose?"

"Aw," Bat said, "so long as I don't lose you."

"Well, then," she said with a kind of a sigh, "well, then, it don't matter?"

"What don't matter?"

"What I did?"

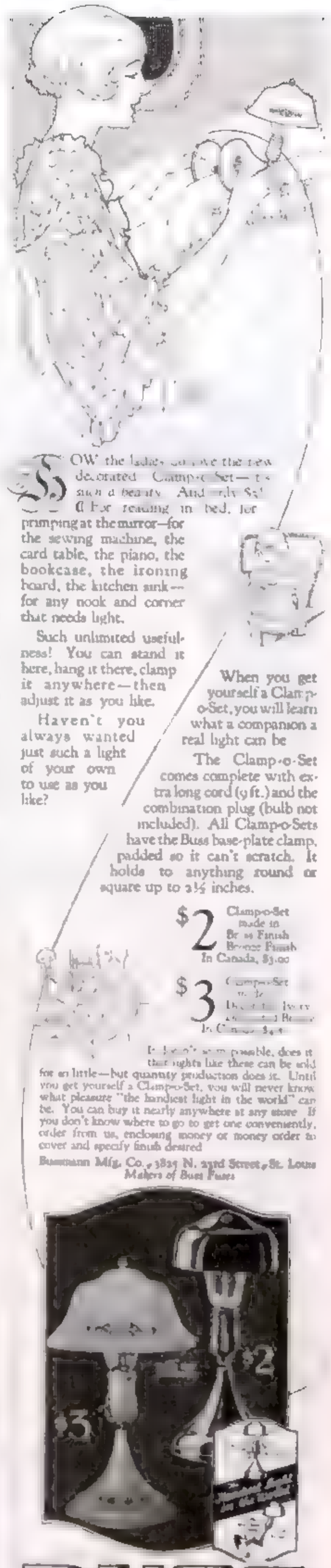
"What did you do?"

"I'm afraid to tell you."

"Aw, go on and tell."

Another clinch, Ed, and no referee. I just had to wait till they got through. I was getting a little nervous, too, with the dust and all, and not knowing what the little girl was going to say.

"Well," she said, "I was so mean to you that night when I wouldn't let you in that I couldn't get over it. And the next morning when I saw your pitcher in the paper where you were going to fight Mr. Balou I felt worse than ever. I wanted to do



SHOW the ladies all over the new decorated Clamp-o-Set—it's such a beauty. And only $2! For reading in bed, for primping at the mirror—for the sewing machine, the card table, the piano, the bookcase, the ironing board, the kitchen sink—for any nook and corner that needs light.

Such unlimited usefulness! You can stand it here, hang it there, clamp it anywhere—then adjust it as you like.

Haven't you always wanted just such a light of your own to use as you like?

When you get yourself a Clamp-o-Set, you will learn what a companion a real light can be.

The Clamp-o-Set comes complete with extra long cord (9 ft.) and the combination plug (bulb not included). All Clamp-o-Sets have the Buss base-plate clamp, padded so it can't scratch. It holds to anything round or square up to 2½ inches.

$2 Clamp-o-Set made in Brass Finish Bronze Finish In Canada, $3.00

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It does seem possible, does it not, that lights like these can be sold for so little—but quantity production does it. Until you get yourself a Clamp-o-Set, you will never know what pleasure "the handiest light in the world" can be. You can buy it nearly anywhere at any store. If you don't know where to go to get one conveniently, order from us, enclosing money or money order to cover and specify finish desired.

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Reinforced Stucco is as strong as Gibraltar and as durable as the Pyramids—because this man-made stone is stronger and more durable, thickness for thickness, than nature's stone.

Reinforced Stucco can be quickly and economically fashioned into designs and shapes which, in sheer beauty and architectural effect, rival sculptured stone or marble.

But the outstanding advantage of *Reinforced Stucco* is ECONOMY.

Reinforced Stucco costs very little, if any, more than even standard wooden frame construction; *Reinforced Stucco* requires no maintenance, whereas the cost of painting a frame building amounts to as much, if not more, in 40 years, than the entire original cost of the building.

Even as primitive man practiced the principle of reinforcement by embedding *reinforcing twigs* in the clay of which he built his home—

So we today, embed infinitely stronger *reinforcing wires* (or fabric) in Stucco in order to make it stronger and permanently weather-tight—in order to "bind" the Stucco together, and to the building and thereby prevent cracking and faling

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(SUBSIDIARY OF PITTSBURGH STEEL CO.)

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Before you build or remodel, write for a copy of this free book—use the coupon, if you wish.

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something to show that I liked you anyhow, no matter what you were. So I did it."

"Aw," Bat said, "what did you do?"

"Well," the girl said after another clinch, "I went down to the bank and drew out all my savings and had my brother-in-law take it down and bet it on you. It was eight hunert dollars, and somebody bet eight hunert dollars against it."

And there I was, Ed, there I was. The little girl was betting on Bat to win and she'd told him so. A double stream of prespiration begun running over me and when I wiggled I shook down so much dust I had to strangle myself to keep from making a noise.

Bat was walking up and down from the piana to the other end of the room.

"You bet eight hunert dollars on me?"

"Yes."

"Then why do you want me to lose?"

"Because I—because I don't want you to be brutal—that's why."

"But eight hunert dollars ——"

"That doesn't matter so long as you don't hit Mr. Balou."

Bat stopped by the piana. "There's something back of this," he said.

For a minute, Ed, I thought he meant me; but, no, he was on'y talking figurative.

"Yes," Bat said, "there's something back of this, and I want to know what it is."

Ed, I just prayed that that little girl would have enough strength of mind not to tell, but you know what women are—especially the good ones.

"Well," she said, "I ought not to tell you, but it was after seeing Mr. Bryzinski ——"

"Who's Mr. Bryzinski?"

And then it come out, Ed, then it come out. I could hear Bat stamping and tramping all over the room, with the little girl saying "Please be quiet. It's nothing really. Don't get excited."

"Don't get excited!" Bat yelled. "Why, that Bryzinski is a fake and a bum, and all he told you was a string of lies."

The girl's voice sounded purty worried. "You don't know whether it's true or not. You mustn't take any chances."

"I'm taking no chances. What did he look like?" Bat whooped.

"But if something should happen?"

Bat just kept raging around and hollering "What did he look like? What did he look like?"

By this time the girl had begun to sniffle. "He was old," she said, "and fat and disgusting. He looked like a frog that had swallowed something."

And there I was, Ed, there I was, not able to put in a word for myself.

"Aw, what did he look like?" Bat said. "What about his face?"

"Well," she said, "when I looked at his face all I could think of was a lot of mashed potatoes covered with tomatta sauce."

And me there helpless, Ed, helpless.

"Is that all you remember?"

"Well, no; he had on a terrible vest—all yellow with little red stripes."

"What!" Bat yelled. "What kind of a vest?"

The next thing that happened, Ed, I dunno exactly, but I think Bat musta kicked the piana, because there was a bump and all of a sudden the dust begun coming down like rain in Los Angeles. Before I could help myself I was choking. And then out come a sneeze like a million dollars' worth of hay fever.

Bat give a yank to one end of the piana and there I stood with both of 'em looking at me and the girl saying, "It's Mr. Bryzinski—it's Mr. Bryzinski!"

Bat stepped back. I could see he was getting ready to swing and that it was up to me to think and to think quick. But all I done in my life, Ed, I owe to my mother and to being able to think fast and accurate in any position up, down or sidewise.

"Bat," I said very frank, "I ain't denying I told this little girl I was an investigating agent, and I was, Bat, I was. I was investigating her on your account. But I wanta say that aside from that there's on'y one other true statement she's made tonight, and that's where she says she wants you to lose. Sure she does—because she's bet all she's got, not on you, like she said, but on Blink Balou. And I got the goods on her and I can prove it."

Ed, I could see in a minute I'd won. Bat's fist dropped and he stood there dumb and helpless, looking first at me and then at the girl. He couldn't have licked the molasses off a spoon. As for the girl, she was all white and kept saying, "Oh, what an awful story!"

But I raised my voice authoritative and drowned her out. "I'm ready and willing," I said, "to prove every word that comes out of my mouth. What's more, I got the papers in the case with my lawyer now. Bat, this'll teach you a lesson about making acquaintances. Put on your hat. We're going to the auditorium."

I had Bat, Ed, I had him right. I could feel them sixteen hunert smackers in my right-hand pants pocket.

"Yes," I said, "and I've done some more invvestigating, and the reason she t'run you down and bet on Blink is because Blink is her fella. You poor boob, him and her they've double-crossed you for the second time. She's Blink's girl."

Ed, I had went a step too far. I ought to've sewed up my mouth ten seconds earlier, but with a nice quiet little girl like that—Ed, you wanta look out for the quiet kind, especially them that says they don't like brutality. Because what do you suppose that little girl done? Ed, before I could raise a hand to stop her she'd grabbed the talking machine off'n the table and slung it right at my head—wham!

And there I am on my back watching the Roman candles in the ceiling, and from far away, a long ways off I hears the little girl saying, as if her heart was busted:

"It's a lie, Bat. It's you I want to win—it's you! Hit Mr. Balou just as hard as you can and fight and win—fight and win!"

Well, Ed, it was the druggist from the corner that put me on my feet, but even then I didn't get to the auditorium till the end of the second round when six boys was lifting Blink out of the ring. From all I hear Bat done just the same as I trained him—in and out—one-two—allatime—bing-bing—uppercut him, boy—*wham*—wow, baby!

And I ain't never see Bat since. He got married and went right into the plumbing business, but before that he put a lawyer on me to collect. How's that, Ed? Is a bantam treacherous or ain't he? But that don't matter. I picked up this boy here—stand up, Bat; take off your hat—which in his right name he's Willy Schliesselbaum, but I call him under the ring name of Battling Mutt. Look at that face, Ed; look at the mush on him; look at his beezer. Is they any girl going to watch that at breakfast if she can help it? I got confidence in Bat that he's gonna stick. And Ed, that's why I come so you could put a story in your paper saying we're ready here and now to meet any boy in the world at a hunert an' fifteen pounds ringside bar none.

THE CONOVER CROWD

(Continued from Page 15)

the stock's much too high, even now, and it won't be worth anything when business slumps. Some day, Conover, I'm going to make money on the short side of that stock."

"Let the Conover family know when you're ready," begged Henry. "We'll consider it a duty to help you smash it."

In time Johnny Henderson came to the end of his long campaign in Conover Chemical. He had done with it far more than he set out to do. He had established the stock in popularity with the gamblers of Wall Street, had made for it a broad and active market at a high price level. He had wrung from it huge profits for himself and for those for whom he had worked. It seemed to him now that no more was to be done—wisely; and his decision rested with that.

So there was final liquidation and adjustment; and thereafter, with his ears shut to protest and pleading, he would travel no farther with what Wall Street had come to call the Conover crowd.

It was almost quitting time, Henderson suspected, for all men who had been pyramiding their dollars through those days of war and enthusiastic peace. He said as much to Randolph and Scudder and the others when they pressed him to go on with them.

But they, being what they were, laughed loudly at his comical caution, so harshly out of tune with the melodious optimism that was ringing more joyously than ever among all the fat-pursed, cock-sure profiteers of the season.

Then, as was his practice when he had cleared his decks, Johnny Henderson disappeared from Wall Street. When he returned a month and more later it was with the sure conviction that the great boom in stocks was near its end, and with intent to make ready for that. Earliest of his preparations was what had been long in his mind—the selling of Ritchie Aniline stock. Since he owned none, his sales were of shares borrowed for the purpose—short sales. He was quite sure that later he would have opportunity to buy back such shares at much lower prices. Their worth was far less than their present quotation; of that he had satisfied himself.

Ritchie stock was selling in the market then at 50 or thereabouts, and showing sober new strength in reflection of vague reports of some material improvement in the company's money-making. Henderson heard those reports in their vagueness, and doubted them cynically. His first sales were tentative and of moderate size. After the first of them the stock crawled higher and he sold more. Higher still, he sold still more. Within a month it reached 60, and by then his accounts showed him to be short of a precise six thousand shares of Ritchie Aniline which he had sold at prices averaging 55. On paper that was a loss of thirty thousand dollars.

The deficit did not worry him. It was not seriously great and he was confident of the ultimate result; yet it made him cautious and more attentive to the stories of the Ritchie company's greater prosperity. He met difficulty, however, in gathering dependable information as to that, and he debated braving old David Conover with a plea for facts such as that veteran might command. But old David surprisingly saved him the offense by appearing one day and opening the subject himself.

"Johnny," said the Conover elder briskly, coming to the matter directly, "how much have you had to do with making this Ritchie stock go up so much lately?"

"None at all," Henderson answered, hiding his astonishment. "That's a queer question, coming from you. Why do you ask?"

David seemed disappointed. "Just wanted to know, Johnny. Just curious. Why do you suppose it's been going up?"

"I've been asking myself that," Henderson said, "and I think I know. I suppose you remember how the Ritchie people put out an issue of new stock a few months ago?"

"Needed money," declared David. "Had to have some to keep up with the procession."

"Exactly. But that new stock was offered to the stockholders for subscription at fifty dollars a share when the market price was below 45. Of course the stockholders didn't subscribe, and probably the whole of that new issue went to the syndicate that underwrote it—and certainly at a much lower figure. It's my guess that the syndicate is working the stock up now, getting ready to sell it out at a fat profit."

"What syndicate? Who are in it?" demanded the old man with keen interest.

"I don't know. I've never been able to find out. It was all done through a Stock Exchange house—Pickens, Graham & Co.—and the real principals have been keeping their masks on. But whoever they are, I'm sure they're making this move in the stock. And that's where these tales of Ritchie's bigger business are coming from."

"Some truth in those stories, Johnny," David said. "The Ritchie company has been doing better these last few months. Don't understand it quite. They've taken three-four good men away from us—some of the best we had. Worse than that, they've beaten us out of some big orders that we should have booked."

"They've been spending some of the money they got from the stock issue," guessed Henderson. "It won't last. Ritchie can't stand up when business falls off, and it's beginning to drop already."

(Continued on Page 84

The FOOT ARISTOCRATIC

Banister's Walton made on [illegible] tan Vici. A [illegible] low shoe.

Banister presents correct styles in Vici kid for men

Banister's Duplex made on [illegible] tan Vici. A [illegible] high shoe.

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GREENSBORO, N. C.,	Vanstory Clothing Co
READING, PA.	Farr Bros. Co
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BUTTON
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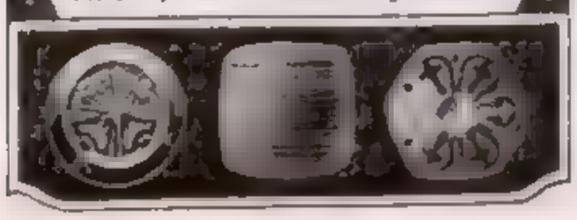

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"Maybe so," admitted old David absently. "But something's going on I'm going to find out what it is."

Johnny Henderson saw opportunity in that. "I'll let you into a secret, Mr. Conover," he said. "I'm short of Ritchie, and quite a bit of it. There's a loss in it now and I'm looking out for news, just as you are. Suppose we make a deal. I'll pass on to you whatever I get if you'll do the same with me."

"Won't do it!" barked old David promptly. "Not going to tell you things for you to use in the stock market. You're only looking to make money for yourself gambling in Ritchie stock. I've got other reasons for being interested."

Henderson thought of the Conover feud and smiled. It was childish, of course, and incredibly so. But David Conover was an old man. He would nurse such things, and be queer about them, and crabbed. It would be useless to chaff him.

"All right, Mr. Conover," Henderson agreed. "We won't argue it. But now you know how I stand and I hope you won't forget to drop me a hint if you see any reason why I should change my mind about Ritchie"

David was scornful. "I'll promise you that," he said. "If I see any reason I'll tell you, but there won't be any."

Nothing then was to be expected of David Conover; and Henry, who was beyond reach, anyhow, wouldn't know anything worth hearing. The slow rise in Ritchie Aniline's price continued, and Henderson sat watching it, puzzled and uncertain. He could discover no logical reason for the strength other than the syndicate's natural desire to market the block of the stock which he knew it still held, and he decided against yet pocketing his loss and abandoning his venture in Ritchie shares. But he decided also against selling more of them now while they were being so steadily advanced. He would wait and watch, and act when the opportunity came.

Then, as he was waiting and watching, and when the stock was close to 70, word came to him declaring that the Ritchie Aniline Company was shortly to be bought, swallowed, absorbed, lock, stock and barrel, by the Conover Chemical Corporation'

That called for action. Immediately he was talking by telephone to David Conover.

"I've heard a rumor and I need the fact," he said. "Is Conover Chemical going to take over Ritchie Aniline?"

"No," answered old David instantly.

Henderson's voice told of his relief. "That helps," he declared. "I've just been told—and very positively, too—that Ritchie is to be taken in immediately at a price much higher than the market. You can see what that would mean for me. I'd have my neck in a noose if I stayed short. Thanks for what you've told me. Have you heard the story?"

"Don't make any difference about my hearing it," said David testily. "'Tain't true. I suppose some people would like it to be true, but it won't be. There's been no such proposition put before the Conover board, and it couldn't be put through if it was proposed You can be sure of that."

So Johnny Henderson, reassured and stubborn now, yet uneasy withal, went on waiting and watching while Ritchie stock daily climbed a little higher as more and more of Wall Street heard the report that there was to be consolidation with Conover Chemical At length the story found place in newspaper columns, all padded out with shrewdly invented details; and with that the stock's forward movement gained unpleasantly in pace When the tickers recorded 80 for Ritchie, Johnny Henderson stirred himself and sent for Andy Mitchell, of the Leader. The reporter came in, smiling his little twisted smile, and poised his gray bulk upon the merest edge of Henderson's smallest chair.

"Good morning," he lisped genially. "What have I done now?"

"Nothing worse than usual," answered Henderson cheerfully, "but I read in your valuable paper a day or two ago that Conover Chemical is all set to take over Ritchie Aniline. I suspect that you had something to do with writing that interesting romance. Where did you get the plot?"

"It's true enough," said Andy Mitchell. "Don't you believe it?"

"I don't," Henderson replied. "Somebody's been taking advantage of your trusting nature."

"But I got it very straight," objected the reporter. "Scudder wouldn't deny it when I cornered him, and neither would the Titanic Trust people. I hear the Conover directors are to vote on it next Monday. They'll give two shares of Conover for three shares of Ritchie. With Conover selling around 145 that makes Ritchie worth 96 or 97. What makes you think the story is a fake?"

"Because old David Conover told me so himself. That's reasonably good authority, isn't it? He didn't tell me that to tell you or anyone else, but I believe he'll say it for publication if you can get hold of him."

Andy Mitchell chuckled impudently.

"I'll do that small thing—for you," he said.

Johnny Henderson smiled in his turn.

"Don't think of me. I'm telling you this in the interest of truth."

"Which same truth hasn't been prevailing lately," added Andy, nodding toward the chattering ticker. "Ritchie made a new top above 80 this morning."

"You've been down here in Wall Street too long," Henderson remarked affably. "But if you'll run along and find him, I believe David Conover will talk."

Old David did talk, and without regard for fine phrasing. Next morning the Leader gave prominence to his flat and heated denial of the report that there was to be a Conover-Ritchie combination; and Johnny Henderson, coiled and ready, moved swiftly to make that denial effective on the Stock Exchange

Of itself, the positive statement by the Conover corporation's chairman induced much hurried selling of Ritchie Aniline by the rank and file of Wall Street speculators It seemed to destroy whatever justification there might have been for the advance that had taken place in the stock; and it seemed very definitely to mean that Ritchie's present high prices were not warranted Wherefore, sales to take advantage of those high prices before they disappeared were in order, and accordingly they were made in volume promptly with the market's opening.

To the weight of that volume Henderson added aggressive sales of his own more short sales, made urgently by intent, continued vigorously by direction. It was a deliberate, determined, smashing raid he made upon Ritchie Aniline that morning, and it was carried out with all the skill and all the courage that were his. It failed sensationally and disastrously.

Ritchie's price broke from above 80 to somewhere near 72 and the break lasted perhaps half an hour, while Wall Street held its breath. Then, suddenly, huge buying appeared, such buying as speedily gobbled up all offerings, routed all sellers, Henderson with the rest, and turned the stock's price upward again, raising it rapidly, spectacularly. By noon the tickers showed 80 for Ritchie Aniline once more. An hour later they showed 83, higher than ever.

Then Johnny Henderson decided to run. He was beaten and he knew it.

He was, by that time, short of more than twenty thousand shares of Ritchie stock—more than twenty thousand shares borrowed and sold and sometime to be bought back. Already his loss was reaching toward three hundred thousand dollars. But he could not doubt his danger, and waiting might well make the damage far greater. It was certain now, as he could see, that some development, something of which he had lacked foreknowledge—doubtless this rumored purchase by Conover Chemical—was soon to add unexpected value to Ritchie shares. And he would have to pay that value, whatever it might be, to get what stock he must have. It would be better, cheaper, to buy now.

Accordingly he set about to buy. All that was to be done he intrusted to a certain aggressive, irritable, nervous, little wisp of a man who was the acknowledged master of the Stock Exchange in such things. And that little man promptly reported back to Johnny Henderson that there was no Ritchie Aniline stock to be had!

The market was bare of it. There was none for sale—practically none. A few hundreds at this price; a hundred or two a dollar or so higher; scattered small offerings still above that; but no such quantity as Henderson wanted, no such quantity as he was compelled to have. And there were other ready waiting buyers to compete with him, buyers who constantly raised their bids above his. Johnny Henderson was trapped! Ritchie Aniline was cornered and he was short of twenty thousand shares of it! When the Exchange

(Continued on Page 89)

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THERE is now such a thing as an attractive union suit for men. ¶ It is Wilson Bro's Chalet Rib, pleasing alike to the eye and skin and as individual as your favorite cravat. ¶ Like all Wilson Bro's union suits, it is flawlessly fashioned of the finest yarns, faultlessly finished, perfect in fit. ¶ Yet to these three old virtues a fourth has been added—distinction that bespeaks good taste in dress. ¶ While the two-tone Skee-Stripe model holds high favor, you can purchase Chalet Rib union suits in many other popular Wilson Bro's models, in just the weight you are accustomed to wearing and at prices that range from $3.50 upwards. Made in mixtures of fine cottons, mercerized or worsted materials.

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"He Believed the Land Was There"

The grim determination to go forward across uncharted seas, requires even more than the hopeful enthusiasm of the pioneer—it needs, also, the dauntless spirit of the man who is scientifically sure!

"Sail on!"—not in blind faith, but with unswerving confidence that *the land was there.*

Firestone pioneering to give the world its first successful balloon tire, was based on scientific knowledge of all the possibilities of tire-making.

The trail was new, but the confidence born of science, experience and expert skill, won the day. The Firestone Balloon Gum-Dipped Cord not only revolutionized tire-building but completely changed all previous conceptions of motoring comfort.

Faith that the low-pressure principle could be made both practical and economical triumphed. Firestone found the solution to the baffling structural problem of a thin sidewall tire in specialized knowledge born of long and exhaustive experiment with the gum-dipping process.

Gum-Dipped, the Firestone Balloon has the flexibility, the strength and the toughness that carry your car safely and without discomfort on any road, and yields the extra mileage you expect when the name Firestone is on the tire.

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Heat ~ Wherever You Want It

Carry a Perfection *wherever* heat is needed—upstairs or down, throughout the house. This handy heater quickly warms up the whole room.

Light a Perfection *whenever* heat is needed—it responds with instant, glowing warmth. Clean, odorless and economical—there's ten hours of solid comfort in every gallon of kerosene.

A Perfection costs but little to own and less to operate. Its quick, convenient heat is an *essential* part of winter comfort in every home. Get yours today.

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Ask your dealer for the Improved Perfection Oil Heater. The automatic safety catch and double lock, the exclusive rug protecting floor tray, and other important new features make it the most convenient and dependable portable heater ever built. Models in enamel or plain finish.

(Continued from Page 84)

closed that day Ritchie stood at 89 and the irritable little broker declared that no more than a thousand shares could be bought between that price and 100. And Henderson needed twenty times as much!

He barred his door and stood unmoving at the wide window of his office, his hands gripped behind him, staring down upon Broadway while he sought the best way, the surest way out of his maze. He was caught—badly caught. It was plain enough. The men who were the Conover Chemical Corporation—Scudder and Randolph and the rest held him in a net so strong, so finely meshed that neither plunging nor wriggling would set him free. He could see now how they had planned quite secretly long ago that their Conover should gulp down the Ritchie company, and with great profit for themselves. They had bought up under cover in the market what Ritchie stock was there. They had been buying it quietly, steadily, through recent weeks and months while he, unknowing, had been selling it. He realized that it must have been chiefly their stock which, through his brokers, he had borrowed to sell and was still borrowing.

And now, presently, the Conover corporation would announce itself ready to pay its own shares in exchange for those of Ritchie, and he would be called on to return what he was borrowing, since its owners—Scudder and the others, of course—would want to make the exchange. But with no stock to be bought in the market, he could not meet that call.

He was cornered, helpless. He must admit it and pay the price—whatever price might be asked. He must settle upon the best terms he could get. There was no other way out and there was no reason for delay. Therefore within the hour he sat by Morris Randolph's desk, showing his hand quite frankly.

"I'll cover my shorts in the market if you'll let me," he said, "but there's no stock there now. You know that."

"I don't know it," declared Randolph sharply, with heat that glowed righteously. "I am a director of Conover Chemical and you are insinuating that I've bought Ritchie stock to sell to my own company. I won't permit that."

Johnny Henderson scowled his unbelief. "I'm wasting time with you," he said. "Who shall I see? Scudder?"

"I don't know who you should see," returned Randolph. "I know nothing at all about it. But I'll promise you that if Conover makes an offer for Ritchie the position of speculators in the stock won't be considered."

"I'm wasting time," Henderson repeated. "I'll see Scudder."

But Hartley Scudder's attitude was the same. "Why do you come to me?" he asked, showing irritation. "Why do you talk of making a settlement with me?"

"That's childish," snapped Henderson. "We're quite alone here, aren't we? I'm ready to settle on any fair basis. Don't pretend that you don't know anything about this situation. It was enough for Randolph to try that. You and the others have cleaned up the market in Ritchie, and I'm caught short. I admit it. Now what do you expect me to do?"

Hartley Scudder smiled tolerantly. "You're excited," he said. "So far as I know, no one connected with this company has any interest in Ritchie Aniline. You'll have to go somewhere else to make your terms."

"Don't play with me, Scudder," said Johnny Henderson, and his voice was like thin metal. "You may have yourself so well covered up in this thing that it can't be pinned on you, but it will be wisest for you to instruct whoever is handling it to make a settlement with me. If you don't, I'll refuse to cover my Ritchie shorts and let a court make the terms. Then I'll find out how I can carry out a contract when you've made it impossible."

Scudder's sneer was luxurious. "That's what's called welshing, isn't it?" he asked smoothly.

"It is," Henderson answered, with disagreeably narrowed eyes. "It's used when the game's found to be unusually crooked."

"I've told you I have nothing to do with the thing," declared Scudder, angry now. "I have no control over Ritchie stock—yet. But I will have very soon. Next Monday my directors will vote to take it all in, and what comes to this company will stay in its treasury. Practically every share is already bound by agreement to come in immediately. So if you're short of Ritchie you'd better get it back before Monday. There won't be much of it around after that."

"In which case," Henderson said, ready to leave, "your dummies will ask you what to do about calling in the stock my brokers are borrowing for me, and you'd better tell them to come to me for a decent settlement, and a quiet one. If they don't, that settlement will make more noise than you or Morris Randolph or anyone else will like."

There the matter rested. David Conover's denial was eclipsed next morning by an official admission that Conover Chemical directors would consider the purchase of Ritchie Aniline at their forthcoming meeting; and when buzzing reporters swarmed about David's door to have him answer that, they found him suddenly gone away without anyone's leave. On a few scattered transactions Ritchie's price jumped promptly to 96, and there it remained unmoving. That would be the stock's value in the Conover shares which all Wall Street now knew would be given in exchange for it.

Henderson, worried but giving no sign of it, could do no more than wait for developments. He made no further effort to buy Ritchie in the market, for it was clear none was there to be bought. No demands were made upon his brokers for the return of the stock they had borrowed and sold for him, but he knew those demands were only delayed. They would come quickly after Conover directors voted formally to make the Ritchie purchase, and then they would be peremptory. Against that squeeze he would have to make his fight.

That threat to ask help from the law had been no more than a threat. To such a resource he would not turn until at last, if driven. His way was to play the game by the rules, to pay when he lost, neither dodging nor whimpering. Already, with Ritchie where it was, his loss would be well beyond half a million; but he would pay still more if they forced him, rather than take refuge behind the lawyers. Yet, if they tried to wring him too harshly —— He fretted while he waited for the Conover meeting and for terms.

When he thought of that meeting Henderson thought of David Conover, and he wondered how far that persistent old man would carry his losing fight for his bitter prejudice against the Ritchie name. It would be a stormy meeting, he supposed. Old David would be likely to make it so. But the others would calmly outvote the Conovers and that would be the end of it. Scudder and Morris Randolph and the Conover crowd were well able to do that. Perhaps old David would save his face by staying away. There might be so much method in this latest disappearance of the bellwether of the Conover flock, who once had been so sure there could be no purchase of Ritchie and who must know now that the purchase was certain. Very likely old David had decided not to face humiliation after all.

But Johnny Henderson was wrong. The Monday meeting of Conover Chemical directors was scheduled for two o'clock. Half an hour before that time a sprightly youth came whistling to the company's somberly ornate directors' room bent upon furnishing the long table properly with such pads and pencils and tobacco and matches as are essential to sober business conferences; and also to set neatly before each director's chair typewritten sheets bearing upon the affairs of the day. He stopped short at the open door when he saw old David Conover, all alone, sitting in his official place at the table's head, serenely reading a newspaper. Old David shed his content when he discovered the intruder.

"Where's this meeting that was called for two o'clock?" he demanded peevishly. "Where is everybody?"

"'Tain't time yet," the boy answered, recovering from his surprise. Old David drew his watch and looked up from it sheepishly.

"You're right, son," he said, childishly ashamed. "Only half past one. How did I come to make that mistake?"

"Yuh musta mistook the time," the lad cleverly pointed out, and went on with his work.

"I'll wait," announced David. "They'll be here soon. Leave that door open when you go out. Need the draft to clear the air in this room. And see here ——" He produced money. "Put that in your pocket and don't say anything about my being here so early. Don't want anybody to think I'm getting so old I can't tell time. And remember what I said about leaving that door just as it is."

Later the youth was jubilant with others of his stripe when they sat together upon a bench. "An' it wuz a fi'-smacker bill he gimme, th' poor ol' simp," he said.

Chairman David Conover was unusually tolerant of tardiness that afternoon, and it was well past two o'clock when he rapped sharply for order and said irritably: "Somebody shut that door. Too much draft. Slam it hard or it won't stay shut—something's wrong with the latch." The door was slammed and stayed shut, and the meeting proceeded.

Along both sides of the great table every chair was filled. Old David, at the head, had Hartley Scudder beside him. Farther on sat Morris Randolph, and others of the Conover crowd, which contained no Conovers, were scattered here and there. Thomas Conover and Henry and even young David were in their places. And every man of them all felt something of the tension that came with the crash of the heavy door when it was thrown shut.

There were brief routine preliminaries, and Hartley Scudder came immediately to the lesson for the day, speaking as if the matter was no more than a casual one.

"This special meeting was called," he said, "for the purpose of adopting the resolution, copies of which are before you. It provides for the purchase by this corporation of the capital stock of the Ritchie Aniline Company through the payment of two shares of our stock for every three of Ritchie's. The matter has been discussed in detail with every director so that you all are familiar with it and with the advantages that will come from this addition to our property. I may say that we now have full assurance that, with the exceptions of a few scattered shares, all of the Ritchie stock outstanding is ready to be turned in. I move the resolution be considered as read, and that it be adopted."

Calls of "Second" were prompt, and all eyes turned to where David Conover was sitting—erect, grim, obviously hostile. He looked slowly around the table, studying them one by one, before he spoke.

"Before we go any farther with this," David said, "I want you to know that the Conover family is absolutely opposed to the deal. I won't mince words. We consider it a swindle. Ritchie plants and Ritchie business are not worth a cent to this company; but even if they were, the price you intend to pay is so much above their value that to pay it will be swindling Conover stockholders."

"That's all been gone into very thoroughly," Scudder declared. "Experts and accountants have reported on the value of the property. Every director has had opportunity to study their reports, and copies are before you now. They show that Mr. Conover is mistaken. As a matter of fact Mr. Conover and the members of his family have a strong prejudice against the Ritchie company that is not based on doubt as to its value. It is a hatred that is a tradition with all the Conovers and I do not think it should be allowed to influence the opinion of anyone else here when the figures speak for themselves."

"We'll admit that and save argument," replied David, ignoring Scudder at his side, but watching the rest. "We Conovers have a lot of ideas about business that wouldn't be appreciated here. I know very well that a majority of this board intends to vote for this Ritchie purchase, and no common-sense objections will change that intention. But before there is any voting I have some things to say and some questions to ask."

The silence that followed was broken by Morris Randolph. He said, very respectfully, "I think your questions will be answered to your satisfaction, Mr. Conover."

"I hope so," returned David grimly, and after a pause went on.

"For a long time the Ritchie family owned about half the Ritchie company's stock. A year or more ago, when the company was hard up, they all got together and gave an option on one-third of their holdings at thirty dollars a share to a syndicate. The syndicate undertook to sell the entire property for a price that would make the rest of the family's stock worth more than any of them thought it ever could be worth. I suppose you gentlemen know all about that."

"There was such a transaction," Scudder said impatiently. "Someone was keen

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enough to see the opportunity, and formed a syndicate to take advantage of it. Is there anything wrong with that?"

"I think there is," declared the old man instantly. "You see, one set of Ritchie heirs are minors, and I happen to know the trustee who handles their estate. I've been to see him. He wouldn't agree to that option until he found out what he wanted to know about the syndicate and its scheme. He learned that it was the plan at that time to sell the Ritchie company to the Conover corporation, and he also learned that men connected with the Conover management were interested in the syndicate.

"He was willing enough to give me the names, but I didn't ask for them, and I won't ask for them now not until we take this vote."

Hartley Scudder spoke angrily. "Such a threat as that calls for ——" he began, but old David interrupted.

"I'm only beginning," he said sharply. "Soon after that Ritchie option was given, the company put out a lot of new stock. It was offered to stockholders at a price so high that only a fool stockholder would have subscribed, so it went to a syndicate, headed by a Wall Street firm called Pickens, Graham & Co., that had underwritten it; and the price was forty dollars a share. I'm not sure yet, but I think I can prove that this underwriting syndicate was the same combination that had the option on the Ritchie family stock at thirty dollars. So there was a nice fat block of Ritchie at thirty and forty dollars, and a nice sure-thing plan to dump it out on the Conover corporation for nearly one hundred dollars a share in Conover stock."

Scudder leaped to his feet. "This is nonsense," he asserted loudly. "It's insulting, and I won't stand it. These are mere cheap suspicions that can't be supported. I ask for a vote. I refuse to stay here and listen to these Conover insinuations any longer."

"Better sit down," said David. "You'll listen to them here or you'll listen to them in court."

"Court!" exclaimed Morris Randolph.

"Court!" repeated old David. "My family owns about one-fourth interest in this company, Mr. Randolph. That will give it some standing in a court of equity, I think. And we're prepared to go to the length of asking for a receiver if necessary. Shall I go on?"

"What more do you want to say?" Scudder demanded angrily.

"I want to ask some questions," David answered. "Just after that Ritchie stock issue was made, four of the Conover's best men—technical men and operating men—left us and went over to the Ritchie company. They were told to do that by officers of this company—told that, although they must keep it secret, the Conover corporation wanted the Ritchie business built up. Why?"

Scudder sat glowering and made no answer. David Conover went on with what he had to say.

"About the same time, Ritchie put in new equipment and started to use some of Conover's most valuable processes, every one of them owned by us exclusively. Ritchie's been using them ever since, making money out of them, and never paying us a cent. Why? I'll tell you why. Because officers of this company deliberately allowed it, wanting Ritchie to show big profits that would make its stock seem valuable and justify Conover paying this high price for it. Besides that, three of the biggest contracts of the past year have gone to Ritchie instead of coming to us. Our bids were deliberately put so high that Ritchie could underbid us and still get good prices."

"This is nonsense! It's slander!" Scudder cried excitedly. "These charges are false. The question before this meeting is whether we shall take in the Ritchie property or not. I want that question decided."

"So do I," declared David Conover. "And if the vote is to take Ritchie in, every statement I've made will go into court to back a plea for a receiver based on charges of mismanagement—crooked management. That's the choice you have to make."

Morris Randolph raised his voice above the others. "I think we should have more time to decide this," he announced. "I move the question of the purchase of the Ritchie company be referred back to the executive committee for further consideration."

"That won't do either!" barked old David instantly. "I want this settled now -yes or no. And if it isn't a flat no this whole situation goes into the hands of Conover attorneys tomorrow. It will go to the newspapers even sooner than that. Now, all in favor of the resolution already moved and seconded will say 'Aye.'"

There were no ayes. Even the president of the Conover Chemical Corporation sat silent.

"All opposed will say 'No.'"

"No," boomed Henry Conover, and young David echoed "No."

"The motion is lost," declared grim old David. "Is there any other business before this meeting?"

Hartley Scudder jumped from his chair and made swiftly for the door. He wrenched the knob vigorously and it came away in his hand. For an instant he stood looking in stupid surprise from what he so unexpectedly held, to the little square hole from which he had pulled it, and old David sat watching him with eyes that showed malicious amusement. But Scudder did not see that. He thrust the metal shaft back into its place and twisted it angrily and rattled it, and when it would not trip the latch he plucked it out again and, with an oath, pounded the knob viciously upon the heavy panel.

"Open this! Open this door!" he cried, and hammered furiously. Others came forward and tried their skill, but with no success, and their ready jesting seemed to heighten Scudder's anger. He turned and strode rapidly down the room's length to where a telephone stood.

As he seized it Trinity's brazen voice clamored the hour and old David Conover, grinning evilly, said, "Three o'clock, Hartley. Market's closed. No good to hurry now."

Scudder rounded upon him, snarling, profane.

A little later the Conovers gathered in Thomas' room and went over it all. Old David was elated and quarrelsome.

"None of you did a thing," he told them scornfully. "I had to do it all. I've been running all over the country and drinking bootleg liquor with all kinds of people to get enough facts to choke them with today. You've all gone stale since you've had so much money. Do you want Scudder and his gang to get it all away from you?"

Henry steered the talk away from that. "What happened to that door?" he asked. "I heard you say something was the matter with the lock."

Old David's anger disappeared. From one pocket he produced a bright new screw driver and from another sundry discolored screws and bits of metal curiously shaped.

"Can't expect a lock to work right without its intestines," he said. "I took 'em out."

They looked in amazement from him to each other.

"Now why the devil did you do that?" asked Henry at last.

"So none of them could get out and sell Ritchie stock before the news came out," David answered tartly. "D'you suppose I was going to let Scudder dump a lot of his Ritchie on people who would have been ready to buy, believing the deal was certain. I didn't know whether that meeting would last until after the market closed or not, so I made sure. Now everybody will start even when it opens again tomorrow. Hartley won't have an edge on anybody."

"When did you do that, father?" Thomas asked solemnly.

"'Bout an hour before the meeting started," David chuckled. "Had the room all to myself and had it all done before the boy came to fix up the table. All I was afraid of was that somebody would shut the door before the whole crowd got there. No trouble at all to do it, Tommy. I know something about locks."

Thomas Conover shook his head ominously, but Henry was hugely delighted.

"Good work," he declared. "There won't be a bid for Ritchie stock tomorrow morning. I'll gamble it opens down 25 or 30 points."

David sat up suddenly and reached for a telephone.

"Want to tell Johnny Henderson," he explained. "That's another reason I fixed that door. He's been in hell's hole on account of having sold a lot of Ritchie short. He's in pretty deep, I think, but I told him this deal couldn't go through, and up to last week I understood he hadn't covered. This ought to mean a lot of money to him."

David was unable to talk to John Henderson just then, however. Word came that Mr. Henderson was seriously engaged and had shut off his telephone.

David said, "Tell him I want to see him this afternoon. I'll drop into his office before I go uptown."

An hour later, therefore, old David came in upon Johnny Henderson where he was standing by his big window, scowling down upon the homeward-hurrying Broadway crowd, of which he was seeing nothing.

"Well, Johnny," cried the old man from the door jubilantly, "how great a man is your friend Hartley Scudder now?"

"What do you mean by that?" Henderson asked, halting with his hand outstretched.

"Haven't heard about it, eh? Well, we licked him today. We Conovers licked the whole Scudder gang. The Ritchie Aniline deal is off."

"What!" Johnny Henderson's exclamation was like the crack of an automatic.

"It's off, and it's off for keeps," David declared happily. "Didn't I tell you it couldn't be put through? Didn't I tell you there wouldn't be any reason to change your mind about Ritchie stock being too high? Hope you'll go in and smash it now, Johnny. Hope you'll make a lot of money out of it after all."

Henderson seemed to find difficulty in believing that David was serious. His drawn, puzzled brow showed how incredible the news was to him. He eased himself into a chair and started the usual roughing of his hair.

"Let me get this straight, Mr. Conover," he said slowly. "Do you mean to say the Conover corporation is not going to buy Ritchie after all?"

"That's just what I mean to say," chuckled David. "We stuck a pin in the Ritchie balloon this afternoon."

"The directors actually voted against it—finally—officially?"

"They did," David declared. "There'll be no drop of Ritchie in the Conover toddy. What do you suppose Scudder and the rest of them will do now with the stock they've bought, expecting to exchange it for Conover shares? 'Tain't worth ten dollars a share."

"You're right enough about that," said Henderson absently. "I expect it will sell down there some day."

"Hartley Scudder's not so much smarter than other people, after all," bragged the old man.

"Still, he's fairly smart." Henderson seemed thoughtful, and David studied him in some perplexity.

"What's the matter with you, Johnny?" he demanded after a time. "I thought you'd be more chipper about this. Seems you ought to be grateful. Maybe you think I should have let you know sooner, but I couldn't. No way of reaching you before the meeting broke up, and afterward, when I phoned, your office said you were so busy you had shut off your telephone."

Henderson crossed the room to his window again. From there he said, "I know you couldn't reach me, Mr. Conover. No complaint on that score. I'm thinking of what Ritchie will do in the market tomorrow."

"It'll go to pieces," asserted David cheerfully. "Where did you sell it short?"

"My sales averaged about 70," Henderson answered indifferently.

"Ought to make a lot of money if you're short enough of it. When are you going to start covering it?"

Henderson whirled savagely, his eyes blazing; and the sudden passionate anger in his voice dropped old David's jaw.

"I'm not going to start!" he spat out. "I've already finished! Scudder worked fast after you hit him, and he thought of me first. His brokers—this Pickens-Graham outfit—came in here an hour ago with a proposition and I took it—signed up to pay them 95 for enough stock to cover my shorts. That's why my phone was off. I sat here with my eyes shut and swallowed a loss of half a million and more. D'you hear that? You don't think Scudder's smart, eh? Well, I do, and I know. He's stung me with more than twenty thousand Ritchie at 95 that he knew couldn't be sold tomorrow morning for half that. Not smart, eh?

"Hartley Scudder's half a million dollars smarter than Johnny Henderson tonight and it'll figure a lot more than that tomorrow. What do you call smart, anyhow, Mr. Conover?"

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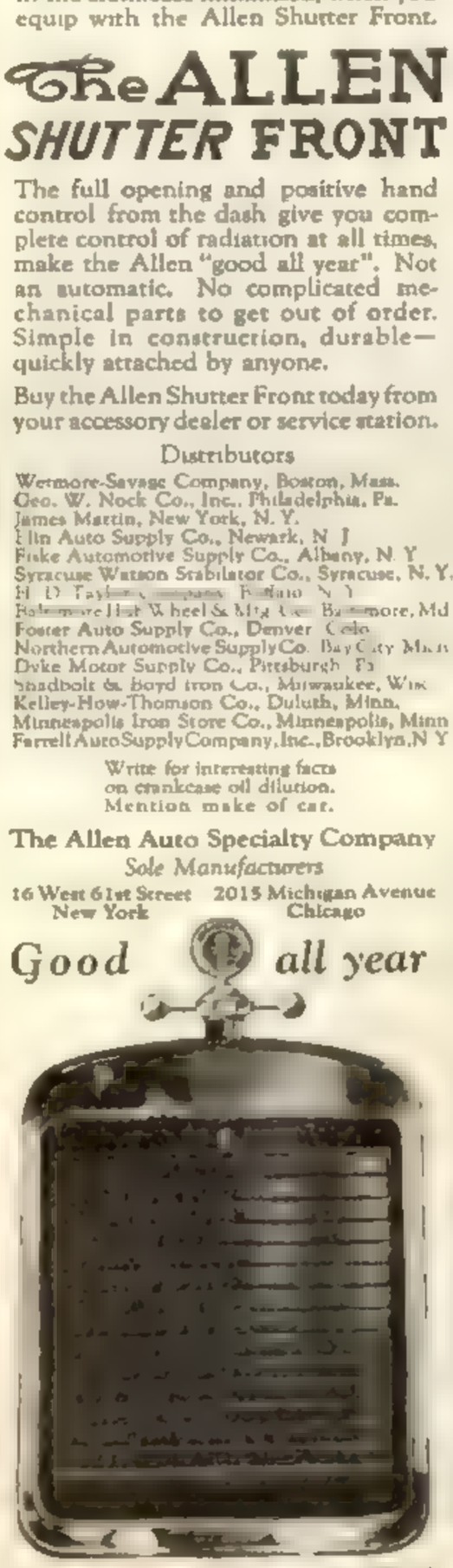

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THE PINES

(Continued from Page 11)

discordant note in the air. After a time, however, it encroached upon his consciousness and attracted his attention. He recognized the sound at once. A long whine, rising in pitch, to break off at last in a sharp cough; a succession of staccato barks; and then the whine again—Rad Pettibaw's sawmill, working in the sapling pine a mile or so up the shore of the pond. Dale could hear the exhaust of the engine as the carriage was drawn back between cuts; he could hear the drone of the keen saw as it ripped through the soft wood, striking a louder note when it cut through a resinous knot, waxing ever higher and higher as it gained in speed till it tore out through the end of the log with a clang, quickly stilled as the engineer shut off the power. Then the barking engine as the carriage slid back; the relentless howl of the saw again.

He thought there was something obscene in the sound, snarling through the still air of the summer afternoon. It was, vaguely, profanation that such a turmoil should shatter the pleasant silence in which the old pines lived. He resented the fact that the saw should come so near them; wondered if even the philosophic courage of age could make them impervious to the threat it represented.

But the saw would never touch them, he thought; and he said, half aloud, "Don't let it bother you, boys. It ain't coming this way. Just cutting up that young stuff, that's all."

When by and by he turned homeward, the sound of the saw pursued him challengingly; he found himself vaguely uneasy, was glad when a greater distance lessened its insistent cry.

II

DALE, returning from the pines toward his home, did not retrace the path he had taken when he came down to the shore of the pond. Instead he followed the rutted wood road which connected the cottage with the highway, and turned toward the village along that way. In the ruts beneath his feet he saw the marks of the heavy wheels of Rad Pettibaw's lumber wagons, which had been hauling the sawed boards from the tract where his steam mill was now at work; and the sight of these tracks curiously oppressed him, so that he lifted his eyes and went forward more swiftly. As he approached his own farmhouse an open pasture lay to his left, toward the pond; it was here that he had picked a few berries in the early afternoon, and among the bushes here now, at some distance from the road, he saw a woman's sunbonnet and her bowed back—Jane Thomaston, picking berries there.

She may have heard his footsteps. At any rate she lifted her head and saw him and called some word of greeting, but Dale only nodded and went on. Jane watched him go, hesitating as though she were inclined to come to the roadside and talk with him. She was a tall, strong figure in worn and faded gingham, and the sunbonnet shaded a vigorous and not unattractive countenance; the countenance of a woman past her youth who has stood alone against the world. Dale, having left her behind, thought of her a little wistfully. He was momentarily sorry he had not stopped to talk with her. Loneliness pursued him.

When he turned into his own farmyard it was already late afternoon. The farm lay on the eastern slope of rising ground, so that the sun already seemed low in the sky, and long shadows from the wooded land above the house stretched dark fingers down across the pasture and the meadows toward the pond. The air was still, and Dale, from this slight eminence, could hear more plainly the song of Pettibaw's saw. The cows were in the farther end of the lane, idly grazing as they drew toward the bars outside the tie-up. Dale watched them for a moment, and then went into the house. The fire in the kitchen stove was out and he rekindled it, splitting a chunk of cedar in the woodshed with strokes full of an unaccustomed vigor, as though his ax struck at an enemy. Yet Dale had always been too indolent to have an enemy. When the fire was going he looked around the kitchen aimlessly. Unwashed dishes from his breakfast were in the sink. He would clean them up tonight before he went to bed. His bed, in the next room, was unmade; some of his garments lay heedlessly upon a chair. He made sure the fire would burn, put in a chunk of oak to hold the flame, and went out through the shed to the patch of garden above the house to pick a few peas for his supper. This took only a few minutes; and he returned and shelled the peas and put them to cook upon the stove.

One of the cows lowed, and he went to the bars and admitted the creatures to the tie-up. Dale had six head of stock. Three were heifers not yet milking, and one of the others was dry. From the two which remained he got enough milk for his own needs, with a little to spare. An irregular number of cats of all sizes and every variety of coloring absorbed the remainder. His small black-and-white dog, trained to run rabbits, had died of distemper a month before, and Dale had not yet found another to his taste. The cats were his only company in the house; and Dale permitted them to stay rather because he was too indifferent to take the trouble to rid himself of them than because he had any love for cats.

While he was busy with the cows he heard the far-away pipe of a derisive whistle, and knew it for the whistle of the sawmill, marking the end of the day's work. A little later two rattling automobiles passed along the road, carrying the men to the village. Rad Pettibaw himself drove the first. Dale was in the barn door as they passed; and Rad waved a hand to him and shouted something, to which Dale, curiously rigid, made no reply. Rad was a large man, heavier than Dale, bulky and strong. He sat in the seat of the small car with an overbearing and dominant impressiveness. The car sagged and complained beneath his weight. He wore, at an angle, an old felt hat; and Dale found something curiously annoying about this hat. Hats were, so far as Dale was concerned, merely a covering for the head, to be worn in all weather, indoors and out. It had never occurred to him that the way a man wears a hat may sometimes be an index to his mental habits. Dale's own hat drooped listlessly. Rad wore his like a challenge; it seemed almost to be adorned with a cockade. The affectation irked Dale.

A little later still, while he was watching the coffeepot on the stove, a step sounded on the kitchen porch, and he turned and saw Jane Thomaston there. She had pushed the bonnet back upon her forehead, and her face was red with her vigorous movements. She was a strong woman who lived as solitary as Dale himself, in a small house beyond the village, chopped wood as well as any man, cultivated a garden rather more successfully than most men, and was reputed to have means.

If she had not been so oppressively competent Dale might have liked her better. As it was, he was attracted to Jane; but he was also a little afraid of her. She had fallen into the habit of paying him small attentions, giving him a pan of biscuits or a batch of doughnuts now and then, offering to mend his clothes, and once or twice fetching him a pair of socks she had knitted. She carried now in either hand a large pail, and Dale saw that these pails were well filled with berries.

"I declare," she said as she stood outside the screen door. "It's right warm in the sun today. I said to myself that I'd stop and get me a drink of water."

Dale said uncertainly, "Come in and set. I'll pump some fresh."

"I can do it," she offered, setting down the pails of berries on the porch and coming in. He had taken the bucket from the sink, and she reached for it.

"You'd rust the pump," Dale warned her. "I know how."

She laughed cheerfully. "Guess I can pump a pail of water."

"The plunger's rusty," Dale explained. "If you work it too hard it scrapes the sides of the pipe and the water ain't fit to drink. Leave go."

The pot on the stove simmered as the coffee began to boil, and she surrendered. "I'll tend to this, then," she assented, and Dale went out into the shed, where she heard the slow and methodical clank of the pump handle. She watched the coffeepot, looking around the kitchen meanwhile and appraising its deficiencies. When he came back she said briskly, "Never could see how a man could live in a mess like this. You need a woman around the house, Dale."

"It don't bother me," he told her, and handed her a quart dipper of water, from which she drank deeply. "You got a lot of berries," he commented, by the door.

"I aim to put 'em up tomorrow," she explained. "What with my garden coming along and all, I'll be over a stove the rest of this month, I reckon. Your garden looks right thrifty."

"More stuff than I can use," Dale agreed.

"I could put it up for you if I wasn't so busy my own self."

He said uncomfortably, "Guess you've got all you can do."

"Land!" she commented. "A person always seems to have all they can do. But they manage to do a little more if they have to, I've always said. It's as easy to do for two as for one, come to that."

Dale felt his ears burn. He knew, as he had known for years, that Jane was no spinster from choice; knew that she liked him well enough. But it was impossible for him to think of himself as married. He distrusted marriage, as he distrusted everything that threatened to alter the smooth current of his easy life. He did well enough as he was; it was therefore obvious enough that change meant peril. Yet there were moments when Jane attracted him; when he liked her rather more than he knew how to say. There were such moments as this, when she was kindly and friendly; but there were other times when her tongue was sharp, when her eyes were critical, when her words were caustic. She was, for another thing, so alarmingly energetic, forever at work, forever planning and doing; and she had a forceful decisiveness which appalled him. It was not as though he could not take care of himself. He was comfortable enough as he was. If he were older, if he needed her more, he might have been more willing to meet halfway the advances which she sometimes made.

"You better let me carry them pails to the village," he suggested awkwardly. "I'm going to the store after supper. I could as well as not."

She laughed. "Land, they don't weigh hardly anything. And you'd forget 'em, like as not, or crush the berries."

"I see Rad Pettibaw and his men go by right ahead of you. He might have carried you home."

She tossed her head faintly. "I don't hanker for riding with Rad Pettibaw," she told him. "I got out of sight when I heard them a-coming. Kind of hate to see him cutting down the woods around here. I always did like the woods." She knew Dale's weak spot. "Guess he'd like to get hold of the pines if he could."

"He ain't likely to," Dale said quickly, so quickly it was as though he meant to reassure himself.

"Well, he's a money-getter," she reminded him. "If he wanted to I guess he would." He had not suggested that she stay to supper, nor did she expect any such invitation. "Well, your supper's ready. I'll go along."

"I'd as soon carry them pails for you when I go."

She took another long drink of the cool water, shook her head as she turned toward the door. "I don't notice them no more than nothing," she replied, and went out on the porch. "I'll send you a jar of the preserves," she promised. "A man likes a taste of something sweet once in a while."

He found no words, and she went down through the barnyard to the road and away toward the village. Dale, safely withdrawn within the kitchen, watched her go. He had a faint sense of loss at her going; that suggestion of loneliness made itself felt again. He remembered her reference to Pettibaw, her statement that she had hidden rather than be seen by him, rather than be offered a ride back to the village. Pettibaw would certainly have invited her to ride. He had already, as Dale knew, paid Jane some attention. The whole village had sometimes seen him in the evening sitting on her porch, a cigar in his mouth, talking through her kitchen door while she washed the supper dishes inside; and Will Belter had gone out of his way to tell Dale that Pettibaw thought her a fine woman, and—potentially—a good wife for any man.

"He's right struck with her," Belter declared unctuously. It was always his pleasure to carry such reports. "But I told

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Your oil must act *instantly*—or?

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CHI-VO—for dull-rubbed effects in interior use.

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LOOK FOR THE DU PONT OVAL IN THE DEALER'S WINDOW

Lead gives light when darkness comes

BLACK clouds hide the midday sun. A storm is about to break over the city. In every office and home people get up and turn on electric lights.

In the emergency the power plant must supply electricity up to its capacity. But only two of the generators are running, and it takes time to put the others in operation. Where is the additional electricity to come from?

Man turns to lead for aid. In the power plant an electrician throws a switch that turns on the current from many storage batteries. These batteries, made mostly of lead, provide the extra current until other generators are started.

Millions of pounds of lead used

Lead is serving you in storage batteries everywhere. At home, on trips by land and sea or through the air, in peace and war, these lead batteries have become an essential part of the nation's life—the life of each of us.

Storage batteries in this country in use in radio sets, automobiles and central station power plants alone contain many millions of pounds of lead. The amount of lead used in a single storage battery ranges from a few pounds in the smallest to several hundred thousand pounds in the largest battery.

What's inside the storage battery?

Each lead storage battery is an electrical reservoir storing up energy for the time of need. Inside are two sets of lead grids, or perforated plates, covered with lead oxides—one set with red-lead, the other with litharge. These plates are immersed in a weak solution of sulphuric acid. While the smaller sizes of storage batteries are contained in glass jars or hard rubber jars, the large central station batteries are installed in immense wooden tanks lined with lead.

Lead storage batteries supply electricity for telephone, telegraph, and wireless communication. They furnish electrical energy for self-starters, lamps, and ignition systems in millions of automobiles. They supply current for the ignition systems of tractors on many of the 6,000,000 or more farms in the country and gas trucks in every part of the land.

Set of storage batteries reserved for emergency lighting needs in a central power plant

Lead storage batteries propel streetcars, electric industrial and pleasure vehicles, mine locomotives, and electric fire engines. They operate drawbridges, railroad switches, and signals.

Lead at sea and in the air

For yacht lighting and for motor-boat lighting and ignition, storage batteries again come to man's assistance. They supply current for turning turrets, sighting and firing guns on warships. They propel submarines when the undersea craft run beneath the surface. Lead storage batteries even soar through the air in airplanes.

Lead in paint

Lead aids man faithfully and well in the storage battery. But it serves him more generally perhaps as paint. You doubtless know that white-lead is the standard paint for wood and non-metallic surfaces. Red-lead, another lead pigment, is the standard paint for metal to protect it against the attacks of rust. You see red-lead everywhere—on skyscraper skeletons, bridges, gas tanks, ships, on metal construction wherever used. It saves the covered surface and hence the entire structure from rapid deterioration and eventual destruction.

"Save the surface and you save all" Dutch Boy

Producers of lead products

Dutch Boy red-lead is the name of the pure red-lead made and sold by National Lead Company. It comes in paste form which can be tinted to any dark color.

On every keg of *Dutch Boy red-lead* is reproduced the picture of the Dutch Boy Painter shown here. This trademark guarantees a product of the highest quality.

Dutch Boy products also include white-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

National Lead Company also makes lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry, and daily life. If you want information regarding any particular use of lead, write us to us.

If you wish to read further about this wonder metal, we can tell you of a number of interesting books on the subject. The latest and probably the most complete story of lead and its many uses is "Lead, the Precious Metal," published by the Century Co., New York. Price $3.00. If unable to get it at your bookstore, write us or the publishers.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Cincinnati, 659 West 18th St.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 683 Folsom St.; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

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him," he assured Dale with a grin, "that she wa'n't likely to marry anybody, less'n it was you."

Dale, not ready of speech, made no comment on this. A denial would have been fatuous; the whole town knew this was truth, had accepted the situation for years.

"He laughed at that," Belter added. "Said he guessed no woman would be that big of a fool. He thinks you don't amount to much," he explained.

Dale remembered this conversation with Belter, after Jane left him. He thought she was not the sort to hide from any man; and with sudden insight wondered whether, if she had indeed hidden from Pettibaw tonight, she had not half expected to be discovered in spite of her precautions. He wondered if she found the millman attractive; remembered that she had paid a tribute to his habit of success, his energy and vigor. She was, he told himself, the sort to like a vigorous and energetic man; and in spite of the fact that he was quite sure he did not want her for himself, that he was definitely afraid of her, this realization curiously intensified the faint dislike which he had of late begun to feel for Pettibaw.

He ate his supper indifferently. The peas were tender and delicious; the coffee good enough; and two or three doughnuts completed the meal. Dale, like most men who live alone in such a community as Fraternity, found in the doughnut the true staff of life. Enough may be fried at one time to last for days; and age cannot wither nor custom stale either their sturdy appeal to the masculine taste or their sustaining effect. In his unmethodical way he cooked doughnuts whenever the crock in the cellar was empty, and ate them till they were gone, and cooked more as need arose. There was always cheese in the house. He bought a fresh slab every evening at the store; and doughnuts and cheese are good staple diet for an indifferent man. He had a fine taste in doughnuts; there were some that he liked, others failed to appeal to him. It was a matter of pride with him that his doughnuts should be tough rather than crisp, and not too deeply impregnated with the pork fat in which he fried them. Sometimes, for variety's sake, he mixed chocolate in the dough; but this was a novelty that soon lost its appeal.

After supper, since there was hot water in the tank at one end of the stove, he decided to wash dishes before milking, and he did so with a careless effectiveness that satisfied his own requirements. He left the dishes to drain and dry of themselves, and went to the barn to milk the two cows and make them comfortable for the night. About dusk he set out along the road toward the store, carrying a lantern to illumine the homeward way, since there was no moon. It was perhaps half a mile to the village; but for half that distance the road lay through a hardwood growth where on a dark night the shadows were black. Beyond this wood he passed a deserted farmhouse, and then another stand of buildings where his road joined that from North Fraternity. Thus he came down into the village and crossed the river at the bridge above the barrel mill and ascended the little rise to the store.

There was already a group of men upon the high steps, smoking their black pipes and talking together in the warm evening air: Chet McAusland and Jim Saladine, and Gay Hunt and Joe Race; and a moment after Dale had taken his place among them George Freeland crossed the road to join the others. The stage had not yet come. Inside the store the lamps were lighted and Will Bissell and Andy Wattles were attending to the wants of a few customers. Gay Hunt had been fishing that day and reported his catch; he said that a cow moose and a calf had been seen the evening before on the road to Liberty, asserted that he had seen a wildcat's track beside the brook that day, and an otter slide. Hunt was known to be a fanciful man, not so much a liar as one who always exaggerates the tales he tells; so the wildcat was not wholly credited, and Saladine cast mild doubt upon the matter of the otter.

"Haven't seen an otter track around here for three-four years," he suggested.

"There was one that traveled up and down the river back of my place last winter," McAusland declared. "I see the tracks twice."

"Well, they will travel," Saladine agreed. "They move around a lot."

"I guess I know an otter slide," Hunt insisted.

Joe Race asked mildly where it was; and Hunt told him, detailing the location. Circumstantiality lent body to his tale; and Chet McAusland asserted that there had been a slide in the spot he mentioned, nine years before. "Nick Westley saw it," he added. "He told me it was there. I meant to get up to see it, but I never did."

Dale listened without making comment. He was not a talkative man, not an aggressive one. Most of his neighbors liked him in an indifferent fashion, although some of them disapproved of him because he had let a good farm run down. His part in these sessions at the store was usually that of listener.

Will Belter came down the hill in his buggy, driving from his home on the ridge, and went in to order a sack of feed from Andy Wattles. The stage arrived, and Andy and the stage driver carried the mail bags inside. As though at a signal those on the steps rose and went in to get their papers and wait for the mail to be distributed. They found Belter talking with Will Bissell; and since Belter always talked in a loud tone they heard what he said.

"He went in town and fixed up the deal today," he declared.

Will was usually the first to learn of any happening of general interest; and he loved to spread the news, so that he had acquired an ancient reputation as a talebearer. Saladine in a jocose voice asked Bissell now, "What's Will want you to believe tonight?"

The storekeeper was a composed man with a quiet face and a low voice. He smiled faintly and replied, "Says Rad Pettibaw's going to cut the pines."

Dale Warner had been one of the last to come in from the steps; but he was in time to hear this. Bissell's words struck him with shocking force, so that he stopped where he was for a moment, and his knees trembled. Then he spoke harshly, loudly, in a voice unlike his natural tone.

"The pines up by the pond?" he demanded.

Belter answered him. "Yes, sir. Bought 'em today."

Belter was working for Pettibaw with his team, hauling logs and lumber, so that his words were entitled to some small credence. But Dale could not believe them. He looked at Belter, and then at the others; and he said gropingly, "Guess that can't be so."

"It sure is," Belter insisted with some unction.

This was news of general public interest, for everyone knew the trees, and everyone in greater or less measure loved them. If Pettibaw should cut them it would be quite definitely an affront to public opinion. It was not a matter anyone was likely openly to resent or to hinder; their feeling would hardly take the form of action. Yet every man of them would be sorry to see the old trees go. Saladine voiced this general thought.

"That don't seem right."

"Why, they're old and beginning to get rotten, anyway," Belter argued. "Half of them are punky now; but he figures there's good lumber in them. Guess he made a good bargain at that though."

"There ain't but one of them that's got a hole in it anywheres," Dale exclaimed, a hint of passion in his tones.

"I guess if Pettibaw's bought them he knows what he's doing," Bissell remarked.

"You sure he has?" Saladine asked Belter.

"I heard him say so," Belter insisted.

"Probably you didn't hear right," Saladine suggested mildly.

The discussion developed into an argument, hope lending strength to the general incredulity. Only Dale Warner took no part in what they said; he listened almost avidly, his eyes lighting at each denial, clouding at Belter's repeated insistence. And through his thoughts ran the picture of Pettibaw sitting so insolently in his small car, his hat at that aggressive angle above his eye, and he heard again that far howl of the saw, ripping its harsh way through tender wood. The memory conjured a series of pictures before his eyes. He imagined the tottering of the great trees, imagined that he saw their round trunks pared away and pared away by the recurrent strokes of the whirling teeth. He found himself shuddering with a physical nausea; and he tried to tell himself that this tale could not be true, that Belter was mistaken or lying, that this atrocity was incredible and out of all belief.

But by and by Rad Pettibaw himself came into the store, bulking large. He was as tall as any man there, and broader, his heavy shoulders insolent. Upon his coming, momentary silence fell. Pettibaw was not a Fraternity man. His home had been over near South China; he had come into the town five or six months before with his steam mill to cut a tract of small stuff he had bought; and since then he had bought other standing timber and reduced it to bleeding planks and slabs, in the process littering the earth with sawdust piles. He had made few friends. His manner was too aggressive and too domineering for that. Now as he came in he tugged his hat a little lower on one side, accentuating that angle which Dale found himself suddenly hating. Bissell was behind the glass show case in which were candies and cigars, and Rad loudly demanded two cigars and paid for them, ringing the coin upon the glass, and lighting one of the cigars. With it cocked between his strong lips, his elbows resting on the edge of the show case behind him, he faced the other men in the store. Dale, just inside the door, watched him bitterly. No one spoke till Pettibaw's loud voice boomed forth.

"Well, pretty good haying weather," he remarked.

Belter appealed to him then, appealed to him for confirmation.

"I been telling them you'd bought that bunch of old pines by the pond," he said in a fawning voice. "They don't seem to believe me."

"Why not?" Pettibaw demanded. "What's wrong with that?"

Saladine said slowly, "Them pines are a kind of landmark. I guess we'd mostly hate to see them go."

"Make damned good lumber," said Pettibaw. "I aim to move my mill down there soon as I get through where I am." He puffed a cloud of smoke.

Dale, inconspicuously enough, withdrew himself. He went out through the front door of the store and started homeward. He forgot his lantern, left it on the stoop before the door. Perhaps this was the reason why, when he struck into the homeward road, his feet continually stumbled. He went uncertainly, like a man who cannot see his way.

III

THE night was dark and still, and far sounds came clearly to the ear. A coon, fishing for frogs somewhere down along the pond, whistled shrilly; a fox barked; an owl hooted from a stub in the old pasture; a breeding pair of black duck in the marshy shallows at the foot of the pond spoke softly together. Dale found himself blundering along the wood road that led from the highway down through the pines. He did not know how he had come there; had passed his own farm without knowing it, walking blindly straight ahead, turning automatically along this well-remembered thoroughfare. Where the wood road curved around the rotting stump of an old tree that had stood there years before, and had fallen before Dale's day and recollection, he stopped for a moment. It was very still here within the wood, and he heard a mouse squeak. Ahead of him as he went on, faint sheen upon the water revealed the pond lying like a pool of mercury; and outside the pads a bass splashed when he missed his stroke at a chub.

Dale came out of the wood and down upon the strand till his feet were at the very water's edge. He stood there, halted by this barrier, his senses whirling; stood and stared out across the water, conscious only of the turmoil of his thoughts, of the great sorrow and gnawing rage which tore at him. After a little time he moved back from the water to the nearest pine; and if there had been anyone to see, he must have seemed to them composed and calm. Like his neighbors, he wore a habitual cloak of still composure, and this hid and covered his unhappiness now. The cool night was pleasant upon his hot cheeks and his damp brow. He laid one hand against the trunk of the tree and leaned there, his glance still turned out across the pond; and memories ran through him. From the water there seemed to come the voice of old Charlie Broad. "Perch are biting, Dale!" High in the air above him, even though there was no perceptible current moving, the needles whispered as though to comfort him, whispered with a proud courage and resignation.

After a time he sat down wearily, his shoulders against the trunk of the tree, and

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(Continued from Page 97)

lighted his pipe. He sat there for an indeterminate time, perhaps for hours. His pipe burned out; and when he noticed this he refilled it, and it burned out again and was refilled. It would not be accurate to say that he thought; rather he felt. His shoulders were burdened with sorrow; his heart was turgid with revolt. And above and behind him and on every side the tall pines seemed still to whisper as though bidding him take heart; as though assuring him that they were strong enough to meet whatever might come.

He did not, during these hours of the night, arrive at any practical consideration of the situation, for Dale was not a practical man. He was one who had always found that life laid down for him each day an easy road, along which he might travel without too much struggle or effort; and he had taken this easy way. Life had been sweet for him, calling upon him for no effort, rewarding him with the enveloping beauty of the countryside he loved, with the companionship and solace of these ancient pines. Now he was vaguely bewildered and hurt by the blow that had been struck at him.

He found himself dwelling on ancient days, remembering that it was a Warner who first chose to live among these trees, and another Warner who preserved them from the first sweeping ravages of the lumberman, and another Warner who betrayed them at last for money; and he felt a hot shame for his father, and his ancient resentment acquired renewed force. But he arose at last and went back up through the woods and along the road to his house without coming to any conclusion, without arriving at any plan. At home, abed, he slept restlessly, miserable and forlorn.

When Dale woke next day it was to a gray world. The wind had changed during the night; it came now from the eastward, laden with wisps of fog that shredded over the hills and flowed down into the valley; there was rain in this wind, and Dale thought with some relief that in such weather he could not harvest his hay. While he was eating his breakfast Rad Pettibaw and his crew drove by on their way up to the pond, and by and by he heard the sawmill begin its ravening cries, like some beast, voraciously feeding, browsing nearer and nearer where stood the pines. Dale had watched Pettibaw's passage with lowering eyes; all his resentment was beginning to concentrate in hatred of this aggressive and successful man, who wore his hat awry, who wooed Jane Thomaston, who planned now to destroy the pines.

After his morning chores were done he found himself unwilling to be alone; and he went aimlessly along the road toward the village and stopped at the store, empty of customers so early in the morning, to reclaim his lantern. Will Bissell was busy with his accounts; Andy had gone to East Harbor with the truck to bring home fresh supplies; Dan Bissell labored below stairs, stowing sacks of feed in smaller compass, rolling the casks of cider vinegar to new locations.

By and by he came up the stairs from the cellar, mopping his brow; and he said cheerfully to Dale, "Hot, even down there, a day like this."

Dale nodded absently. "Thought you'd be doing your farming," he suggested.

Dan was newly married, and therefore an object of furtive curiosity to Dale. He watched the younger man, seeking to discover in his countenance signs and effect of his new estate; but Dan was as he had always been. This mystery of marriage had always repelled Dale; he shied away from even the thought of it as a horse shies from a shadow. While he and Dan talked now he studied the other, but was as puzzled at the end as at the beginning of their encounter. They discussed the hay crop, the weather, the rumors of the countryside, and the sale of the pines to Rad Pettibaw. Dan was a young man who had seen the outer world; it seemed to him natural and reasonable that the pine trees should be converted into lumber, and he said so.

"They'll just rot and die if they're not cut," he remarked. "But I can see how some folks might kind of hate seeing them go."

Dale did not argue with him. Will Bissell was a business man too; but his attitude was somewhat different from that of his son.

"Trees like that are a good thing to have in the town," he confessed. "Kind of a shame; but I guess Rad sees a profit in them."

When Dale left the store, vaguely seeking some salve for his hurt, he found himself turning toward Jane Thomaston's house. She was busy with her preserving, but welcomed him into her kitchen and bade him sit down out of the way.

"A pity you can't find something to do, even if you can't hay," she said sharply. "You was always one to find ways not to work, Dale."

"Ain't feeling so good this morning," Dale confessed.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked vigorously, running a stream of berries from one large palm to the other as she picked them over. "You look stout enough."

"I've been thinking about Pettibaw's cutting down the pines," he told her.

"It's a pity some ways," she agreed. "Looks like Rad could find other ways to make money. I told him so last night."

Dale looked at her, a little astonished and dismayed at this new evidence of the strength and resolution. "What'd he say?" he asked.

"That man? He laughed, the way he does," she confessed, and added with grim amusement, "I will say for him, he knows what he wants; and you can't budge him."

"I kind of like having them pines there," Dale remarked; and she looked at him with a quick glance, and nodded.

"That's right," she agreed. "You always were kind of funny about them trees, Dale. I remember hearing your paw tell how you took on when he sold the land down there. It wan't a mite of good to him, either. He done well to sell."

"Well, I kind of like them," he repeated aimlessly.

"It's a shame, at that," she agreed. "Somebody ought to stop him cutting them."

Dale's eyes burned faintly. "That's right!" he approved.

"But there ain't anybody in town with gumption enough to go against him," she declared. "That's one thing about him. I don't like him as much as my little finger nail; but he does go after what he wants, and he most generally gets it. The rest of the men in this town just set around and say it's too durned bad." She looked at Dale speculatively. "I sh'd think you'd do something," she urged.

"Dunno as there's anything I can do," he objected.

"You can't do anything setting in my kitchen and moaning about it," she reminded him. "Sometimes I think you ain't good for much, Dale. You always needed a woman to make you hump yourself. You got a good farm up there if it was run right. Good as there is in this town. But there, I guess you never will be the marrying kind."

"I've thought about it some," he confessed.

"If it was Rad Pettibaw, he'd do more'n think," she remarked; added in a speculative tone: "But I wouldn't want a man that was always trying to run me the way he runs folks." She perceived the shadow of alarm in Dale's eyes. "I dunno as I'd want to run things myself if I had a husband," she explained eagerly. "I can get along with folks, but I wouldn't want a husband running me."

"I guess you'd be like most women," he suggested—"want things your way."

"You know a lot about women!"

"I've heard a lot of 'em talk about doing everything to please their husband; but I notice he had to be pleased with their ways."

"If it was a woman she wouldn't let Rad Pettibaw cut them trees without having her say-so, anyhow," she countered. "I will say that."

Gloom descended upon him once more. "Guess she couldn't do much."

"If I wanted to keep him out of there bad enough I'd do it," she declared.

"How?" he asked.

"He's in there for profit, for one thing," she reminded him. "I'd show him it'd pay him better to leave them."

"Buy him out?"

"If I had to I would."

"Take money to do that."

She nodded. "You're like all the rest of them, prob'ly. Keep body and soul together and never have a cent ahead. Well, all you can do is to moan about it then."

He left her, vaguely stimulated by the vigor of her spirit. Usually this energy on her part frightened him; but this day he was in a mood for action. A rare mood with Dale. He walked home and cooked dinner and ate it. From his dooryard he could see the tops of the pines, the pond beyond. He remembered how Will Dent and Charlie Broad used to stop here to pick him up when they drove down to the shore to go fishing; and how Charlie Broad always liked to see the pines from here. He had not thought of Charlie before; had not seen the old man for four or five years, and remembrance of him now suggested a new line of thought. Charlie had loved the pines, would hate to see them go; and Charlie Broad was a man of means. He could buy off Pettibaw if he chose.

Dale considered this possibility, turning it over and over in his mind all that afternoon. The more he thought upon it the more it seemed to him that if Charlie knew, he would not permit this outrage to occur. Alone at home that night—he did not go to the store because if he went there he must encounter Pettibaw—he weighed the situation; and the outcome was that next day, had weather still persisting, he went to town in time to ride to East Harbor with Andy Wattles; there sought out Charlie.

He found the old man at home, heavy in a wide-armed easy-chair, big with the slothful weight of years, his eyes moist with a sadly sentimental sorrow because life was passing on. Charlie made him welcome in cracked and mournful tones; and Dale sat down facing him, twisting his hat between his fingers, listening to Charlie's interminable reminiscences. "Remember this," said Charlie Broad. "Remember that." And his old eyes filled with tears that trickled down his cheeks. "An I now Will's dead and gone," he reminded Dale. "And the old camp's in bad shape; and the perch don't bite nowadays the way they used to, Dale. We had good times in those days, didn't we? Sometimes thinking of them, I get pretty sad. It's kind of hard to get old and helpless, the way I am."

Dale waited for a chance to tell his news, broke in at last upon the wandering flow of words. "Pettibaw's bought the place," he said harshly. "He's going to lumber off the pines."

Charlie's big head nodded sadly. "I did hear that," he agreed. "Yes, sir, I did hear that, Dale. Well, the years come and the years go. I'll never see the pines again. The perch can bite for all of me. When you're as old as I am your old friends keep dying, and the things you've enjoyed keep disappearing. The changes here in town, Dale—it makes me feel old just to go downtown. Well, well, so the pines are gone, you say."

Dale found himself in the grip of a rising impatience at such maundering. "They ain't gone yet," he reminded Charlie. "Pettibaw's bought 'em, that's all."

"He'll put a mill in, and topple them down, and saw them up, and rip them into boards. The old trees Will and I loved. Well, well. It makes a man feel mighty old."

"He figures on making a profit out of them," Dale suggested, an edge of anger in his tones. "That's all he's after."

"The old things have to go when the young men see a profit," Charlie commented sorrowfully. "Well, that's the way of the world, Dale. I never thought I'd outlive those old trees though. They were hundreds of years old before I was born, and now I'm going to outlive them. You can't tell a thing, can you, Dale? The way things turn out sometimes." He seemed to find a complacent triumph in the thought that he would thus cling to life beyond the allotted span of the ancient pines.

"Thing is," said Dale insistently, "a man could buy them back from Pettibaw."

Charlie sighed. "That would be a fine thing to do," he agreed. "Yes, sir, an idealistic thing to do. A fine man that would do that. You going to do that, Dale? Will Dent would thank you from his grave, I expect."

"I ain't got the money to do it," Dale confessed. He added hurriedly, "I kind of thought you might want to. It wouldn't cost so much. I guess he bought the place cheap enough."

The old man wagged his head. "No sense in age getting in the way of youth when youth sees a profit," he said oracularly. "Youth has to have its way, Dale. Plunges blindly ahead, destroying, devastating. Might as well step aside. I'd never see them again anyway. Too old and feeble to travel so far, Dale. No, no sense in my putting out money on them. After Will died I couldn't go back there; and the perch had quit biting. That's why I sold. No sense in buying back again now."

(Continued on Page 103)

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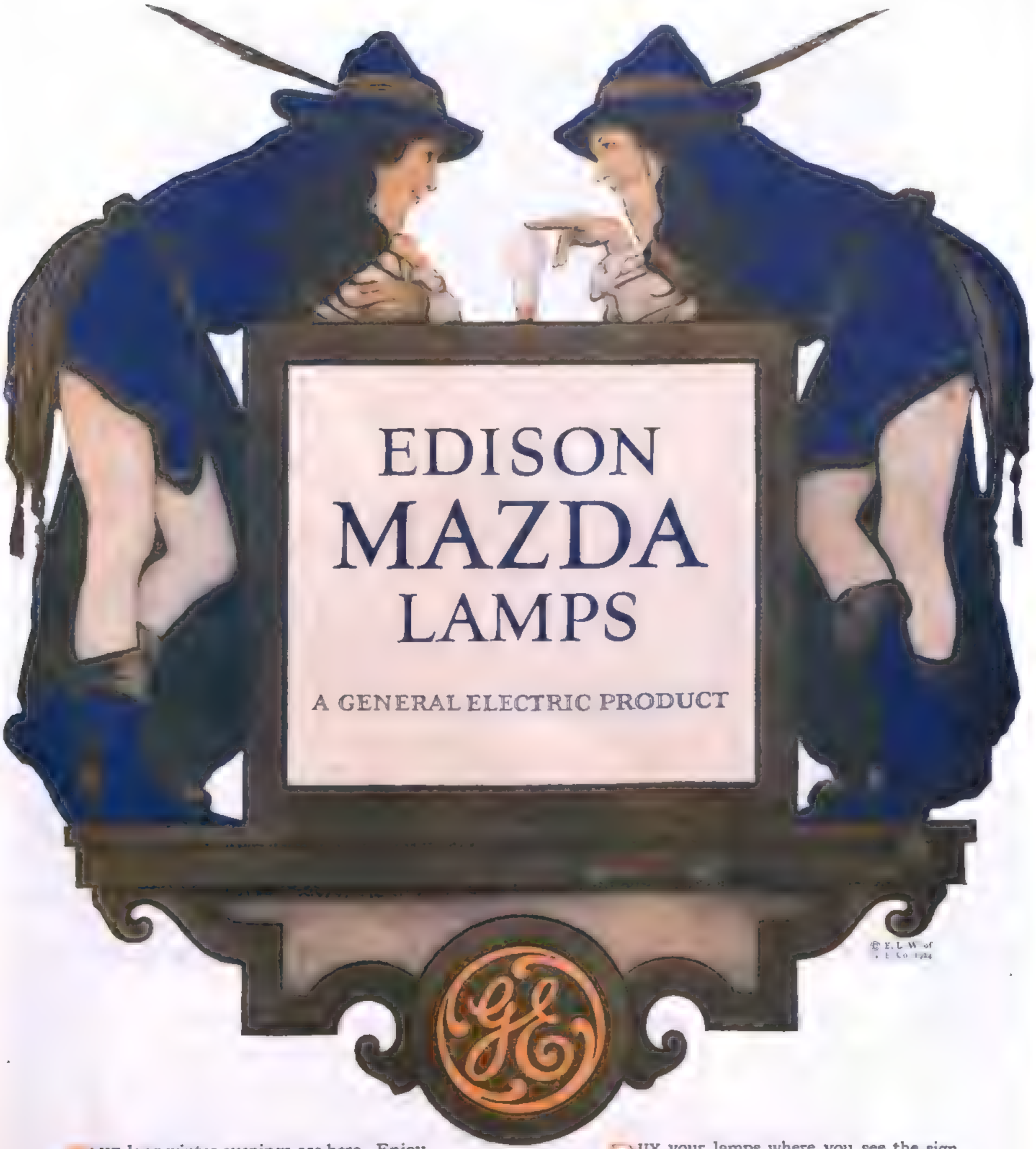

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Continued from Page 100

"Pettibaw's no young man," Dale insisted stubbornly. "He's as old as me."

"He's young to me," Charlie replied. "You're young yourself, Dale. You're a boy to me. I remember you in knee pants. Always think of you that way. If I had your youth I'd buy out Pettibaw and keep him out. But I'm an old man, and fearful. When you get as old as me, about all you can do is sit helpless by and watch the world go on."

In the end he silenced Dale without convincing him. Riding home with Andy that afternoon, Dale found himself full of resentment toward Charlie, a resentment almost as bitter as his feeling toward Pettibaw. After all, the lumberman was simply doing his business to the best advantage; but old Charlie, who could have saved the pines with a turn of his hand, was willing to sit idly by and mourn their passing, finding a sentimental pleasure in his sorrow.

But before they reached Fraternity, Dale's anger had taken a new turn; he began to blame himself; blame himself for the wasted years in which he might have been accumulating money to buy back the pines and save them now. He remembered his boyhood vow to do that very thing; remembered how he had sworn to have them some day for his own. And now when they cried out to him for life, he could give them no answer except denial. Dale had no money; that is to say, no money of any account. Something less than a hundred dollars in wrinkled and folded bills lay tucked away in his bedroom. He wondered how much Pettibaw had paid for the pines, and asked Andy, and Andy knew the answer.

"Sixteen hundred, he said last night in the store," he replied. "Guess, taking the cottage and all, he got a good buy."

And Pettibaw would want to make a profit if he sold, Dale reminded himself. He thought of two thousand dollars as a tentative figure; but it might as well have been two hundred thousand. Not all his belongings would fetch so much if he were to sell them. His farm might be worth more, but there were no buyers; and if he sold the farm he could not live.

He fell silent again, going over and over the situation, angry at himself and at old Charlie, forgetting to be angry at Pettibaw. When the truck reached Fraternity and Dale turned along the road toward his farm he found himself curiously anxious to talk to Pettibaw, to see if there might not be some way in which he could accomplish this dear desire which hourly gained in intensity. He passed his farm without turning in, and went on along the road, which rose and dipped over little ridges as it took its way through the wood, and so emerged at last on the edge of the slash where the trees had been cut to make work for Pettibaw's mill. The mill itself had been set up by the shore of the pond, near the water. A plume of steam betrayed its location, and the yellow mound of the sawdust pile, and the snarl and howl of the saw. Will Belter with his team was preparing to haul the slim young trunk of a felled pine down to the mill; and Dale stopped for a moment to watch Will affix the chain, then went on ahead.

When he came near the sawmill it lost some of its frightful aspects. He had seen steam mills before; their machinery and operations were familiar to him; and at this close range the sounds of the saw and the engine were so loud that they numbed the senses, losing their terror. He saw Rad standing by the shore of the pond, talking with one of his men, and Dale went slowly that way, his lingering anger at old Charlie Broad now fading, his thoughts full of the vague desire to do what he could to redeem his ancient vow to save the pines.

Dale came to Pettibaw with no plan, no proposition; he came simply because it was necessary for him to know at once the worst that could be known: because he could no longer endure the burden of his own surmises.

Pettibaw saw him coming and threw up a hand in salutation; and when Dale came near enough so that his voice could be heard above the racket of the mill, Rad said heartily, "Good day, Dale!"

Dale nodded. "Rain's going to blow over," he agreed. "Ought to clear tomorrow."

"Got your haying started? Did it catch you?" Pettibaw asked.

"Not started yet," Dale replied.

"Good stand of hay in your lower field," the lumberman remarked; "if it don't get spoiled on you."

"I'll get it in, give me a day or two of good weather."

Pettibaw grinned. "You're like the rest of them. Be haying clear into September."

Dale slowly filled his pipe. He did not resent the other's remark. There was truth in it, and he had often accused himself of just such indolences.

He said after a time, "You're pretty near through here."

The millman assented. "Ready to move in about two weeks," he agreed.

Dale forced his voice to an even tone. "Where'll you go then?"

"Tackle them big pines," said Pettibaw.

He broke off to shout some direction to the man operating the mill, to show Will Belter where to lay the log he had dragged down the hill. Dale watched him thoughtfully; and he found that the beat of his heart was shaking his whole body. By and by Pettibaw came back.

"Hate to see them pines go," said Dale then. "I've kind of grown up among them. They was in the family for close to a hundred years."

"Good lumber," Pettibaw remarked. He went into figures, reciting his expectations.

"Well, that's what you're in the business for," Dale agreed. "But I'd give a good deal not to have you cut them pines."

Pettibaw laughed. "That's the trouble with you men around here. Get an idea and hang on to it. Them trees are worth less every year from now on; but if you had 'em you'd let 'em rot on the stump."

"Yes, sir," Dale agreed. "I guess I would. I kind of like having them there." He added slowly, "I went to East Harbor today. Tried to talk Charlie Broad into buying 'em back from you."

"What'd he say?" Pettibaw inquired, grinning a little.

"Well, he said a lot," Dale confessed. "But he wouldn't do it. Told me to buy 'em myself. That's the best he could give me."

"Well, I'm a business man," Pettibaw said curtly. "They're for sale. I'd as soon sell 'em where they are as in boards."

Dale shook his head. "I'd make you an offer if I had the money," he confessed.

"You got a good farm there," Pettibaw suggested curiously, his attention caught. "Looks like you'd ought to have some money put by."

Dale's face twisted faintly. "I ain't," he told the other.

Pettibaw considered this for a moment, watching Dale. "I'd sell for twenty-two hundred, as they stand," he said at last suggestively. "That'd show me a profit. If I go to cutting, I'm likely to find half of 'em rotten inside. I'd as soon play safe."

"I did think you'd take two thousand," Dale commented.

Pettibaw shook his head. "Not a cent under twenty-two hundred."

"Well, there ain't any use dickering anyway," Dale reminded him.

The millman took a cigar from his pocket and bit off the end and lighted it, looking at Dale keenly. "I guess you're just talking," he suggested accusingly. "The way the rest of the folks around here do. You wouldn't do much of anything if you could."

Sudden passion flamed in Dale's eyes to answer him; then faded to gray ashes again. For a space neither man spoke. Dale was looking down the pond toward where the plumed tops of the pines showed against the sky. Pettibaw watched Dale for a space, stared at the end of his cigar; then he also looked down the pond. "I might make a deal with you at that," he said casually.

Dale turned slowly to look at him. "What's that?" he asked.

Pettibaw spat and cleared his throat, and put his case. "I been operating this mill for four-five years now," he said. "Pretty near time I settled down to farming again. I've been looking out for a good farm. Your place isn't worth twenty-two hundred, but it could be if it was fixed up; and I could fix it up. I'll trade you, even."

Dale's cheeks flushed, but he shook his head. "The farm's all the living I've got," he reminded the other.

Pettibaw laughed. "That's right," he agreed. "You couldn't live on the pines. Not very well, unless you cut them down." He considered. "Well, here. You know your place ain't worth two thousand. Not to sell. I'll gamble with you. I'll trade you the pines for a two-thousand-dollar mortgage on your place. You to pay it off in five years. And interest."

"I never could pay it off," Dale reminded him dully; but a flicker burned in his eyes.

"I could make your farm bring in a thousand a year, worked right," Pettibaw declared authoritatively. "So could you. Oh, you'd have to get out and hustle. But that wouldn't hurt you any." He watched the other closely.

"I got to live somehow," Dale protested. "Where'd I be if I lost the farm?"

"All right," Pettibaw assented. "Let it go then." He laughed unpleasantly. "I thought you meant what you said. Guess you're as no-account as the rest of them."

Dale felt a faint stirring of anger; he got to his feet and faced the other, and his shoulders had a new set and his glance was level. "You're wanting me to take all the chances," he said steadily.

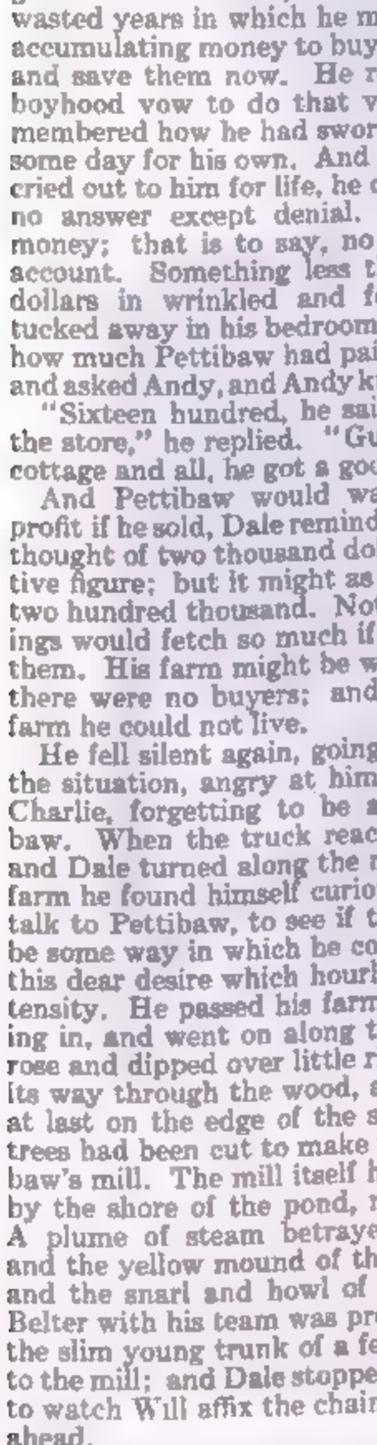
"Well, it's your funeral," Pettibaw reminded him. "If you want to do anything." He studied Dale, then began to restate his proposition, while Dale listened with slowly burning eyes.

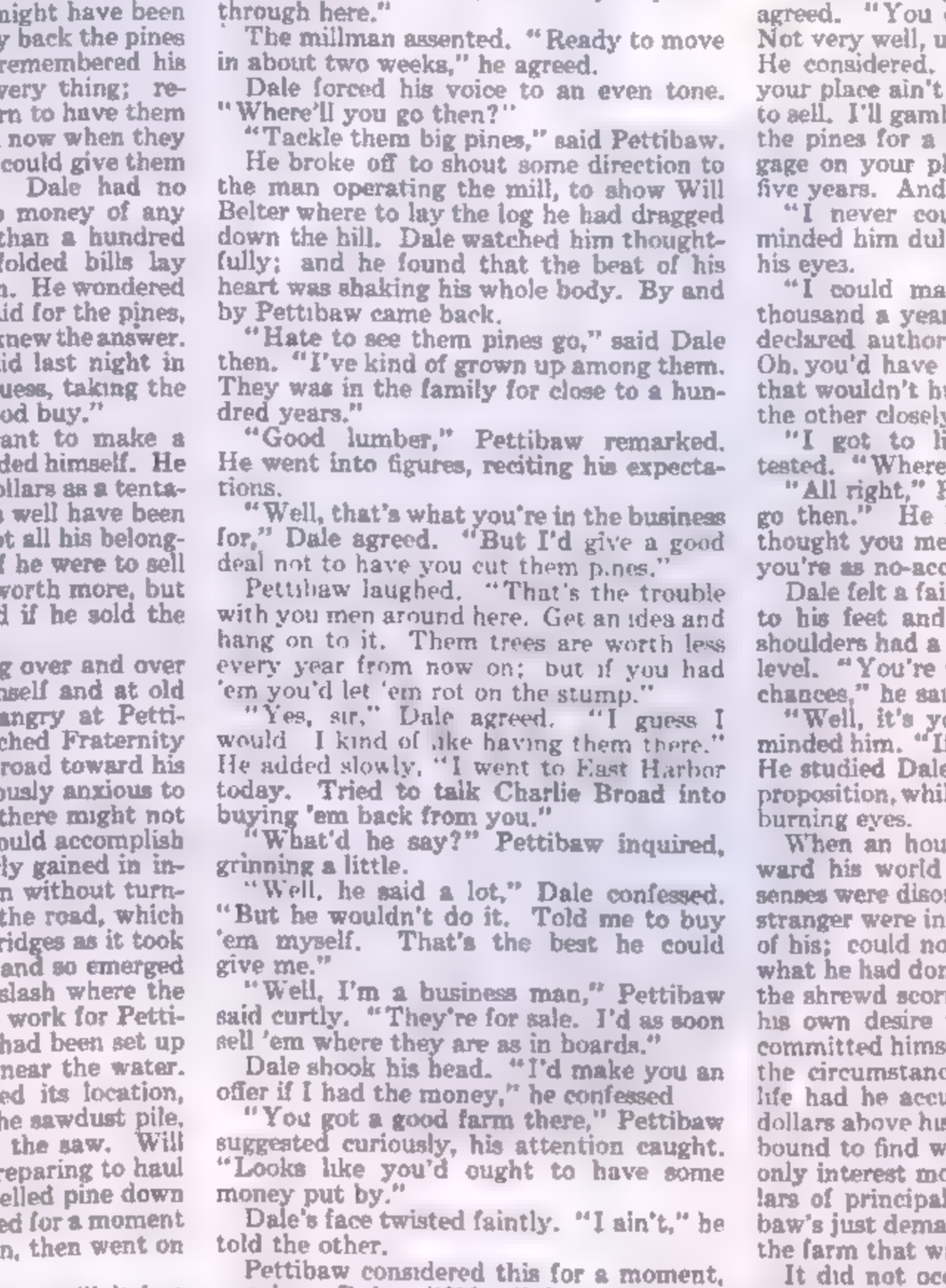
When an hour later Dale turned homeward his world was in confusion and his senses were disordered. He felt as though a stranger were inhabiting this familiar body of his; could not believe that he had done what he had done. For, driven as much by the shrewd scorn in Pettibaw's tone as by his own desire to save the pines, he had committed himself to a task that was under the circumstances colossal. Never in his life had he accumulated more than a few dollars above his actual needs. Now he was bound to find within the twelvemonth not only interest money but four hundred dollars of principal with which to pay Pettibaw's just demands. This on pain of losing the farm that was his only anchorage.

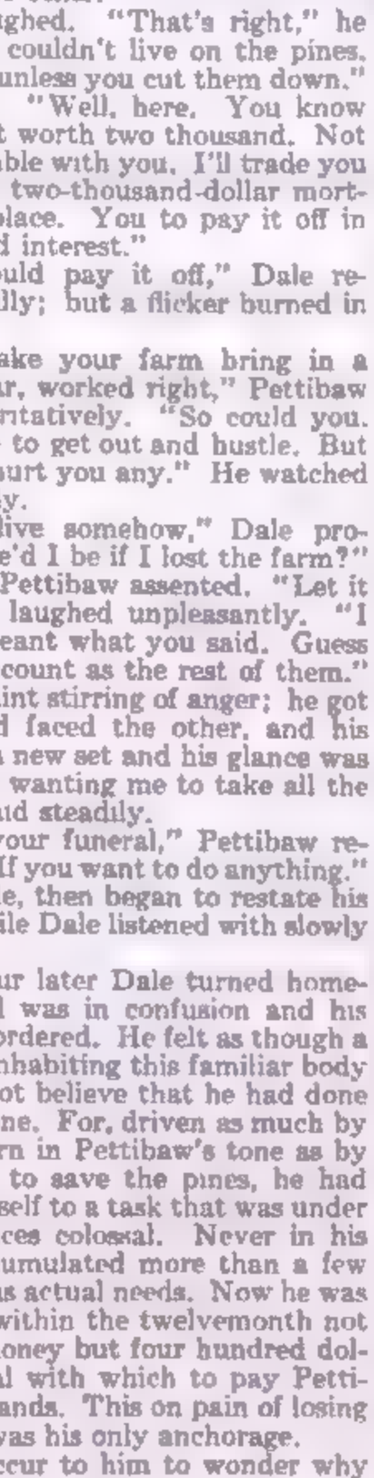
It did not occur to him to wonder why Pettibaw had been willing to make a bargain on its face so doubtful as this one was. He felt rather a faint gratitude to the millman. He had failed to perceive the triumphant light in the other's eyes; he was too much absorbed in his own immediate and overwhelming problem. If he were to meet his new obligations he must begin at once to earn and to hoard the necessary money.

It is some evidence of the change already begun in Dale that he faced this prospect with a stirring of new energy.

TO BE CONCLUDED







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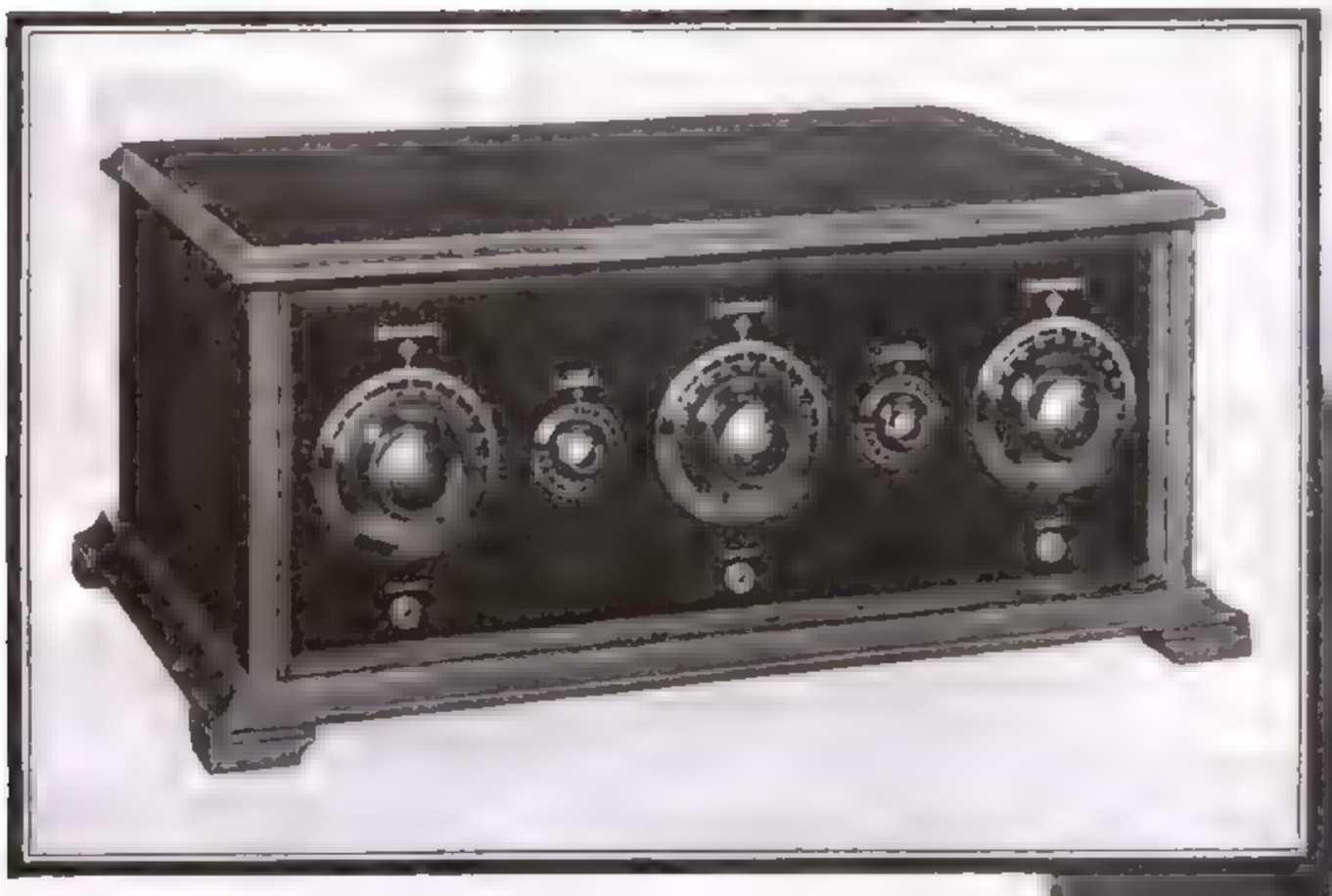

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A phonograph to play all the standard makes of records — better

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With the Adler-Royal Neutrodyne, either in combination with the Royal Phonograph or separately, anyone can have the thrill of tuning in on the great broadcasting stations by following a simple chart in setting the dials. You need not understand the technicalities of radio to enjoy it. It is as easy as setting a clock

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ROYAL

Phonograph and Radio

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

(Continued from Page 34)

So we talked and joked with each other and finally, about nine o'clock, we started for the Olympic Club.

Now the following incident comes back to me as I write these words thirty-three years afterward. As I was starting to put on a light summer suit, with a straw hat and a little bamboo cane to match, Delaney exclaimed, "You're not going to the fight that way, are you?"

"Certainly, Mr. Delaney," I replied, examining myself in the mirror as if I thought I looked grand.

It was too much for him. He wanted me to go to the arena like the usual short-haired, big-sweatered type of pug with a scowl that would scare people, and here I looked like a dude that a good man could break in two. For a moment he couldn't say anything—simply looked his disgust.

"What difference does it make how I'm dressed going up?" I continued as I gave a little extra twist to my tie; "I don't expect to fight in these clothes."

But it did make a difference to Billy, and he started to protest. I had begun the conversation in fun, but possibly I was getting a little nervous as the hour drew nearer; anyway, we had a heated argument which lasted until I cut it short.

"This is the way I'm going, and that settles it!" I said, and out I started, cane, straw hat and all.

The Champion Enraged

The streets of the city were black with people, and as our carriage was working through, all I could hear from every side was the murmur, "Sullivan," "Sullivan," "Sullivan." Not once did I hear the name of Corbett; it was all Sullivan in the air.

We reached the club and I stepped out. As I walked in at the door, right ahead of me hurried my old friend Mose Guntz, from San Francisco, the one who gave Jack Dempsey $1000 to second Choynski against me. After that incident we had become great friends and have been such ever since.

He turned around at my hail and started to speak cheerfully, but when he saw my get-up he looked kind of embarrassed and strange. Although he didn't say anything about my trimmings, I knew what effect they had on him, also that it wouldn't be but a couple of minutes before someone would tell Sullivan that Corbett came to the club with a cane in his hand and a straw hat on, like a dude. I could picture the look on Sullivan's face when he heard this news.

When I reached my dressing room, one of the club managers came in and announced, "Sullivan wants to toss up for the corners."

"Let him take any corner he likes," I answered as I started to get ready. "He's going in the ring first himself."

Word immediately came back that I was to go in the ring first. However, the question was settled by Brady's going down to Sullivan's dressing room and tossing a coin.

Now the only reason for my insisting that Sullivan enter ahead of me was the wonderful ovation I knew Sullivan would receive. Just then I felt quite calm and I didn't want anything to excite me in any way, and it was possible his great reception might. But Brady had won the toss, and finally it was announced that Sullivan was in the ring.

My seconds and I started down the aisle. The seats were banked circus fashion and only a few of the audience could see us, but I could see the ring and Sullivan was not in it. Someone had lied to me. So I stopped.

Now Sullivan thought I was in the ring, because I had started and enough time had elapsed for me to get there. As I stopped and turned back I met Sullivan, for the first time since I had boxed with him in San Francisco at my benefit.

I looked him in the eye and said, "You're the champion and I'm the short end. You're going in that ring first if we stand here all night!"

This enraged Sullivan, who was always aggressive in manner anyway. He gave a roar like a wounded lion, strode down the aisle and bounded into the ring. Never before or since have I heard an ovation equal to that given him as he came through the ropes.

I said a little prayer to myself—that I might be as cool in the ring as I was before the fight—and then as the cheers subsided, skipped into the ring, getting the usual reception that any fellow would get from an audience, which meant about as much as "Well, anyway, he showed up!"

About six months before this I had had a conversation with my dear old friend Judge Lawlor, of the Choynski fight days, in which he asked me how I thought I would fight Sullivan—what I thought my tactics would be. And I distinctly remember telling him the most important thing in my fight with Sullivan would be to convince him that there was one man he was going to meet who was not licked before the fight started.

"How are you going to do that?" inquired the judge.

"I don't know myself; but I've got to do it some way."

When I entered the ring I noticed that the floor was of turf instead of boards, on which I had always trained and fought. My shoes were of the solid sort used nowadays and I wondered how my feet would hold on turf. As soon as I entered the ring I started dancing around and found that my feet would hold pretty well; in fact, much better than I had expected, so I was considerably relieved.

There was a reason, you see, for these jumping-jack antics that night, but I wish someone would tell me why present-day fighters do the same thing. They have been training on boards and are fighting on boards and using the same shoes and everything, so there is no reason for the practice unless to cover up nervousness. But it has been followed generally by fighters ever since that night. It is funny how customs and habits go down from generation to generation.

Meanwhile Sullivan sat in his corner trying to catch my eye, his clenched fists on his knees, elbows out and his head thrust forward in an ugly fashion. He had a wicked eye.

Now, as I had always done before, I was trying to convince him that he was the last person or thing in the world I was thinking about. I was bowing to people I didn't even see, smiling at entire strangers, waving my hand, and talking to my seconds, laughing all the time. Finally the referee, whose name was John Duffy, called us up to the center of the ring for our final instructions. We walked up, Sullivan with his arms still folded, looking right at my eyes, not in them, for I never met his stare, and rising and falling on his toes without a pause. I waited for the referee, my gaze on him, and you could have heard a pin drop in the place. You wouldn't think 10,000 people could be so quiet. At last the referee got down to hitting in clinches.

"When I tell you to break," he told us, "I want you to drop your arms."

Practical Precautions

Immediately I grasped the referee by the shoulder—mind you, all for the effect on Sullivan—and sneered, "That's very well for you to say, 'Drop your arms when I say break!' But suppose this fellow"—even then I didn't look at Sullivan, just jerked my thumb at him—"takes a punch at me when I drop my arms."

"If he does that he'll lose the fight; and you'll lose, too, if you try it," Duffy answered.

"Then what about clinching like this?" I asked, and took hold of the referee and put my elbow up under his chin, pushing his head back, and repeated, "What if he does this?"

"That's a foul, of course," he answered. "If he does it or you do it, you'll be cautioned once. If you try it a second time you lose the fight."

"All right," I said, as gruffly as I could, "that's all I wanted to know."

Then, for the first time since entering the ring, I looked Sullivan square in the eye, and very aggressively too. He stopped his rising and falling on his toes and stood staring at me as if he were petrified, so surprised was he at this sudden change in my attitude, and I saw at once I had the effect I intended—I had him guessing.

In a very cocksure manner I jerked the towel from my shoulders, turned my back on him and ripped out, "Let her go!"

This piece of business had its effect not only on Sullivan but also on the audience, for they cheered me louder then than they had when I entered the ring. They must have come to the conclusion, "Why, this fellow thinks he can whip Sullivan! We'll see a fight!"

Time was called and the first round was on. Now I knew that the most dangerous thing I could do was to let Sullivan work me into a corner when I was tired or dazed, so I made up my mind that I would let him do this while I was still fresh. Then I could find out what he intended doing when he got me there. In a fight, you know, when a man has you where he wants you he is going to deliver the best goods he has.

From the beginning of the round Sullivan was aggressive—wanted to eat me up right away. He came straight for me and I backed and backed, finally into a corner. While I was there I observed him setting himself for a right-hand swing, first slapping himself on the thigh with his left hand—sort of a trick to balance himself for a terrific swing with his right. But before he let the blow go, just at the right instant, I side-stepped out of the corner and was back in the middle of the ring again, Sullivan hot after me. I allowed him to back me into all four corners, and he thought he was engineering all this, that it was his own work that was cornering me. But I had learned what I wanted to know—just where to put my head to escape his blow if he should get me cornered and perhaps dazed. He had shown his hand to me.

Guile and Strategy

In the second round he was still backing me around the ring. I hadn't even struck at him yet, and the audience on my right hissed me for running away and began to call, "Sprinter!" Now I could see at a glance that Sullivan was not quite near enough to hit me, so suddenly I turned my side to him, waved both hands to the audience and called out, "Wait a while! You'll see a fight!"

That made an awful "sucker" out of Sullivan, as the gallery birds say, and it was quite unexpected. And since he didn't know that I knew he couldn't reach me when I pulled this stunt he was the more chagrined. So he dashed right at me, angry as a bull, but immediately I was away again. At the end of the round I went to my corner and said to Brady and Delaney, "Why, I can whip this fellow slugging!"

At this there was a panic in my corner, all of them starting to plead with me.

"You said you were going to take your time. What are you going to take any chances for?"

"All right," I replied, to comfort them, "but I'll take one good punch at him this round anyway."

So far Sullivan hadn't reached me with anything but glancing blows and it was my intention, when the third round started, to hit him my first punch and I felt that it must be a good one. If my first punch didn't hurt him he was going to lose all respect for my hitting ability. So with my mind thoroughly made up, I allowed him to back me once more into a corner. But although this time I didn't intend to slip out, by my actions I indicated that I was going to, just as I had before.

As we stood there fiddling, he crowding almost on top of me, I glanced, as I had always done before, first to the left, then to the right, as if looking for some way to get out of this corner. He, following my eye and thinking I wanted to make a get-away, determined that he wouldn't let me out this time.

For once he failed to slap himself on the thigh with his left hand, but he had his right hand all ready for the swing as he was gradually crawling up on me. Then, just as he finally set himself to let go a vicious right, I beat him to it and loosed a left-hand for his face with all the power I had behind it. His head went back and I followed it up with a couple of other punches and slugged him back over the ring and into his corner. When the round was over his nose was broken.

At once there was pandemonium in the audience. All over the house, men stood on their chairs, coats off, swinging them in the air. You could have heard the yells clear to the Mississippi River. But the uproar only made Sullivan the more determined. He came out of his corner in the fourth like a roaring lion, with an uglier scowl than ever. I felt sure now that I would beat

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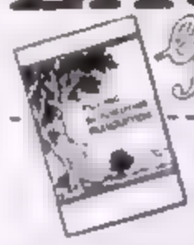

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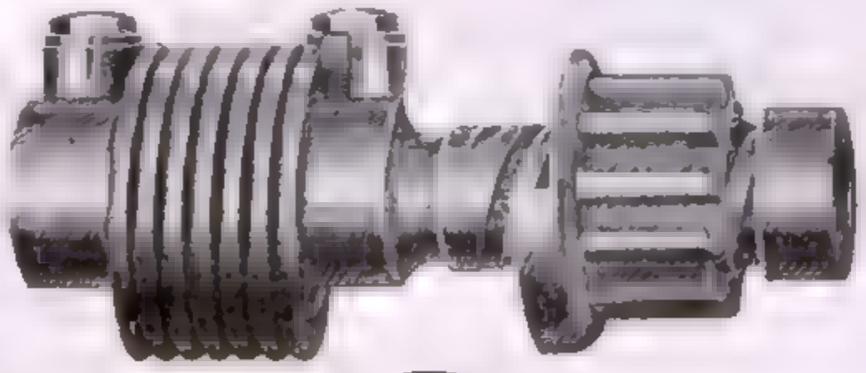

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him, so made up my mind that, though it would take a little longer, I would play safe.

From that time on I started doing things the audience were seeing for the first time, judging from the way they talked about the fight afterward. I would work a left-hand on the nose, then a hook into the stomach, a hook up on the jaw again, a great variety of blows. In fact, I used all the time such quick side-stepping and footwork that the audience seemed to be delighted and a little bewildered, as was also Mr. Sullivan—that is, bewildered, for I don't think he was delighted.

In the twelfth round we clinched and with the referee's order, "Break away," I had dropped my arms, when Sullivan let go a terrific right-hand swing from which I just barely got away. As it was, it just grazed the top of my head. Some in the audience began to shout "Foul!" But I smiled and shook my head, to tell them, "I don't want it that way."

So the next eight rounds continued, much in the fashion of toreador and bull, Sullivan making his mad rushes and flailing away with his arms, rarely landing on me, but as determined as ever. Meanwhile I was using all the tricks in my boxing repertoire, which was an entirely new one for that day and an assortment that impressed the audience. Then I noticed that he was beginning to puff and was slowing down.

When we came up for the twenty-first round it looked as if the fight would last ten or fifteen rounds longer. Right away I went for him, feinted with my left and hit him with a left-hand hook alongside the jaw pretty hard, and I saw his eyes roll. Quicker than it takes to tell it, I saw that I had then the same chance that I had had in the fight with Peter Jackson but had failed to take—the same chance that was Firpo's when Dempsey stood helpless before him—which he also failed to take.

This time I did not let it slip. Summoning all the reserve force I had left, I let my guns go, right and left, with all the dynamite Nature had given me, and Sullivan stood dazed and rocking. So I set myself for an instant, put just a little more in a right-hand and hit him alongside the jaw, and he fell helpless on the ground, on his stomach, and rolled over on his back. The referee, his seconds and my seconds picked him up and put him in his corner, and the audience went wild.

An Excited Audience

As Sullivan struck the floor, the few people who were for me jumped up and yelled, but the mass of that vast audience was as still as death; just clenched their hands, hoping their champion would rise. When the last count ended and it was over beyond doubt, then came an uproar like Niagara tumbling over the cliffs, followed by the greatest shower you ever saw, of hats, coats, canes, belts, flowers from buttonholes, everything, falling on me and my seconds and all over the floor of the ring. I have often thought what a business I could have started down in Baxter Street with such an assorted stock.

So the roar was continued. I should have felt proud and dazed, but the only thing I could think of, right after the knockout, was Sullivan lying there on the floor. I was actually disgusted with the crowd and it left a lasting impression on me. It struck me as sad to see all those thousands who had given him such a wonderful ovation when he entered the ring turning it to me, now that he was down and out.

In justice to the man who had reigned so long as champion of the world, I think it is only fair to say that I was not fighting the Sullivan I had seen and admired in San Francisco, at the Paddy Ryan bout, then twenty-six and in the pink of condition, but a man who had not been careful of his habits and who had enjoyed too much the good fellowship and popularity the championship brings. I got him when he was slipping, and that goes for all the champions down the line.

It is very hard to tell, as you gaze down the list at all the defeated champions of the past, which was supreme. As I got Sullivan when he was slipping, so Jeffries got Fitzsimmons, Johnson defeated Jeffries, and Dempsey, Willard. And so, too, when Dempsey starts to slip someone is sure to get him. Like the pitcher that goes too often to the well, the champ will go once too often to the ring, and be broken in the end. And all argument as to their respective merits is foolish and futile.

After the first uproar had subsided a little it seemed as if everybody in the audience wanted to hug me. Captain Barrett, chief of police, was standing near and I said to him, "Please don't let this crowd get hold of me. I want to go up in my room and be with the people I was with before the fight started."

Somehow I still had the feeling of resentment and couldn't stomach that crowd. He and his men forced a lane for me, by using their clubs, and I reached my dressing room. Brady and the whole gang were there and wanted to take me out to see the town and all that.

"No," I said, "I promised the Southern Athletic Club that, whether I won or lost, theirs would be the first place I would go to, and that's where I'm going."

They had opened their doors to me, you see, when I had fought Kilrain, and I thought I owed it to them. So we took a hack and drove there. They had hung a banner across the gymnasium with my picture on it, and when I went in some of them actually cried with joy to think I had come there after winning the fight. I made a little speech to them and then went up to Mr. Wormseley's house, where I had been staying, and they had champagne galore. There was one fellow there—I couldn't remember his name but I knew he was on the water wagon and had been a hard drinker at one time—who said, "Jim, this is the first drink I've had in two years!"

Celebrating in Milk

I took it away from him and said: "You're not doing me a favor by drinking that tonight. Please don't!" And he didn't.

It isn't that I never took a drink; but as I wanted to keep fit, I have only taken liquor on occasion and almost always in moderation. That night I saw a chance to give an example to the young fellows and I ordered a glass of milk. They drank all the wine around there; but Jim Corbett, the champion of the world, took a glass of milk! This incident was wired all over the world and was published in many newspapers.

I have always figured that this moderation helped me to what success I have had. There was another aid, and that was ability to throw off or control any tendency to worry.

Now I maintain that anyone can keep from worrying, except, of course, when misfortunes are crashing all around. It is just a question of will power, which can be developed by practice just as I developed my ability to say "No" when the fellows wanted me to dissipate back in the old San Francisco days. But it was a gradual development.

It is hard to describe how I put myself in this mental attitude before the fight. By "not worrying," some people will think I mean utter relaxation, but that is not quite true. Relaxation is all right for a vacation or for sickness, but this is not the proper way to keep from worrying when one has a hard job ahead. The mental attitude must be preceded by a determined effort of the will, which controls the nervous system. In other words, one has first to clinch his mental muscles and set himself with determination; then will follow the calm, deliberate poise—a sort of iceberg coolness, if you will—that is necessary for any achievement. Now I had willed myself into this state, which held during the long months preceding the fight. One thing was on my mind at all times:

"You can't win this fight if you lose your nerve; you can't win this fight if you lose your nerve. Worry will weaken you."

I would make this resolve several times a day, then deliberately turn my attention to something else. I had so gained this control over my nervous system that even when the fight had ended and the championship of the world was in my hands, I did not give way—I was still the same iceberg, the same cold, controlled machine that I had been in the ring. In fact, I could not unwind myself for two or three days afterward, even to become the companionable friend that I liked to be with all I knew.

This mental condition was the cause, together with my disgust at their fickleness, for my efforts to avoid the crowd. I realized that some day, too, they would turn from me when I should be in Sullivan's shoes, lying there on the floor.

When I got to bed that night my mind was so full of many things that I couldn't

(Continued on Page 109

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Manufacturers of Motor Vehicles to Serve in Every Field of Highway Transportation

Distance Lends Enchantment

WITH THE FREED-EISEMANN RADIO RECEIVER—each day is a new anticipation—each night—a new surprise!

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Ask any radio dealer to demonstrate the FREED-EISEMANN—*the finest Receiver in the world*... Learn with what perfect realism, clarity and ease it performs .... Each set is individually built by men who are masters of their craft, and each is subjected to seventeen tests before leaving the great plant.

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RADIO RECEIVERS

10 reasons for Freed-Eisemann Supremacy

1—An adornment for the home. No loops. No visible wires. No necessity for horns. The new cabinet-type loud speaker rests on the receiver

2—Whistles and squeals are completely eliminated. Remarkable volume under perfect control.

3—Utter simplicity of operation. Stations always come in at the same dial settings

4—Exclusive that programs have been brought in from across the Atlantic

5—Extreme selectivity. Installed in a home with a broadcasting station, it has tuned out the station and brought in other programs.

6—[illegible] semblers

7—[illegible] perfect

8—[illegible] —[illegible]

9—[illegible]

10—[illegible]

[illegible] worth of Freed-Eisemann [illegible] are now [illegible]

* * *

[illegible] slightly higher [illegible] and west of the Rockies. [illegible] Freed-Eisemann [illegible] duty-paid prices

(Continued from Page 106)

sleep. The championship was a great achievement; my ambition was realized. But I got to thinking of that $6000 mortgage on my father's house and livery stable, which had impressed me so as a kid, and the next day I wired my father asking him to let me know at once just how much he owed. He replied that $10,000 would cover everything. So the first thing I did with the money I won was to send the $10,000 home.

The night following the fight, Brady and I sneaked away to a restaurant where we thought we could escape recognition. But as we sat there we noticed on the other side of the room a table all set for a banquet. One by one a number of men entered, and I recognized several of them, men from all parts of the country. They spotted us and came over, shook hands and congratulated me; said they had all bet on Sullivan, but were glad to see a good man win, and the like.

Finally the banquet was ready to start, but there was one empty chair. I saw a number of them look over at me, then whisper to one another. Finally two of the gentlemen rose, came over again and asked if Brady and I wouldn't join them. We accepted, another place was made for Brady, and I sat down in the "vacant chair." Of course we talked the fight over and one thing and another, until finally the chairman got up and said:

"I think we had better be honest and tell Mr. Corbett that we all came down here and bet on John L. Sullivan. We are all friends of his, and this banquet was to have been a surprise for him after his victory. Of course we wish it could have been Sullivan that won, yet we're all mighty glad that an American has taken his place, and not Slavin or Mitchell." Then he wound up:

"Now since Sullivan will be in bed for a few days and cannot be with us tonight, we are glad to have you, Jim Corbett, as the guest of honor."

Then we all stood up and drank the health of the defeated ex-champion.

The next day we started North.

On the way up from New Orleans we stopped at Birmingham, Atlanta, and others of the larger cities en route and gave exhibitions which brought us something. Then when we reached New York, Brady ordered a play written, named it Gentleman Jim, got together a company and we toured the country. It was a very prosperous season and we netted jointly about $150,000.

In writing the story of a professional career one hesitates to draw in one's family; but as my wife has helped me so much during the twenty-nine years we have been together, I somehow cannot help telling of the little incident of our first meeting, which even after so long a time still sticks out strongly in my memory.

A Dash of Romance

I was playing in Kansas City in this melodrama, Gentleman Jim, and one afternoon gave a box party to Miss Maxine Elliott, her sister Gertrude—later Mrs. Forbes-Robertson—and James A. Herne, the famous old actor, then out with Shore Acres. Before the curtain went up and while the audience was naturally paying considerable attention to Miss Elliott, who was a reigning beauty of the day, another equally beautiful, but with light hair, entered the opposite box and the interest was divided. There was much guessing as to the identity of the newcomer, who, the spectators supposed, was another actress and guest of honor. I knew nothing of the excitement until my manager came back and I asked if Miss Elliott and her party had arrived.

"Yes," he replied, "she's there; but you ought to see the beauty sitting all alone in the box opposite her."

So I took a peek through the curtain. Now I have always admired Miss Elliott, but I am afraid I didn't cast many glances in the direction of her box that afternoon.

After the matinée I went down to the Midland Hotel for my dinner, and who should walk into the dining room but the Lady of the Box! I happened to know the gentleman with her, and he came over and invited me to sit at their table. I didn't need any coaxing. Two years after that, we were married, on August 15, 1894. I am now fifty-seven years old, and still I feel like a young man of twenty-five. I have been successful and happy since leaving the ring, and I owe all my success and great happiness to her.

After our trip with Gentleman Jim we returned to New York. Meanwhile the newspapers were working up interest in a fight between Charley Mitchell and myself. The former had been in America during the months preceding my fight with Sullivan and was considered a prominent contender for the championship.

I was booked to box at Miner's Bowery Theater for a week and didn't know that they had Mitchell and Slavin, the latter also a leading figure in pugilistic circles, engaged for the same dates. Finally the management decided that since I was matched to fight the great John L., I would be the drawing card, and they put me on, canceling the acts of my two rivals. They both resented this, naturally enough, brooding over the slight, and one night, after a round at the old Hoffman House bar, they decided they would go down to Miner's and give Corbett a licking.

I was standing in the lobby when they walked in, and Mitchell came up to me and tried to pick a quarrel. Among other things, he said, "Why, I'll fight you right here for a five-pound note!"

"You won't fight me in a barroom," I replied. "Boxing is a business with me. But mark what I say: I'll fight you some day and I'll whip you, and I'll get a lot of money for doing it!"

This didn't satisfy him, and he insisted on mixing it right then and there; but the manager, Mr. Miner, came up and separated us. That was all there was to it, but of course the papers had to come out and say that Mitchell had given Corbett an awful calling down; also that Corbett was yellow and afraid to fight Mitchell.

Mitchell's Challenge

The insults I did not forget, but it was just as well to get a little cash with my revenge, I thought. So when Mitchell, who had returned to England, finally issued a challenge to fight me to a finish for a $10,000 side bet and the largest purse offered, I accepted at once.

There figured in the papers frequently, in those days, an English sportsman by the name of Squire Abingdon Baird. He seemed to have a ton of money and was constantly spending it on his racing stable and theatrical productions, in which famous beauties, particularly Lily Langtry, were starred. He also seemed quite as infatuated with Charley Mitchell's prowess as a fighter as he was with the beauty of the "Jersey Lily," and Charley Mitchell really was a mighty man. He was the first who ever knocked John L. Sullivan down, and that, too, when Sullivan was at his best. This great feat was accomplished in the old Madison Square Garden. Later they were matched for a second go in the Garden, but though Mitchell was on deck, quite fit, Sullivan showed up in no condition to fight and the bout was postponed. The meeting place was transferred to France, where they fought a finish fight for the championship, with bare knuckles, under London prize-ring rules. This resulted in a draw.

When the challenge and my acceptance appeared in the English papers, it was announced that Squire Baird was coming with Mitchell to bet on the side as much money as all the sports in America could raise together.

Well, the two arrived, and on the morning on which the articles were to be signed, Richard Canfield, who owned the famous gambling house at Saratoga, also the one, even better known, on Forty-fourth Street, New York City, went over to the Gilsey House to see a friend of us both, Al Smith. There he handed him fifty bills of $1000 each to "talk turkey" with the squire, and Al immediately jumped on the L and went down to the World Building in Park Row, where the match was to be made.

After the articles were signed and my $10,000 put up, Al turned to the squire.

"I understand you have come over here to lay all the money in England on Mitchell," he said. "Well, you're on. I haven't all the money in the United States with me just now, but here's $50,000 as a starter, and there's plenty more where that came from." Which, I think, was quite a good illustration of the courage of the sportsmen of those days.

However, when it came down to the color of his money, the squire showed only $10,000 and his bluff was called.

It happened that the Duval Athletic Club in Jacksonville, Florida, offered the best

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"The highest grade oil in the world"

As the chart shows, the cost of any *oil* is small. But when oil *fails to do its work*, then the big costs—repairs, depreciation, gasoline—begin to skyrocket.

Experts recognize Pennsylvania to be "the highest grade oil in the world." This wonderful oil is found in only one place—the Appalachian Field, where oil was first discovered. It is superior to any other oil in the crude state. To this natural superiority are added the most skillful processes of refining, developed in the world's oldest oil field.

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Send this coupon for the free booklet, "Systematic Lubrication"—worth money to every motorist.

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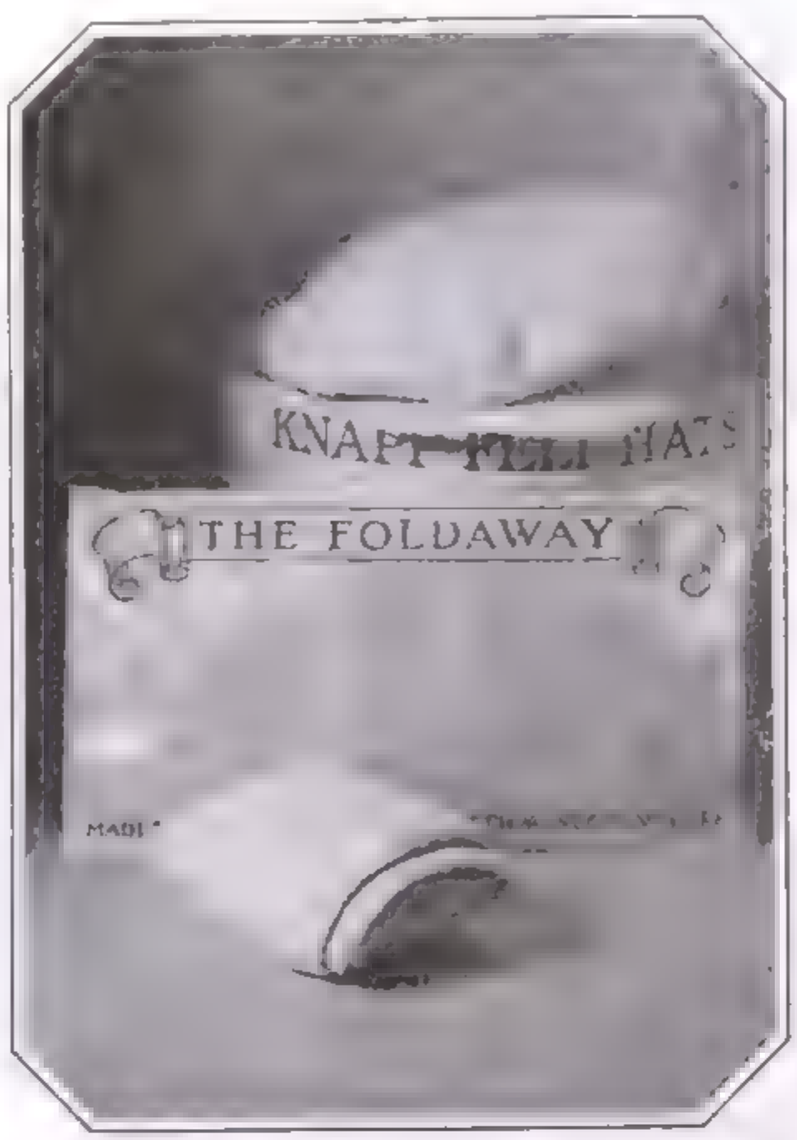

KNAPP-FELT HATS
for MEN

THE COMPLETE ASSORTMENT of Knapp-Felt headwear includes many novel features, among which is the *Foldaway* Cap. It is tailored from especially selected soft woolens of exclusive patterns to harmonize with the color scheme of the day.

THE FOLDAWAY CAP has a visor of extreme flexibility and retains its smart appearance under circumstances that would put any other cap out of commission. It may be folded or rolled up to be carried in the coat pocket, in the automobile pocket, or to occupy a small space in the travelling bag without injury to its shape.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION the name, Foldaway, has been adopted as a trade mark and application has been made for registration in the United States Patent Office.

A variety of Knapp-Felt hats and caps assures that well-dressed look that comes from proper harmony between the various articles of attire. One hat won't do!

Knapp-Felt Foldaway Caps are sold by the best dealers from $3.50 upward, according to quality. *Write for* THE HATMAN!

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH – *President*
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purse, $20,000, the winner to take all, so the offer was accepted; and Mitchell started training at one of the Florida beaches, I about ten miles farther up the coast at Mayport.

Charley evidently lightened his labors with considerable humor, for I was told several stories about him, one of which will serve as an example of his pretty keen wit. He was eating dinner at his quarters one night when the sunset gun went off. Leaning back in his chair, he exclaimed, "Hello! My friend Corbett punching the bag!"

So he, too, had his way of getting people's goats and disturbing them mentally, only he was cleverer about it than any other man I ever met.

A very important thing happened about four days before the fight. I was playing handball, had gone through a couple of games at a furious pace, when suddenly I noticed that I did not perspire. I stopped and my trainer asked, "What's the matter?"

Now I didn't want anyone to know my predicament—not even those closest to me—so I didn't answer him, but started walking over to the shower. Naturally the trainers followed, and here Brady and Delaney also inquired, "What's the matter?"

"I don't want a rubdown," I said; "just a shower and a dry rub with a towel." And all at once I grew very irritable. No one could talk to me without my wanting to bite his head off. Still, I kept the secret of the trouble to myself.

A Delicate Situation

I waited until dinnertime, then went out to the ice box, took a quart of champagne and drank the whole quart. Brady and Delaney tried their level best to stop me and I abused them unmercifully; so much so that Brady cried and I was an outcast in the training quarters all that evening. About nine I strolled down the beach in the moonlight, and when I returned, there sat Brady, Delaney and all my handlers in the parlor, heads cast down. I walked in, went out to the ice box again, took a pint of champagne and drank that down, started laughing, singing and kidding them about how little they knew about training, as I went up the stairs, then fell on the bed and soon was off to a sound sleep.

The next morning a knock came at my door and Delaney said, "Get up, Jim; it's seven o'clock."

"I'm not going to get up at all," I replied. "I'm not going to train today."

"Now, Jim, please open the door and let me talk to you a minute."

"Get out!" I called back. "I'm not going to get up until noon!"

So I lay in bed, not knowing what was going on downstairs, but pretty well able to imagine it.

At noon I got up. Brady came into my room, sat down on the bed and said in the most coaxing tone he could manage, "We're pals outside of business and it's coming to me. Won't you please tell me, Jim, what this is all about?"

"I know exactly what I'm doing, Billy," I answered. "And I'm not going to tell you or any living soul what I'm doing, but I don't do any more training up to the fight!"

"And you won't tell me why?"

"I'll tell you just before the fight, but not till then."

That ended it and I loafed until two days before the big event. Then, in the afternoon, I said to the trainers, "You wait here. I'm going about a mile and a half down the beach and will run back, and I want you all to be ready to give me a dry rub when I come in."

And down the beach I started, all of them looking at me in amazement and wondering if I hadn't gone plumb crazy. I jogged down at a pretty fair clip, then doubled back at the same pace until about 200 yards from the training quarters and then I sprinted in. When I arrived at the rubbing room, a most beautiful glow of perspiration came all over me, and I said to the boys, "Come on now! I'll get under the shower. All you need to do is just rub me down with a towel."

While I was dressing I looked at them and laughed.

"Now," I said, "I'll tell all you fatheads something you don't know and that none of you had the sense to notice. The day I stopped playing handball I did enough work to sweat an oceanful, yet I was as dry as a bone. Don't any of you know what that meant? Well, I'll tell you. It meant I was overtrained and hadn't any perspiration to come out. If I had continued training up to now I'd have been tired after two rounds. Now I'm all right; but I don't do any more work until the day I fight Mitchell."

It was not only because I wanted to teach these fellows a lesson that I kept quiet but also to prevent any news leaking out, through carelessness on the part of my trainers, which might reach Mitchell and add to his confidence.

For the benefit of the young fellows coming along, in whom I always have the greatest interest, I should like to say here that I do not advocate going out and getting drunk every time one feels stale; but the facts in my case were these:

Although I never have drunk much—that is, since those early San Francisco days—I knew that I was dry inside; dangerously so; almost burned out. I had to get some liquid into me. My stomach at that time revolted at the taste of water and I could not take much, but I must get more liquid into me somehow, and I knew that with the kick in its taste I could take more champagne than anything else. As a matter of fact, although I may have been foolish in the youthful days I have just spoken of, I am a strong advocate of moderation in all things. Lots of things that people look upon as harmful are all right and beneficial, providing one knows when to stop and does not carry on to excess. One can take too much medicine, eat too much, as well as drink too much and smoke too much. I do not even advise a man's giving up tobacco if he can limit himself to a moderate number of smokes a day. Temperance, or moderation, has been one of the secrets of such success as I have had. I have rarely overdone in my pleasures, and I am sorry to say many pugilists have shortened their careers in the ring by taking the opposite course.

During these weeks a great friend of mine frequently visited the training quarters—Porter Ashe, the one who put the $500 in my hand the day I fought Choynski and told me to keep it if I won. One day he reported that he had been down in the village and had met one of Mitchell's trainers, Billy Woods. While they were talking the latter was foolish enough to say that when Mitchell got Corbett in the ring he was going to call him names and get him mad, and then was going to whip him.

Disquieting Thoughts

This didn't trouble me; in fact, it amused me at the time, but another incident did cause me some worry. A couple of weeks before the fight I had written to my brother Harry in San Francisco, who by that time had added a pool room to Corbett's Café, where bets were laid on races and all sporting events. In my note I told Harry to go out and bet his socks on the result of the fight, but not to bet on rounds. What I really meant was just to bet some reasonable sum. But on the day before the fight I received a telegram from Harry saying he had put every nickel he had in the world on the result of the fight, and not only that but he had gone into debt to back me further. Never had I received any news before a fight that troubled me so much as this wire.

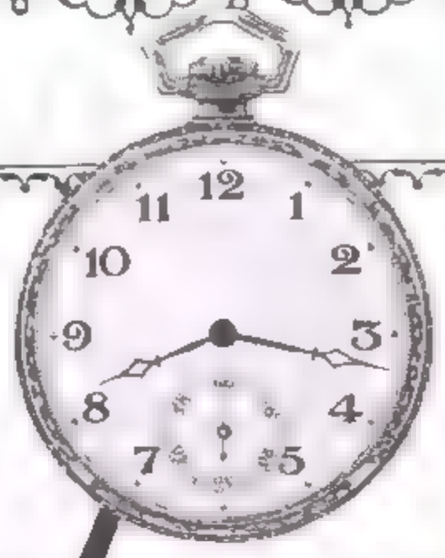
As I went to my dressing room all I was thinking was, "If I should lose this fight Harry will be broke!" That didn't help much.

When we got orders to come to the ring I went out first and Mitchell was to follow, I not caring about this particular point of precedence now. Of course I had a light bath robe over my fighting costume, but the wind was chilly and Mitchell kept me waiting out in that ring one hour!

Talk about a fellow "getting another one's goat!" I was like a raving maniac, with the telegram from my brother on my mind and this fellow keeping me there in the ring for that length of time. I couldn't even get a laugh out of a remark I heard from Steve Brodie, the famous bridge jumper, who, when some fellow popped up and in a loud voice cried out that he would put 1000 head of cattle on Corbett, shouted back, "Bring on your cattle!"

One thing I did notice as I waited was that the soldiers stationed around the arena by the governor of Florida, who had made a grand-stand play about stopping the fight, were quietly entering one by one and taking their seats in the audience, their rifles on their arms.

(Continued on Page 113)



Wadsworth Cases

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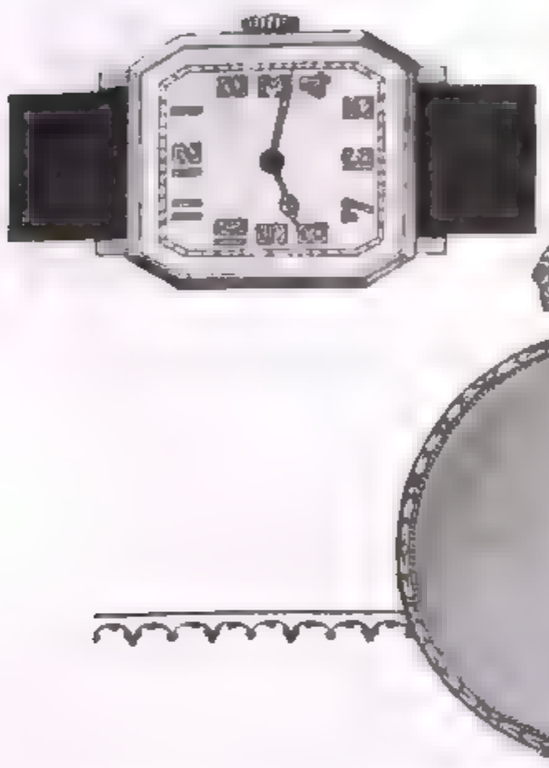

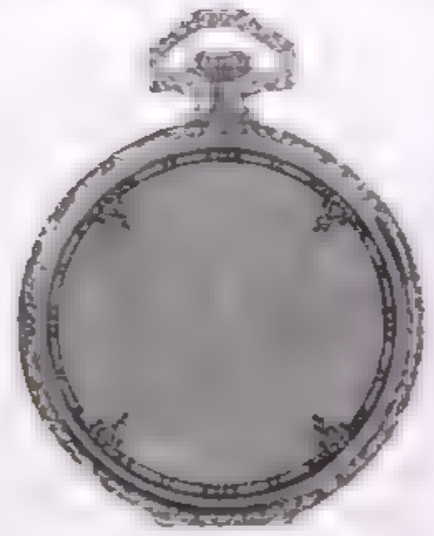

EVEN more than an exquisite setting enhances the desirability of a jewel, does a Wadsworth Case add to the beauty and value of a watch.

Among a various selection of Wadsworth Cases you will find designs of rare beauty; all-important to the outward appearance of your watch. And in the careful exactness of their fit lies an extra measure of utility. Thus is the watch movement more fully protected.

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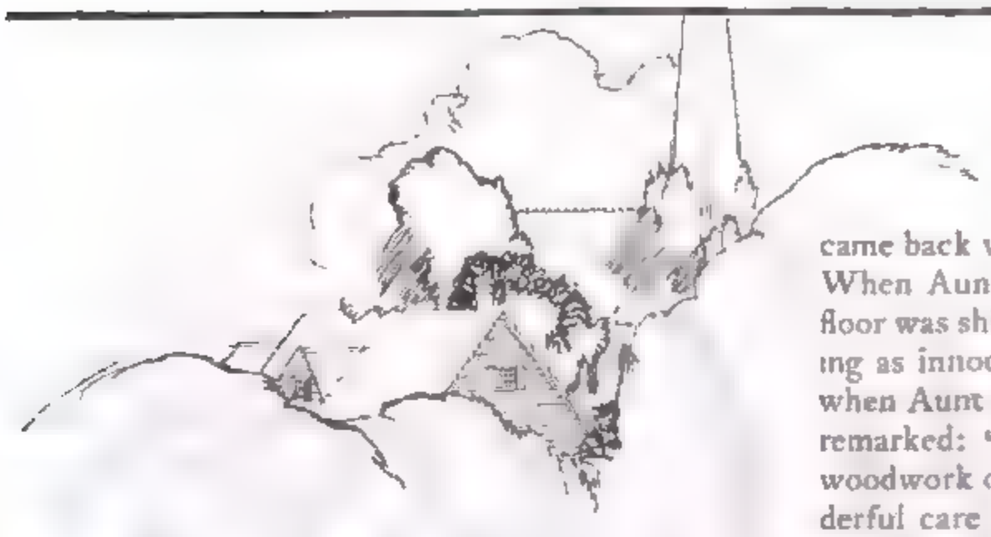


You knew the Horner Place was sold?

AND Sylvia Trude is the one who sold it. All the men were talking about how dull the real estate business was, and George Shaw said he couldn't even get a nibble for the Horner place. There it stood, one of the best built, best arranged houses in town, and no one would look at it. Sylvia said: "You turn it over to me, and I'll have it sold within a week." All the men laughed at her but George told her to go ahead. That was Saturday. The next Friday she walked into George's office and announced that she had sold the house to Bill Stone for nine thousand. "But," said George, in astonishment, "I offered him the house for eighty-five hundred, months ago. How in the world did you get him to pay nine?" Sylvia grinned and held out a placard she had hidden behind her back. It read: "Acme—Wet Paint."

ACME QUALITY HOUSE PAINT
Gives pleasing effects and lasting results

Lucie says she is still mentioned in Aunt Sophia's will

SHE and Peter were staying in her Aunt Sophia's house while she went East. You know how sacred Aunt Sophia's possessions are. Those silly youngsters left the windows open. Of course it rained. Those window sills and floors! Lucie was simply scared to death. Peter dashed down to the store and came back with a supply of Acme Quality Varnish. When Aunt Sophia arrived, every window sill and floor was shining brightly, and Peter and Lucie looking as innocent as babes. But they nearly expired when Aunt Sophia, after a careful tour of the house, remarked: "I had planned to have the floors and woodwork done over this Spring, but, with the wonderful care I give them, they really don't need it."

ACME QUALITY GREAT LAKES SPAR VARNISH
A wear-resisting general purpose varnish

ACME QUALITY FLOOR ROC VARNISH
A wear-resisting varnish for floors

Don't mention antiques to Mrs. Ralston

YOU see, when she began to go in for them, she decided to get rid of all her old furniture, including Horace's favorite chair. It had been in his family as long as he could remember, and he protested. "But it's so shabby," said Mrs. Ralston. "Oh, if that's all, I'll fix it." So he did it over with Acme Quality Varno-Lac, and she consented to let him keep it—in his den. One day she was showing a distinguished collector her new antiques. He was strangely unenthusiastic—until he happened to catch a glimpse of Horace's discreetly hidden chair. He simply pounced upon it—said it was one of the finest examples he had ever seen, and all that—offered fabulous sums for it. Horace told him the whole story, and Mrs. Ralston was speechless with chagrin. Now when anyone mentions antiques, Horace says: "*My* collection is small, but good."

ACME QUALITY VARNO-LAC
Stains and varnishes in one quick, easy operation

Anita managed to keep the lamps, after all

SHE came home with three gorgeous lamps, had those old fixtures taken out, and reveled in her new lamps—until her father came back. He simply stormed! Said he didn't intend to risk his life stumbling about in a half-dark room. Told her to call up the electrician and have the old fixtures put back. Instead, she called up George Bolton and told him to hurry up with his brushes and some cans of Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish. Of course that was all the room needed. It's simply lovely now with its smooth, creamy finish and the soft, subdued light. And now her father tells everyone he planned the whole thing!

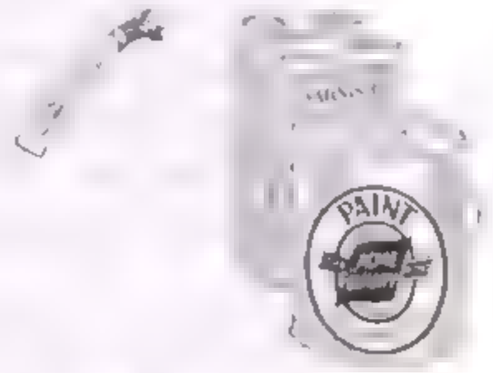
ACME QUALITY NO-LUSTRE FINISH
For walls, ceilings and woodwork

Mrs. Aldershot says—

THAT the story that Julia had an interior decorator from New York do her stunning new sunroom is all nonsense. That she stopped in at Julia's one afternoon and found the table heaped with magazine clippings of smart sunrooms and with cans of Acme Quality Enamel Kote labeled "black" and "orange." That Julia came in wearing a smock, and a smudge of orange paint across her nose. And that if she were as clever as Julia, she would claim the credit, instead of keeping it a secret.

ACME QUALITY ENAMEL KOTE
For furniture and woodwork

DO you know how many fascinating things you can do with Acme Quality Products? The enchanting transformations you can make inside and outside your home? Our booklet, "Playing Fairy Godmother to Your Home," tells just how to do all this beautifying of your walls, woodwork, floors and furnishings, and shows you just what Acme Quality Products to use to get lovely and satisfying effects. Write for this free booklet.



ACME QUALITY

Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes

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Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.
Branches in principal cities—Dealers everywhere

(Continued from Page 110)

Finally Mitchell did show up, and when he came into the ring I was not in a very good humor. I had disliked him ever since that affair in the Bowery Theater, and now he had kept me waiting until I was thoroughly chilled. To add insult to injury, he now looked over at me and winked and smiled—a very clever stunt—and it had the desired effect. All at once I turned so mad and was so wild to start that as soon as we got the gloves on I said to the referee, the famous Honest John Kelly—he still walks Broadway—"No shaking hands!"

Turning to Snapper Garrison, the famous jockey, who acted as timekeeper, I yelled, "Snapper, hit that gong!" And he hit it.

Before Mitchell had time to catch his breath the round had started, without any of the usual preliminaries, not even the shaking of hands. There was no method in this; he simply had my goat and I was wild. As, with the gong's clang, I sprang to the center, Mitchell recovered from his surprise enough to call out sarcastically, "Hello! Started already?"

My answer was a left-hand swing, which he ducked. He went me one better by landing on my mouth and cutting my lip, and I don't think any bull in an arena, with the picadors after him, was ever madder than I was then.

But mad as I was, my rushing tactics were not quite so reckless as they may seem or as they would have been in fights with the heavier men of my previous fights, like Peter Jackson, who weighed 204 pounds, Sullivan, who weighed 212, or Jake Kilrain, at 214. Mitchell had gotten down to about 168, while I, having gained four pounds during the four days' lay-off, scaled 182 and so could afford to slug with him. As he had fought John L. Sullivan a draw, I was anxious to settle all question of my supremacy once and for all time by licking him quickly. So it was not all temper that drove me to that mad rush.

However, Mitchell was skillful, and taking advantage of my lack of caution, he shaded me this first round. I knew this, of course, but it did not affect my aggressiveness, for I was determined to make a quick finish of it.

In the second round I hit Mitchell a right-hand body blow which I think took all the fight out of him. With all his generalship he couldn't hide the fact that the punch hurt him. At the end of that round I knocked him down.

An Unexpected Encore

I do not consider out of order here an explanation contradicting a statement which was published in the papers after the fight, and which was believed by some of the excited people who had been in the audience. It was declared that I had struck a blow at Mitchell while he was still on the ground.

Mitchell, as a matter of fact, was on his knees, the referee still counting, and, as I thought, too slowly, so I said to Kelly, "Count faster!" While I was talking to him I wasn't going to be caught napping, and from out the corner of my eye I could see Mitchell getting up off his knees and setting himself to take a punch at me the instant he got up and while I was still facing the referee. Just before he straightened up I turned and unloosed a punch myself, which he saw coming, and to avoid it fell back again on his knees. This is the truth about the disputed blow.

With the gong's signal for the end of the round, I walked to my corner, and was just about to sit down when Mitchell quickly retraced his steps and, leaping at me ferociously, hit me behind the ear. Then I went at him, and, instead of taking the minute's rest during the intermission, we started fighting, hammer and tongs. This little encore created a world of excitement, but before we had been at it long his seconds and mine jumped into the ring between us and pulled us apart and at last we went to our corners.

We had hardly been seated when the gong sounded again. I sprang at Mitchell like a tiger, not letting up one instant, and things were fast and furious. We had been boxing only about a minute of this third round when I caught him on the chin with a vicious right-hand punch, harder than I usually let loose in a fight, because I like to protect my hands until time for the knockout. However, it was timely enough and I saw I had him, for after receiving the blow he stiffened out straight and fell forward. I knew the fight was over, so turned my back, went to my corner, held out my hands to my seconds to have the gloves unlaced and didn't even bother to turn around and watch him. It was not necessary. He was dead to the world and counted out.

Sometimes the general impression that I am a light tapper, a story started by some newspaper men who do not know the game, amuses me. Not that it worries me, for I am content to stand on my record; but it is wrong. The idea has gained ground, I suppose, because I did not waste my strength wildly and did not let loose punches with all I had until the critical moment. My hands have always been delicate; in fact, they do not look stronger than a billiard player's—the lady who often takes my dictation says my hands are like a piano player's—and I had learned my lesson after breaking both right and left in my fights with Choynski. The last punch I landed on Sullivan had this same result. It put him out and my hand too.

Fitzsimmons' Graceful Act

So I rarely tried to put full force into a blow until I had my man where I wanted him and was ready to put over the finishing touch. I contented myself with jabbing and good hard jolts that would gradually weaken my opponent and maneuver him into position. You will never find any man who ever fought me who will say I couldn't hit hard with either hand. It was just two years ago that Jeffries told me I had him licked at Coney Island before the ten rounds were fought. He confessed that when I sank one in the body with my right I hurt him a great deal, and when in the tenth round I landed on the jaw with my right hand I saw his eyes roll, and all this was when I was past my prime and thirty-five years old, and those blows did not have the old steam behind them.

Fitzsimmons, too, has talked with me many times, and he has told me himself that I gave him the worst licking he ever had in his life, and he repeated this statement in St. Louis one night to a theater audience, and called me up and shook hands with me on the stage; an action which I thought very courteous and generous.

Furthermore, I have a picture in my memory of Peter Jackson in that steam room, hugging his stomach and moaning; and if anyone thinks a light tap would put away the 212 pounds of the mighty Sullivan they ought to try it. But then it is easier to argue outside the ropes than to fight inside them.

Reservation of one's strength is all important, and I can but illustrate my method by a comparison with a very clever man in the baseball world—grand old Christy Mathewson. He would often let them hit his offerings when he had a safe lead, but would tighten up when runs counted.

Now in the Mitchell fight, as is evident from my description of it, I did not follow my usual system of keeping cool, although I was thinking pretty rapidly and craftily at that. But calm poise and self-control are indispensable in a bout with a bigger man, and this battle is the exception that proves the rule. Mitchell certainly "got my goat" that time, as I had so often gotten others'.

After the battle was over, Porter Ashe met Mitchell's trainer, Woods, and said, "I thought you said Charley was going to get Jim mad and then lick him."

"He did," replied Woods; "but he got him too —— mad!"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Corbett. The next will appear in an early issue

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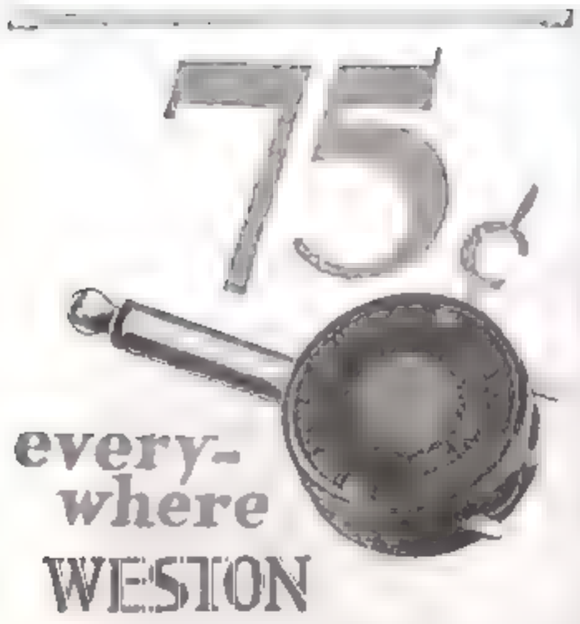

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THEORIES AND THANKSGIVING

(Continued from Page 16)

Students of crop production say we shall never see a low price level for corn again. They point to the vast amount of the cereal used for industrial purposes, breakfast foods, sirups and similar products, lessening the amount to be placed on the market directly. Furthermore, in a great part of the country little corn now leaves the farm except on the hoof. It is kept to feed the work animals, to fatten livestock and to serve as an asset the year round. A few years ago the railroads of Kansas and Nebraska had miles of corncribs at stations to hold corn brought for shipment; all have been torn down. Corn in much of the Corn Belt is not shipped in large quantities, and as dairying and silos and systematic fattening of hogs and cattle advance, more corn will be kept in the farmer's yard.

The government report gives the price of corn in August, 1923, at 87 cents a bushel; in 1924, $1.074; wheat last year, 86.4 cents; this year, $1.168. Here is 20 cents a bushel advance in corn and 30.4 cents in wheat. During early autumn the prices of these cereals fluctuated, mostly showing a higher figure as the season advanced, indicating a firm value for the remainder of the marketing period. The estimate of increased income for the 1924 products of the farm, compared with last year's return, is approximately three-quarters of a billion dollars—a material betterment of the financial condition of the producer.

If anyone thinks the country banker sat quietly at his desk and waited for the wheat raiser to sell his crop and come in to pay the long-overdue note he has another guess. What the banker did was to finger the rather worn and sometimes yellow notes and then take his motor car and drive to the various farms where harvest was in progress, demanding that some of that wheat money be paid to him. Indeed, every county had plenty of chattel mortgages describing the security as "—— acres of growing wheat." That held the crop—at least what was necessary. Most of these notes were two or three years old; some were in the hands of bank receivers; but to liquidate them went the income from the harvest.

What happened is a simple matter of arithmetic and banking practice. Perhaps the bank had put up the notes as security for a loan at a city bank, thereby obtaining funds to care for the local business. When the farmer paid, the banker sent the money to his city correspondent. His own obligations and those of the farmer were decreased and the city bank saw its deposits increase. The whole machinery was oiled anew and was hitting again on all cylinders.

Credit Too Easy

Furthermore, bank failures practically ceased. They decreased in May when prospects were for a fair crop and everybody held tight. In June they were less; in July still smaller, and by midsummer it was largely only crookedness—something never failing to break out in places—that caused suspension.

"Somehow the country-bank problem has been vastly distorted," was the argument of a rural banker of long experience. "The public has evidently been led to believe that the failure of some 600 banks out of more than 10,000 in the Middle West argues a general wreckage. They do not hear of the other 9400 that have gone on doing business, thousands of them without borrowing, and have cared for their customers' interests soundly.

"The inexperienced banker was liberal in helping the customer who had hard luck. He loaned more than he should to one person. Then his bank was too small to stand loss. Take a bank with, say, $15,000 capital and $3,000 surplus. Let it have half a dozen losses of $2,000 to $3000 each—and it is gone. A bank with $100,000 capital would not feel it."

Banks have unquestionably been on safer ground the past year than in the two years previous. They scrutinized loans and tried to collect all possible on the old notes. The receiver of a typical country bank thus explained what he found:

"The town had two banks. This was the older and had been run by the same manager for thirty years. He knew every old family and called most of the folks in the community by their first names. When crops failed and cattle lost money for their owners, he came across; when another year showed loss, he increased the loans. Then last year the deposits fell and the banking department closed his doors. The assets, which seemed likely last spring to pay about 20 per cent, will actually bring the depositors half their claims. The guaranty fund will pay the remainder."

The states west of the Missouri that have tried to bolster up country banking by the guaranty fund, contributed by all banks to meet losses of failed institutions, have seen the system put to a severe trial. Oklahoma, after having acquired some $5,000,000 of unpaid claims, repealed the law; Texas has paid its losses thus far; Kansas has about $3,000,000 yet to pay, but claims it will eventually work out the remuneration; Nebraska and South Dakota have kept up with the losses by heavy assessments; North Dakota has $4,000,000 to pay which may never be liquidated. It is possible that in the collapse of many rural banks the psychological effect of the guaranty kept weak banks alive through sustained confidence, but it is safe to say that no more states will adopt the plan.

Gradual Readjustment

One of the interesting angles on the country banker's struggle is the courage with which hundreds of country institutions have fought out their battles alone—and won.

"I took $35,000 of notes to the War Finance Corporation a year ago," said the president of a small country bank in Kansas. "I did not get a dollar, because the management was skeptical about the security. I am glad of it. Some of the notes have been paid; others have been reduced and my bank is in better condition than it would have been with all my customers sitting back and thinking they had three years to pay. Maybe it would not work everywhere, but mine is a cattle country and things are growing better. The cattlemen had trouble enough. One of my customers had, in 1920, 1500 acres of land clear and $90,000 in cash. He fed 3600 head of cattle and lost $50 a head—more than $150,000 in a single year. But last winter he made $40,000, so I guess he will pull through."

That is the kind of report you get from the real country banker—stories of struggle, courage, regained position and eventual soundness of condition. But it calls for comprehension and tact. A bank examiner was sitting in with the board of directors of a country bank recently.

"Here are several farmers who are behind," he remarked. "Their notes are overdue; this paper must be collected."

"If you will give me an order in writing to go out to their farms and foreclose on their cattle and other livestock and sell them out, I'll obey," remarked the bank president quietly.

"Oh, that would not do," came the quick reply. "That would make the bank trouble. I mean cut the loans down as fast as possible."

"That is exactly what I'm doing," replied the banker.

The country banker has been doing the best he could to maintain the financial integrity of his customers and of his community.

The hundreds of millions of dollars to come from grain products ought to have a tonic effect on trade, and the customers' changed state of mind should make for a clearer comprehension of the actual relation between the buyer of commodities and the manufacturer's and wholesaler's situation. To the desks of the rural press in the interior come reams of copy relating to schemes and systems by which an economic millennium is to be brought speedily. Interviews for farmer consumption are spread over the pages of papers circulating in the crop states. Statistics that prove every possible theory are printed in open letters. Coupled with it all is the argument that big business is sitting up night plotting how it can ruin the producer and grind the farmstead between the upper and nether stones of financial manipulation.

Take just one instance—the implement industry. The farmer is firmly convinced that the manufacturers of plows, binders, harrows and similar equipment have been living in luxury at his expense. He conducted in 1921, a buyers' revolt, refusing to purchase implements in order that he might show his indignation. Implements are higher than formerly, but the manufacturers have had their troubles too. In 1920 one firm had in a few weeks cancellations of contracts for approximately 312,000 machines, a business of $40,000,000. At a meeting recently to discuss conditions a farmer deplored the cost of equipment and discussed the decline in the price of farm land.

"What could you have obtained for your farm in the high-price era?" asked an implement manufacturer who had attended to discover the farm owners' position.

"At least $100 an acre," was the reply.

"I think that is high, but let it stand. What is it worth now?"

"I could get about fifty dollars an acre."

"If you had sold your farm at that time for $100 an acre," went on the manufacturer, "and had decided to invest in what you call the profiteering implement industry, which firm would you have selected, leaving our own out of the consideration?"

The farmer named a well-known old-established firm.

"Well, if you had made that investment at the time, buying the stock at its then market value, you would now have 23 per cent of what you paid for it. That is, your land has declined 50 per cent; the implement company's value has declined 77 per cent. Does this indicate that we have taken no punishment?"

Implement makers have flooded the farm country with bulletins giving statistics to show that the cost of manufacture is unavoidably high, that it is impossible to sell machinery at the old figure. Did it do any good? It did not. The farmer simply fixed up his old machine and waited for a drop. To be sure, this year he had to hurry in an order for a new binder or a new combine—a machine that would cut, thresh and deliver the grain to a truck ready for the granary all at one operation—but generally he was not interested. Maybe he will become a regular customer next year, but it is considered just as well by the retail dealers to keep a full stock of repairs on hand rather than many new implements. It takes time to change the psychological attitude of a class as large as that producing the foodstuffs of the nation. What is true of implements is true of other commodities, though in less degree.

A Car to a Family

All except automobiles. Into one little Western town, consisting of an elevator, bank and a dozen stores, were shipped last July 131 carloads of freight; 33 carloads were automobiles. Most of the farm country averages a car to every family—and sometimes more. I checked up one prosperous farm county 160 miles west of the Missouri River. It has 25,300 population, of which about half live on farms and the others in a dozen small towns. It has 6700 automobiles licensed this year. But the banker has ceased to worry—the financing corporations care for the delayed payments and somehow the payments come, even if there is a shortage of funds for some other demands.

But perhaps there is some merit in the effort of the producer to make his implements last longer. The cheerful habit of storing expensive machinery in the open and in spring buying new has been responsible for some of the financial embarrassment experienced. The tiller of a half section of prairie was talking of his method.

"I operate seven teams," said he. "This calls for seven sets of harness and a set lasts seven years, so I used to buy one set every year. But for two years I have patched up a set and got along. My budget wouldn't stand the new outfit." He will come out all right.

One of the stable exhortations of the alarmist, be he politician or organizer, is that myriads of farms are headed for the hammer by the foreclosure route because of the owners' inability to meet interest payments on the mortgages. It is true that an exceptionally large number of foreclosures, compared with previous years, has occurred. During the war period practically none took place. Before that was a long era of stable procedure in which the average producer met his obligations unless he was a poor manager or a speculator.

With the boom in land, due to the high prices of products, selling values doubled;

(Continued on Page 117

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Jacobs Oregon City Woolens

PURE VIRGIN WOOL ~ WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN

(Continued from Page 114)

land in Iowa sold as high as $600 an acre, when by no usual method of farming could it be made to return interest on the investment. With the lowering of price levels for products, of course, it was more hopeless than ever. A vast number of land sales were speculative, made on contracts with the hope of reselling at a higher figure. Instead, the bottom dropped out.

This was the history of a half dozen states of the Middle West, and naturally there came a reckoning. The president of the oldest joint-stock land bank in the West estimated last summer that 12.5 per cent of the mortgaged farms in Nebraska would eventually go through a process of readjusted ownership, either by foreclosure or amicable taking over by the mortgagee—but this includes the speculative purchases as well as the instances where crop failure or other causes enter.

Yet conditions were not all bad. The sections where diversified agriculture prevails and where land speculation did not run riot show a fairly equable course. Take Lyon County, Kansas, whose county seat is Emporia. It is a fair sample of the counties in the older settled portions of the Middle West, with cattle, hogs, wheat and corn. Its county records show twenty-five foreclosures of mortgages in 1922 and nineteen in 1923. But there were twenty-one in 1914 and twenty-eight in 1915, though only fourteen were recorded in 1919 and 1920 combined, the fat years for agriculture.

It is only frank to add, however, that there has been on the part of the life-insurance companies, which have $1,500,000,000 in farm mortgages, and of the other great loaning agencies, a liberal policy toward the debtor. If he was hard pressed there was no sheriff at the door; instead, he was given more time, and frequently the investor was protected by the loaning agency through advancement of the sums due. It is true that this could not continue permanently; the investor may not always be willing to make renewal. But the Federal Land Bank and the joint-stock land banks, which already have more than $1,313,000,000 in farm mortgages, are a resource with their thirty-year amortization as an aid to eventual liquidation.

The Department of Agriculture, as a result of an inquiry, estimates that the 8.5 per cent of farmers in corn and wheat producing states lost their farms either with or without legal process between January, 1920, and March, 1923, referring to the upper Mississippi River Valley. In addition, 15 per cent, for a time probably insolvent, through the leniency of creditors retained their land. These are on the upgrade again. However, the reiteration of the tendency to leniency indicates that there has been abroad a spirit of helpfulness on the part of those to whom obligations were due and that the interior is, as a whole, working as a unit for the upbuilding of broken fortunes and the cure of untoward conditions.

Too Many Banks

This mutual concern is something that is mostly left out of the strident oratory of the paid organizers. The cold fact is that the Middle West realizes as never before how closely bound together are the ties of business prosperity and how essential it is that there be forbearance, sound counsel and helpful understanding on the part of every element of the citizenry.

Along with the widespread betterment has gone a definite effort to sell to the producers of the prairie country, where the one-crop system has had its baleful effect, new ideals in production, to visualize for the leaders of various communities what can be done in giving the farmer a steady income rather than an annual return which has a whole year of uncertainty as to its volume. Trainloads of representative citizens, dairymen, wheat raisers, corn raisers, bankers, merchants, newspaper men—have been gathered out in Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri and taken during the past summer on a tour through the dairying sections of Wisconsin and Minnesota. They have seen the 365-day roads, the big dairy barns, the creameries and condensaries, and have inspected the account books of farmers who thrive in good times or bad. They compare the closing of Western banks by the score with the record of Wisconsin, where, by the way, is one bank to 2600 population instead of one to 543 in North Dakota. The banking department of that state says:

"From 1904 to July, 1918, were two bank failures. One paid depositors in full and the other, a trust company, just being liquidated, will probably pay in full. In 1922 there were two failures, both due to misappropriation of funds inside the banks. In 1923 there were five failures, in which misappropriation of funds was responsible for three, bad management in one and insufficient business in one. The loss to depositors in these will be very small, if any."

This is sinking into the consciousness of the Western country and pointing the way to stable conditions.

The difficulty is, however, to induce somebody to act. The banker is willing to do his part. But the producer with limited means can give no security to assure the banker he will pay the note when it becomes due—hence he does not get the money.

The past season, over a considerable area, has brought about a change both in actual condition and in the state of mind of the customer. For instance, there was a tenant farmer out in the wheat belt who was telling of his harvest.

"I have just sold 6200 bushels of wheat at $1.03," he proudly announced when he visited his old home farther east. "Looks like a big thing, but I owed $3600 at the bank—been owing it over two years. I have not raised a crop that paid for harvesting since 1921. I owed a lot of bills and the family had to have some clothes. But I've got square with the world now and I can borrow money if I need it—that is why I paid the bank first."

Farmers Who Win

He is one of thousands who have squared up for the first time in three years, or, if not completely liquidating their obligations, have reëstablished their credit and incidentally regained their courage. That, after all, is the largest asset the producer can have. Not all the unions, lodges, leagues and similar organizations can give it if he be hopelessly in debt.

Banking departments have recently insisted on financial statements from all borrowers. The farmer had disliked to make such statements. He felt somehow that it was revealing his personal affairs, and even his banker was no privileged person. But it had to come, and it is a revelation to see how much worth is behind the names of men who, despite the hard times, the lowering of price levels for products and the uncertainty of income for the past four years, have gone quietly along and increased their possessions. But they are men who, as one banker put it, just farmed. They did not try to buy all the land that adjoined them; did not buy oil or promotion stocks; did not speculate in cattle. They followed the thrift path and while experiencing a lessened income have steadily kept a sound financial standing.

Ebbed land values are coming back slowly, affected by the new price level for products. Central markets report the largest shipments of grain and livestock in more than a decade. The output of the farmstead is making its way to seaboard for export and to the industrial country for domestic consumption. Producers themselves are in the market for commodities.

The theory that nothing could bring betterment except legislation, so insistently urged a year ago, has had hard going. Somehow its inventors planned it without proper consideration of a few basic influences such as rainfall, sunshine, thrift and world production. Neither class laws nor subsidies brought about the new situation. Do not get the idea, however, that the season has ushered in an agricultural or a trade millennium. It has not transformed the farmstead into a mint. It has not lifted all the debts or established the producer on a rock from which he cannot be dislodged.

This it has done: By an aggregate production, neither very large nor very small, but better balanced, crop by crop, than in several years, with no section suffering from complete failure and with a higher price level for the more important crops, it has strengthened the morale of the producer and lightened the burden of the banker, tradesman and manufacturer. Did it accomplish nothing more than bring a new state of mind, inducing courage and hopefulness, it would be worth while; but it has added a tangible store of wealth not to be despised and has made it possible to plan the future more sanely, with an appeal to economic principles rather than to prejudice or exaggerated statement of needs.

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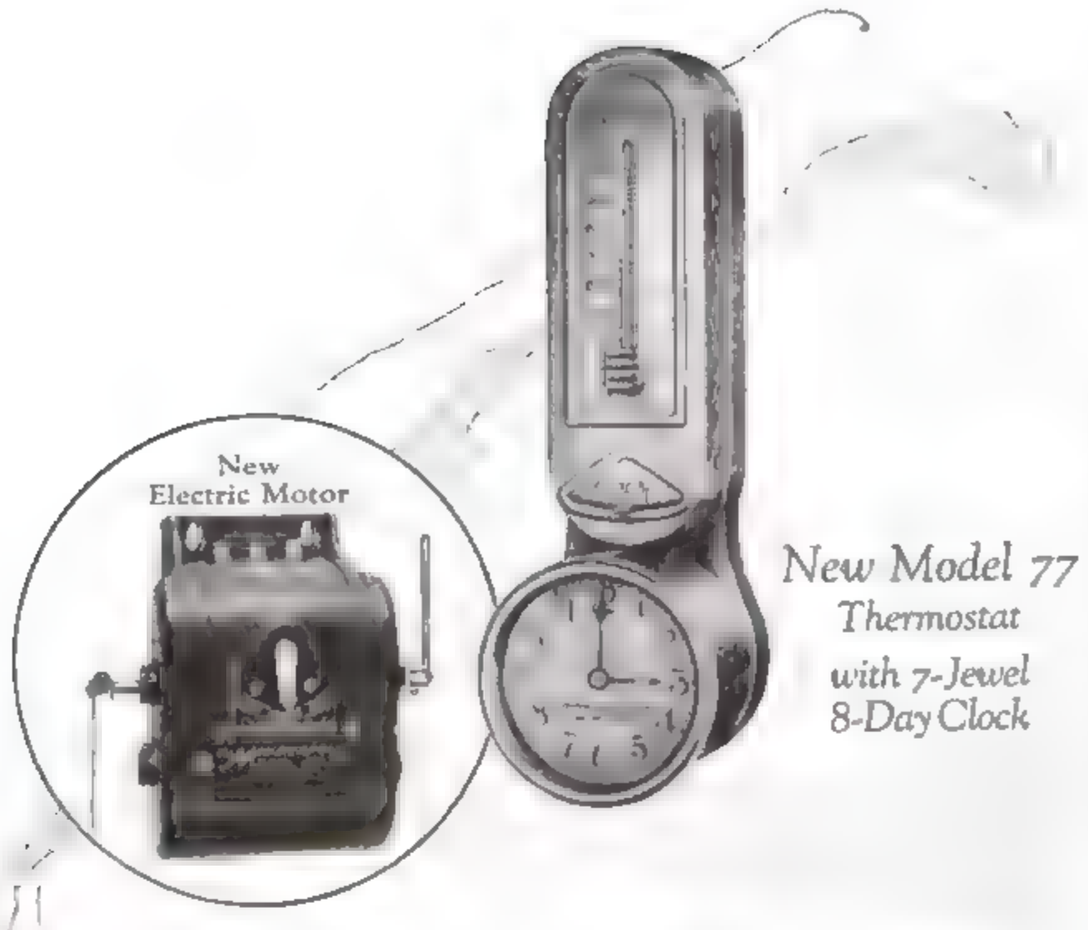

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OUR AMERICAN DIPLOMAT

(Continued from Page 4)

voice of the United States which clinched the nail.

There were the facts. Propaganda—on the whole, rather successful propaganda—filled many American citizens with deliberate goose-stuffing. It was said the United States had unofficial observers, but if I was an unofficial observer so were all the other delegates. It was said that the United States took no responsibility—a perfectly meaningless phrase unless it applied to every delegation there. One of my friends—a rather gorgeous New York lawyer—guided by the benevolent-ignoramus group or fooled by those whose misrepresentation is deliberate, wrote me that he was sorry that I had not been empowered by Washington to cast a vote. He might have written the same regret to Wilson when Wilson was in Paris, since no ballot box was passed to either of us.

With this background of misinformation it was believed that instruction to make the statement of our open-door policy must have been cabled to us from Washington. And even some of the American correspondents—all of whom knew, because they saw, that the United States was a full member of the conference, including those whose papers were saying the contrary—could not shake the false notion that a modern diplomat is merely a dinner guest and a voice on the end of a wire. They had heard that nonsense so often that they had forgotten that a representative of our foreign policy need have no fear of stating it as clearly as he can, preferably at the time when the world will prick up its ears and the forces of intrigue if they are present will retreat with their burglar kits.

I want to knock on the head the idea that our diplomats are always on the end of a wire. I do not do so on my account, for I am no longer in the service, but on account of our ambassadors and ministers who are working often every waking minute, harder than others work in law offices or at business executive desks or in professions of private life, to serve us all, to carry out instructions faithfully, to keep the sources of instruction well informed, to aid and protect our citizens abroad, and also to live and act and speak as worthy examples of the kind of men Americans are, and to weave their own suggestions, opinions and independent action into the pattern of our national foreign policy.

Diplomatic Initiative

Those who have read the letters of Walter Page from his post in London know that he found under a temporary régime that Washington appeared like a graveyard in which the ideas he sent there were silently buried. That temporary condition passed. The Department of State, if I may continue the code clerk's figures of speech, appeared to me during all my experience in Italy and at international conferences as a very lively catcher willing and able to handle everything thrown from the outfield. I found that our diplomatic missions under a proper conduct of the Department of State require not only faithful fulfillment of orders but also wise initiative on the part of any diplomat worth his salt.

Another misconception as to diplomacy is that it is a profession of deceit. While I was serving my ambassadorship an American woman of large wealth came to my table and with amusing effrontery said to me, "I had hoped that my son would enter diplomatic life, and indeed that he would have a secretaryship under you because you seem to say what you mean. But of course all diplomats have to be more or less dishonest."

This is a fancy which flies headforemost into the face of common sense. I discovered in three seasons of extraordinarily active diplomatic work that a diplomat can have no greater asset than the belief among representatives of other nations that he tells the truth. An ambassador or minister who can say unqualified Yes or No, who is believed because he has taught the others that he is dependable, and who, in addition, has no secret foreign policies to hide, is possessed of a force and power which often can be used to drive opposition founded on secrecy and intrigue off the range. At another time I will tell what I know about the supposed villainies of that bugbear, old-fashioned, secret diplomacy, so much abused by those who really knew nothing about it, and often so effective to preserve peace; but just now I want to point out that I found that, in the main, diplomats, even those of the nations of Europe which are supposedly engaged in networks of intrigue, told the truth.

I noticed with a good deal of interest that the older and more seasoned these men were the more they had learned that the time always comes, sometimes in an emergency, when the best card they hold in their hands is the faith others have in their word. I do not mean by this that European diplomacy is not full of pitfalls for us. It is. It is to a degree not realized by anyone except shrewd American representatives who have been into the labyrinth of the old hostilities, of the ancient racial, national and economic conflicts of Europe. We have not the chance of the proverbial snowball of reforming the poker game of Europe by sitting in as a player. We can set something of an example by minding our own business and giving our friendly good offices and advice when it is asked for and when there is a chance that it may be followed. We can maintain our present foreign policy, based on fair play, and one which needs no secrecy and intrigue to support it. We can keep our influence and power by keeping our detachment from the maze of Europe, because detachment is the chief and, indeed, in our unwillingness to maintain vast armies, almost the only source of our power or influence on Europe.

The Danger of Taking Sides

Those who agitate to have us draw poker hands at European tables merely to satisfy a desire to put fingers in other people's pies, or because of the simpering notion that war will be wiped out, utterly fail to realize that we are not equipped by training or experience or political system to avoid becoming a pawn rather than a player in the game. They fail to ask themselves what effect taking sides will have upon the vast foreign elements in our own country who naturally retain some of their racial loyalties. I have refused to draw cards too many times in Europe not to know how eager intriguing forces are to get us into a situation which our sentimentalists call sitting around a table for a frank discussion and settlement of European ills, not to know that the moment we entered the game we would be asked to take sides, that once we took sides we would be snarled up in a hundred coils of war snakes and intricate European partisanship.

I have been in too many situations where, even minding my own business and trying to help peace, the press of two nations whose interests conflicted were vying with each other to enroll us on one side or the other of conflicts of interest.

I want to make it plain that diplomacy abroad may be anything but a game for the good and innocent, but I want to make it equally plain that individual diplomats are usually men who, even if it were not by their good inclinations, will by policy avoid deceit, because deceit discredits them. Above all I want to emphasize the fact that, because American diplomacy stands on its own legs and has no undisclosed purposes, no American diplomat has anything of consequence to conceal. The idea that our diplomatic life requires weasel ways belongs among the fairy stories.

Of course the confidential messages between the President or the Department of State and our diplomats are guarded by code. It is true that most of the messages sent in and out of the United States go over the cables of other countries, and I have known numbers of European diplomats who were frank in stating their belief that we suffered a great disadvantage because our messages could be delayed and perhaps read by certain European powers. I do not doubt it. We, like other nations, have elaborate codes, but these official codes are sometimes broken. Some of the European powers have staffs of experts who take as many copies of stolen messages as can be obtained and endeavor to unravel the code. Many of these experts are recruited from the class of mathematical or puzzle-solving cranks who have grown lean and sallow poring over arithmetical tricks, number squares and other unproductive hobbies. In certain foreign offices there are equipments so perfected that once in possession of the diplomatic mail pouch of

(Continued on Page 120

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(Continued from Page 118)

some foreign country, this pouch may be cut into ribbons, seals broken, contents read and destroyed and within a few hours a whole new set of letters reproduced with seals attached, and all inclosed in a diplomatic pouch with lead seals, and none of this reproduction can be told from the original. I was once shown a pretty little instrument like a tuning fork but with the two long needlelike tines of the fork close together.

This could be inserted into the tiny space where the bottom or top flap on the back of the sealed envelope met the bottom or top edge of the turn-over. If one of the prongs were slipped inside the fold of the inclosed letter and the fork was twisted around and around, the letter could be rolled up into a tight cylinder, which then could be drawn out sideways, read, reinserted and unrolled back into place.

Paul Pry at His Work

Leaks do happen and spies do occasionally pry into the diplomat's desk. In Rome during a certain period I used to close my desk drawer at night with a piece of flat paper balanced on the top lip of the locked drawer. If anyone who did not observe that bit of paper unlocked and opened the drawer the paper would fall unnoticed into the bottom of the drawer as it was opened. I always found the paper in the bottom of the drawer! But I always regarded the whole subject of secrecy, leaks and the work of spies as being a subject almost funny because so much exaggerated. Once when fortune put into my hands the best of evidence of the existence of an elaborate spy system, I said to the statesman who was supposed to profit by it, "Tell me honestly, does it pay?"

"Alas," he said feelingly, "I fear no. It takes up my time, and the sum total of conflicting information averages up usually to zero!"

While I was in Europe as ambassador I was constantly offered the services of spies and fixers. I interviewed them myself because I have a weakness for listening to charlatans. Some of them are good fellows and break the monotony of the real business of the world just as Americans who skim around Europe and come into the diplomat's office with benevolent cure-alls, without any consideration of details or cost, help to color the day with their lovable earnestness. The spies always wish to work for the United States at some imposing figure. Fifteen minutes of conversation cuts that figure in half. Usually they leave willing to work for nothing because they figure if they can have employment of the American embassy they can sell our information and supposed secrets to someone else.

At one time a woman, who, we will say, pretended to teach languages to some of the employes of my embassy, used her vivacious Central-European personality and her occasional presence in the American embassy to market secrets to others. I used to see to it that she was provided with plenty of high-colored material which had no foundation whatever in fact. I have often wondered what the poor woman or the nation that employed her thought of me or the United States. The junk of information she carted away in all seriousness would prove that in America we were all harmlessly insane.

International Suspicions

In truth the whole subject of secrecy, spies and intrigue of the peanut variety has always excited in me more amusement than anxiety. It is difficult to take one's serious work seriously and at the same time regard the average childishness of most international conspiracy with respect. The whole field of story-book diplomacy, of secret agents and beautiful lady spies, of midnight thefts of documents and eyes peeping under the blind is filled, however, with regrettable alarms and furnishes deplorable suspicion. After the Conference of Genoa I said to a meeting of foreign press correspondents that it was not the intrigue which does the greatest damage in international relations—it is the unfounded fear of Nation A that Nation B and Nation C are engaging in intrigue. I said also that the experiment of so-called open diplomacy instead of always helping to cure these mutual fears and distrusts has proved often an opportunity to the press to add their own ghosts to those which flit in unreality before the eyes of frightened diplomats.

The Truth About Oil

At both conferences in Europe at which I was present the subject of oil was one great bugbear exaggerated to an absurd degree by the press. No one doubts that there is an international race for the oil resources of the world. Oil is ready money. Oil is the new fuel of sea transport. Oil may decide the power of this navy over that navy.

Nevertheless, whenever an international conference is found, there also is found a whole nest of ridiculous newspaper stories about the intrigue for oil, and I cannot remember a single instance in which the story was not a false alarm. Those who are really wise in regard to the international struggle for oil know certain facts wholly overlooked by the innocent and earnest little eyes who see fire where there is not even a wisp of smoke.

Three of these facts I set down here because I learned them well.

One. The value of undeveloped oil fields is grotesquely exaggerated in the public mind. The truth is that the cost of development is often problematical and sometimes prohibitive.

Two. Usually the oil field about which there is the most noise is one sought or held by some concession hunter who has no money to develop his concession even if it is worth anything. Of course it is to his interest to advertise his claims as being of untold value. What he really is hoping for is to sell his pig in a poke to one of the big oil companies. It is the concession hunters doing

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Entire United States Delegation at the Lausanne Conference on Near-East Affairs. Left to Right, Seated—Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol, U. S. N.; Richard Washburn Child, and Joseph C. Grew, United States Minister to Switzerland. Standing, Left to Right—Lieutenant Wheeler, U. S. N.; Mr. Mack, Mr. Amery, Mr. Gillespie and Mr. Bolin

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(Continued from Page 120)

business on a shoestring and not the big oil companies of the world who create the clamor and the idea that governments and their representatives are interested in no question unless there is oil in it.

Three. In the main, recent diplomacy of the world has had less to do with oil resources than the average man supposes The reason for this is that the big oil groups of one nation and another find that it is usually more possible, more peaceful and more prompt to negotiate their participation in oil resources among themselves, not at international conferences but in a private dining room.

Now it so happened that I represented the United States at the seats of the two conferences where the subject of oil stood up larger than ever before. At the Conference of Genoa the oil resources of Russia were advertised in the press; at the Conference of Lausanne not a day passed without some correspondent coming to me in a mysterious manner and saying "Mesopotamian oil."

I used to feel sometimes a kind of appetite for intrigue and almost a wish that I might be involved in oil. It gives a man a sensation of importance, but alas, I never struck it.

Concession Hunters

I read that a great oil company of America had engaged a palace in Genoa for the coming struggle for Russian oil. Unbelievers were shown the palace! Reports were printed that a great oil company official was speeding overseas to be present. Few were the days when the press of Europe or America did not print the story that some nation or another through its secret agents had secretly made a secret agreement with the secret Russians about secret oil. I was represented by some kind correspondent as fighting with all the devices of diplomacy and intrigue to gain for America the last drop of oil in Russia.

Now for the truth. The palace languished without tenants. The oil official mentioned was going not from but to New York. I saw no representative of any well-known oil interest, and received no communication from any from beginning to end. There was one exception. He came to see me to ask whether it would help me to have a representative near at hand. I replied with a large fat No. The terrible agent of the terrible oil interests did me the honor to say that I was quite sensible. I have nothing but fondness for that man. I saw one concession hunter who told me, much to my humiliation, that he had nothing to suggest. The only thing I did remotely connected with oil was to make it plain to my friends who represented other nations that there must be no agreements with Russia which would damage American rights, human rights or property rights, whether such rights concerned missionaries or soap selling, free speech or vacuum cleaners

The Open Door

I have heard the minister of foreign affairs of one of the two great European powers pound the table and say, "Oh, but I am disgusted by all this talk of oil—sordid oil! I have not done a thing about oil, and one would suppose I dreamed oil and lived on oil!"

I replied, "I trust you will find calm. As for me, my chief concern is to conceal the fact that I have had nothing to do with oil The only thing I can say in my defense is that I have obtained unrighteously in oil everything any other diplomat has obtained here unrighteously—precisely nothing."

So likewise when we were dealing with Turkey. When I restated without notice and without specific instructions our policy of the open door for the Near East and for a peace-preserving principle, it must have been a tremendous surprise to Secretary Hughes and President Harding to have an opposition press accuse them of making a move for oil; it might as well have accused them of writing Uncle Tom's Cabin in the interests of a high tariff. I received no instructions to help any oil interest in Lausanne, and the only oil man who wanted anything of me was a concession hunter who desired to be introduced with recommendations to Ismet Pasha. I said to him a well-fed No. He went away very angry and I have never seen him since. I heard that there was quite a line of these concession hunters at the bar of the uptown hotel who were treating some of the correspondents and telling them quite against the proof of the pudding that peace could be had without honor but not without oil

All this goes to show, as I have said in speeches, that much greater enemies of the diplomat than the temptations to engage in intrigue are the ghosts and jack-o'-lanterns which often arise even in the press of his own country.

Intrigue exists no doubt, and a good diplomatic representative will have his eyes open. Usually open ears and eyes and a closed mouth are worth more than a whole staff of spies, and yield more dependable impressions than those fire alarms in the press which have multiplied rather than diminished since the clamor for publicity in diplomacy. One of the difficulties of publicity is that green or uninformed or unscrupulous correspondents refuse to accept truth when it is dull or fails to meet their hunger for sensation. I know correspondents aplenty who are made of fine stuff and who have enough experience to realize that international relations, particularly those of the United States, are maintained usually by frankness or created by painstaking and sometimes monotonous negotiations. But I know at least three correspondents—one a Frenchman, one an Englishman and one, I regret to say, an American—who are clever enough and mischievous enough to have in their records fabrications which have caused damage of no small measure. Of three instances of great mischief done by these men, two were founded on a desire to unseat prime ministers; the other was a long campaign conducted by a man who liked to feel that he could influence world affairs and was willing to engage in perverted cleverness to do it. These men are well aware of the power of a mere assertion running across the cables of the world to set more fires than truth can quench in a long period.

Relations With the Press

The American diplomat, I have concluded, is usually scared of correspondents. Perhaps this fright is unfounded. In Rome whether times were dull or intensely exciting I never failed to see any correspondent who wanted to see me, and if I add up my total of gain—gain in getting information, gain in giving it fully and frankly—this gain almost makes me forget trivial losses

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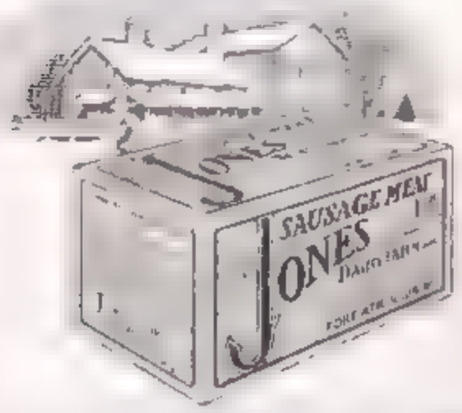

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such as an absurd story that I was being sued, or the intimation that my relations with President Coolidge had not been as cordial as those with President Harding.

Summing up my impressions as to the fears of the American lady who would not let her son go into American diplomacy because of its supposed deceitful nature, I would say that she also talked mere gibberish. My instructions from the State Department constitute a mass of orders to disclose; I cannot remember a single instance where I was commanded to conceal. A wise American diplomat under these conditions and with a proper amount of courage can make a nod of his head pass for better currency than some treaties. A single nod is sometimes an expression of agreement between two people; a good many signed documents are worth nothing because they fly in the face of economic or social facts. There is a fetish in these days to make international relations by documents. If these documents merely embody loose, impractical idealism or if they fail to express a common interest they are like most legal contracts which require the services of a sheriff—more of a lie and an irritation than an instrument of concord and peace. The economic life of the world cannot be created by red seals and signatures; where there are no fundamental reasons for peace and no instinct for peace permeating the human fabric of nations, it is useless to engage in the hypocrisy of engrossing peace on vellum. International relations are based on action, not debates; on good will and on common interests which are increasing slowly but surely and which we desire to advance, but not on the flapdoodle of those who assert that this or that is so or practical merely because they wish it were so or practical. If anything helped me in Europe and gave me the confidence of European statesmen it was the kind of honesty required to state just such facts without hesitancy.

Shirt Front and Soda Mints

Alas! The same American lady who thought her son would be corrupted by diplomacy, fell down. When she spoke of financial aid for Europe and I asked her whether she would advocate the only way increasing our taxes, she replied, "Well, perhaps not, but we ought to hold out the hope, because that would keep a kind of grip on Europe. It would make us more popular and able to exercise our moral influence, wouldn't it?"

And therein I point out, because this lady is also a voter, is most of the philosophy of the species Benevolent ignoramus cross-bred with the species Benevolent holier-than-thou blackmailer.

When I went abroad I was told by a college president, "You will find in your position there is, as Roosevelt called it, too much plush." He meant the business of pomp and trappings, entertaining and being entertained; he meant too much shirt front and too many soda mints.

Some men believe—and I am one of them—that in official life the gains of entertaining are often exceeded by the losses. I have seen good hard-fleshed, hard-minded men come to the Senate or into the cabinet and grow fat and lolly-headed by sitting night after night at the right of the hostesses and burbling after coffee to a circle of listening shell-like pink ears. And it is possible for a diplomat to make the same mistake. He will usually have adequate opportunity and it will be in a new social atmosphere with brilliant settings, flavored by history and with a variety of personalities representing many races from the far corners of the world and with the thought, the customs and civilizations of many lands. It is a fact that these contacts are not waste, and this will tend to lure the American diplomat into the idea that this bright and distinguished company is really more important than it is. I look back to Europe with gratitude toward the many friends I made and trust and love. I have no patience with American snobs who believe that titles necessarily imply decadence, or standards of manners and customs of the Old World represent in the main a lack of virility.

I am deeply grateful that I have had the opportunity to see the bright, colorful pageants when kings and queens entertain each other. But I am equally certain that all this creates such a fascination that the American diplomat may be deceived.

For, after all, the court and its social orbit are not the country, and to spend all one's days in the capital and with the decorative set is a sure way to be blind to what the foreign country means, to be deaf to what that country is thinking and saying. Almost my first public act in Italy was to take a new destroyer of the American Navy and visit the ports of the Italian peninsula.

As a journalist I had seen too many diplomats who little by little are sewn up in the capital in a kind of cocoon. Feeling the silky comfort of this position they became more and more detached from any contact with the peasants in the fields, with the minds of factory workers or the thought of shopkeepers in the towns across the breadth of the land. Then a great danger arises that the ambassador or minister, seeing nothing beyond the high wall of the nobility, capitalists, politicians, and being fed, day by day, on flattery, which in some countries is applied with studied skill, really becomes a man with a very narrow vision.

Some men cannot avoid losing their detached point of view. I know one for whose opinion I would not give two cents in regard to the European situation. He is more violently partisan in favor of the nation which has cocooned him than its own most extreme representatives. Indeed this cocooning is the greatest danger the American diplomat faces today. The two ways to avoid it are to buckle on every day a good-natured but thick armor against flattery and the sense of being important.

One of the greatest minds on international subjects which we have recently produced became as drunk with this honey as any drone bee.

First-Hand Information

The second way is for the diplomat to travel. I sometimes think the most useful days I spent for the public service in Italy were not in Rome but from Sicily to Genoa, from the Trentino to Calabria. By knowing the spirit of the people, by showing my interest in knowing them I gained wide and varied friendship. I could often foresee events, I could know the leanings of the country, and it was more difficult for some politician in Rome to fool me about Italy and the Italians, and it was more difficult for any interest unfriendly to the United States to fool the people of Italy.

The plush side of diplomacy has its value, but the good, hard and useful business of diplomacy is to keep good relations secure with the people as well as the government, with the whole and not with a corner of the foreign country. Good information, as Root said to me, is necessary to peoples if peoples are to have more and more to say about the foreign policies of their governments. Therefore, except for actual negotiations, the most useful service of a diplomat is to keep his own government and the people informed, not of the hearsay whisperings of the dinner table but of the facts, and to keep the government and people of the country where he occupies his post supplied with information which will stand up against the intrigue of those who would damage our reputation by misrepresentation, who would either trick us into entanglements or as an alternative represent us as selfish and uncoöperative.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Child on the American Diplomat and our Foreign Affairs.

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THE TWEETIES

(Continued from Page 19)

comparisons between foreigners and the people of God's country.

"Gosh, but old Cedar Street would look good to me right now!" he remarked forlornly one afternoon as they were crossing the Place de la Concorde in Paris.

"You're hopeless, Toodledums. I suppose you'd rather be playing rummy at the club right now with Ed Chambers and Jim Eaton and the rest of the bunch than see the most magnificent sights in Europe."

"There're worse scouts than ol' Ed and Jim, I can tell you," retorted Andy, his face wan at mere mention of their names. "You'll go a long ways, Tweetie, before you meet anybody like home folks."

Camilla cried ecstatically, "Oh, but think of all we're seeing!"

"I am," Andy gulped. "It's great, like you say. I admit it, and I'll try to stick it out."

Mrs. Johnson was in the seventh heaven. This was her first real flutter. Until the sale of the business early habits of thrift had imposed their restraint, even after Andy grew prosperous; but now she felt she could afford to shop without skimping. Andy was willing—told her to "Fly at it, the sky's the limit." She dragged him all around the fashionable shopping district until he rebelled.

"I just can't go into a store and let 'em take down everything they've got in stock and then walk out without buying a nickel's worth," he declared.

"That's the trouble with you men," answered Camilla sweetly; "you'll take the first thing they show you. They don't expect you to buy every time, Daddy Dumplin. They don't mind."

"All right. Then you go shopping alone and I'll rubber around somewhere. Maybe I'll run into somebody from home."

So Tweetie spent many hours just looking and half of every afternoon at fittings. Moreover, she made some agreeable acquaintances—two at an expensive dressmaking establishment and several others at a relief tea to which she took the wretched Andy. They were women accustomed to spend a few months abroad every year, or were now residing permanently in Paris. They belonged in a bigger world than she had ever known and her contacts with them opened new vistas of activities. Camilla arranged to organize a local committee to carry on the work in which they were interested when she got home.

Just what put the idea into her head of taking a war orphan back with them would be difficult to determine precisely. They were on a motoring trip in the south of France when she sprang it suddenly on Andy. He was aghast.

"Where on earth did you get that notion?"

"I've been thinking about it a long while, Honeybun—ever since we came here. I—I want somebody to love."

Johnson eyed her uneasily. "Then why not wait until we get back? You can pick out one of those children at the babies' home."

"No, I don't want a baby. They're too much of a strain at our age. I want a boy about ten or twelve years old."

Andy perceived that she had been revolving the project for some time.

"Well," he said sulkily, "there's lots of choice out at the orphans' home."

Camilla made a gesture of repugnance.

"I can't stand those children. They're all so—oh, you know what I mean. They're little animals. Nobody knows anything about their parents. That baby camp, now—half those babies have been left there by women who weren't married."

"Those kids can't help it," suggested Andy mildly.

"Well, I wouldn't have one of them under any circumstances, so there's no use in talking about it."

She spoke with nervous irritability. Her husband regarded her with affectionate solicitude.

"Look here," he said, "why not take our time to think this over? You're tired out and run down, and maybe ——"

"In other words, it's just a whim. Is that what you mean? If you don't want me to have somebody to love, just say so and be done with it."

He was greatly surprised, and anxious too. This was the nearest to an outburst he had ever seen in Camilla.

"It's up to you," he replied gravely. "You'll have to take care of him all the work will be on your shoulders. The expense part of it won't amount to much. I'm willing. Yet I think you'll be making a mistake to take one from here, Tweetie, when we could easily ——"

"If I can't take one from here I don't want any at all," she answered decidedly. "These poor people just think what they've been through. It's the least we can do to help them."

"All right, go ahead and do just what you like. But I don't think it would be fair to the family to adopt a strange child who ——"

"Gracious, who said anything about adopting him, Andy? I didn't. Of course not; it would be too much responsibility. I just want to enjoy him for a few years and give him an education—give him a chance in life."

"Supposing he don't turn out like you hope?"

"Then we can send him back. That's the beauty of not adopting him."

It was so like Camilla to leave herself a way out that Andy grinned.

"Have you got anybody in mind?"

"Mrs. Turner says she knows of one that would just suit me."

So she had already worked out a definite plan before sounding him! He chuckled, for that was her invariable custom. She had often spent hours discussing projects with Andy and advancing arguments to win his consent, only to reveal, after winning his assent, that the thing was already done.

After the first shock of the proposal he entered into the arrangements willingly enough. Indeed, he even grew enthusiastic, being the sort of man who does everything whole-heartedly. The couple had often talked over the possibility of adopting a child, but nothing ever came of this talk owing to Camilla's reluctance to undertake the responsibility unless she could secure one of her sister's, a radiant tot who was the darling of the entire connection.

"What's the use of talking like that when you know as well as I do there isn't a chance in the world of getting Myrtle?" Andy would demand.

"If I can't get Myrtle I don't want any," Camilla would reply.

He had consequently made up his mind she did not really want any. Now he decided that it might be an excellent thing for her. He was decidedly dubious about a child of alien blood; but after all, that was her lookout, and hers would be the care of it.

"All right; when we get to Paris we'll fix it up."

They set out with Mrs. Turner to look at the boy she had in mind.

"He seems to be a fine kid," Andy admitted, after a long and silent and carefully nonchalant inspection of the war orphan.

"He's perfectly sweet," exclaimed Mrs. Turner; "and you can see for yourself what his uncle and aunt are like. They are such amiable people. From what we have been able to find out about the family, they are all hard-working and respectable too. You need have no anxiety about that, Mr. Johnson."

"Fine!" he replied. "He seems shy for a boy that age though."

"You must remember that he has never talked to anybody except the people in the village, and French children aren't American."

"That's so too. Ours are apt to be mighty fresh and smart-Alecky."

"Well," inquired Mrs. Johnson, with a beaming smile, when they were alone, "are you satisfied?"

A lingering sense of caution made him hesitate a moment. Then the joy in his wife's face decided him.

"Sure. If you're satisfied, I am."

The legal formalities staggered him. First there were the American regulations, but he got around those by classifying Jacques as a student and making himself responsible for his education and keep while in the United States. Then there were the French regulations to be met. The boy would be required for military service when he attained the age, and it developed that the consent of all the relatives concerned had to be won. Andy surmised they would be only too glad to get rid of the expense, but it transpired that the uncle and aunt held Jacques in peculiar affection and considered him a future asset. So did several others of the connection. The result was that Andy had to spend some money before all the required signatures were obtained; but in as much as the total did not amount to much when translated into dollars, he raised no objection. He signed various papers in which he undertook to provide for the boy during a period of years, to educate him, and either return him to France when called for military service or make the usual arrangement to avoid it. It took him the better part of a month to get everything in shape.

"All set at last," he reported to his wife. "Gee, but won't I be glad when we're headed home!"

The Johnsons' return with a war orphan created quite a sensation in town. An evening newspaper sent a reporter out to get a story from Mrs. Johnson and a photograph of herself with little Jacques. And for a month she was kept busy lugging the child around to teas and bridge parties to exhibit him to her curious friends. The men joked Andy about it until he grew rather touchy on the subject, especially after Ed Chambers and Jim Eaton had sent a promoter to see him who was peddling stock in a washing-machine company.

However, the excitement soon died down and taking care of Jacques became a matter of daily routine for Camilla. When it subsided to that basis she found the child more trying than she had expected.

"I don't understand him," she complained to Andy. "With most children, you can get near them—sort of know them. But Jacques is so strange."

"How?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes the way he looks at you—do you think he is a sneak?"

"No-o, I don't think so. He's peculiar, though—too shy. He won't look me in the eye."

"And he doesn't know how to play."

"Poor little shaver," said Andy; "he's never had a chance. Maybe when he learns to speak English better he'll be different."

"I do hope so. Sometimes ——"

"Sure he will," cried Andy heartily. "French kids are awful cute. I used to watch 'em in the Champs-Élysées, and they played just like our own kids."

Camilla was busier than she had ever been in her life. In addition to Jacques' care, she was engaged in directing the work of a committee she organized upon her return to raise money for a milk fund with which Mrs. Turner and others of her Paris acquaintances were associated. These ladies were laboring in behalf of the children of a Balkan country. Camilla didn't know precisely where this country was, but the statistics she received were heart-rending, and when she carried around to the club some of the photographs Mrs. Turner sent, she secured a dozen volunteers on the spot for a relief bazaar. Nobody could look on the pictures of those emaciated little wrecks without feeling the urge to do something.

"Oh, the heartlessness of some people!" she cried on her return home one night, her eyes blazing. "And with all their money too!"

"What's the matter now?"

"Why, Mrs. Witherspoon! I went to see her today to get a subscription for my fund, and she coolly said she wouldn't give anything."

"Did she give any reason?"

"Not a word. She just put on that cool, superior manner of hers and told me she did not see her way to helping."

"And old Witherspoon the richest man in town!" exclaimed Andy.

"Oh, it makes my blood boil! I just looked at her like this—and if it had been anybody else, I'd have given her a piece of my mind, I can tell you."

"Better go slow," Andy cautioned uneasily. "We don't want a fuss with the Witherspoons. He's chairman of the board at the bank, you know, and ——"

"Yes, I know. That's the only thing that stopped me. I didn't want to say anything that might make trouble between you and Mr. Witherspoon. But as far as that woman herself is concerned—well, it beats me, and that's the truth."

They put Jacques to bed, and then Andy showed her a letter he had received in the afternoon mail from the boy's uncle in France. It stated that the crop had been

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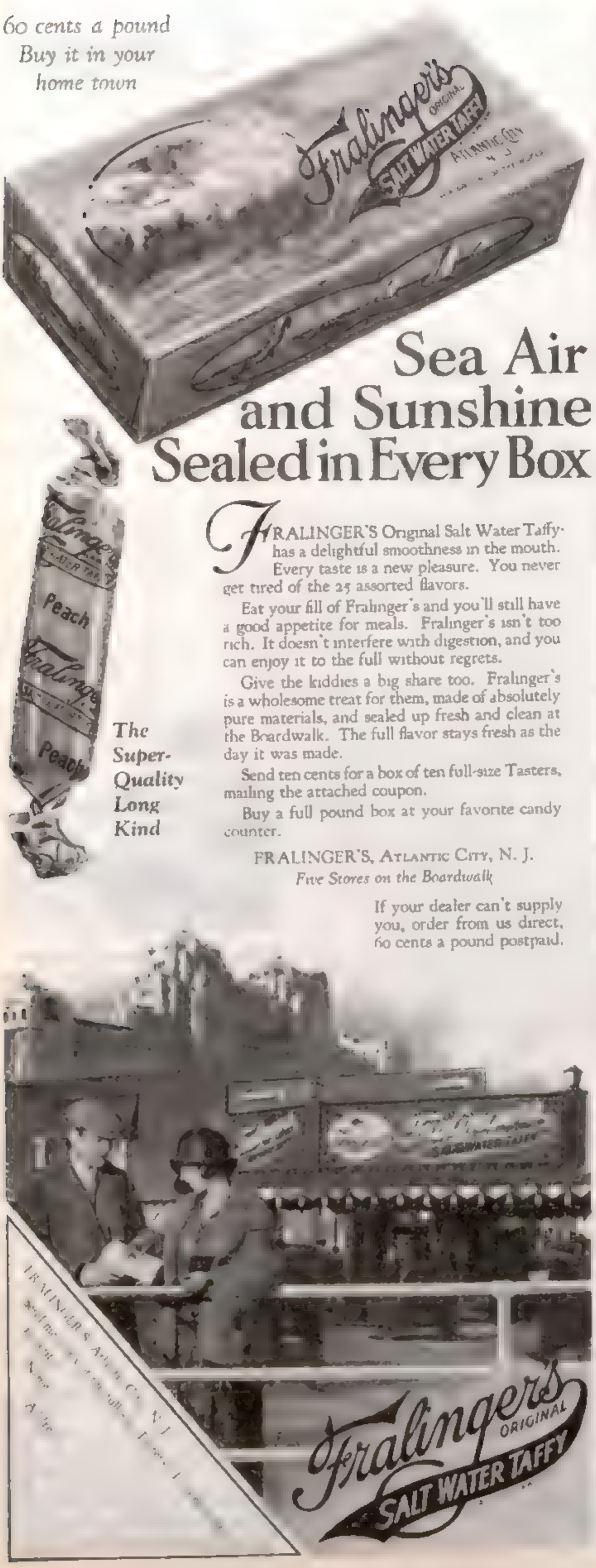

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a complete failure, he was sick with rheumatism and his wife had fallen and broken her leg

"I guess we'll have to send them something," said Camilla.

"Do you think he's telling the truth?" Andy ventured.

"Of course. There's nothing improbable about anything he says there."

This was true enough, and next day Johnson bought a money order and sent it off. In due time they received a delightful letter of acknowledgment and thanks, and when Christmas came around, a lace handkerchief arrived for Camilla.

Meanwhile Jacques was attending school and rapidly learning our language. He showed great aptitude at this, and surprised Andy one afternoon by a flow of profanity that would have done credit to the best golf club in the country.

"Where on earth does he learn such things?" Camilla gasped.

"From the other kids," replied Andy, not without a sneaking pride. "Shucks, that's nothing, Tweetie. When I was his age I could cuss like a stevedore."

"Oh, how can you stand there and say such a thing! And laugh about it too! I think it's dreadful."

"If Jacques never does anything worse than cuss a little, I'll be thankful. Come here, son, and tell me how you got along today."

The boy approached timidly. He was always ill at ease and distant with Andy, but displayed much affection for Camilla, whom he sometimes hugged until she could hardly breathe.

"Let's see your report. Been a good boy?"

What the teacher wrote was favorable. Moreover, he later told Johnson in private that Jacques was an exceptionally bright child and, with the right handling, ought to do well.

Six months passed. Another letter reached them from France. It seemed that ever since her accident the aunt had found work in the fields beyond her capacity, and the husband's earnings alone were insufficient to feed so large a family. Could Mr. Johnson advise them what to do?

"He's really doing his best," declared Camilla, on the defensive when she saw the expression of Andy's face. "And honestly, when I think of all he went through in the war, I marvel he has the pluck to try at all. If ever anybody deserves help, it's those people."

"Nobody can deny that," he assented, and he wrote back, suggesting that the wife open a small shop. The work of running it would not be beyond her strength and she could take care of her young and growing family at the same time. He sent them a hundred dollars to stock it.

By this time Jacques was as much a member of the family as if he had been born in it. Camilla fussed over him like an old hen with a lone chick. It is true that the French boy sometimes puzzled her and she could never get very close to him, yet he filled the void in her hungry heart and she did her duty by the child eagerly and lovingly. As for Andy, though disappointed that Jacques did not romp and play and get into mischief like other boys of his age, he felt for him a certain tenderness born of pity.

The next letter from France gave them a jolt.

"What do you know about that?" inquired Andy, tossing it across the dinner table.

Camilla picked it up with foreboding.

"Why, I understood he didn't have a relative in the world closer than his aunt and uncle! They told me his father was killed in the war and his mother died of the flu in 1919."

"And now here's a sister," said Andy.

"Older than Jacques, too. How is it we only hear about her now?"

They stared at each other.

"It's very strange," remarked Camilla. Then, stubbornly resolved to put the best interpretation on the news, she added, "Still, I can easily understand how it might happen. Those people can hardly read and write, and maybe she didn't know ——"

"But why didn't the family tell me when I was getting their consent?" insisted Andy. "I got everybody else's."

That point remained unsolved. It was plain from the letter, however, that Melie expected compensation for the loss of her brother; and as Johnson did not know what her legal claims might be under French law, he opened a correspondence that ended with a payment of a hundred dollars. Neither he nor Camilla begrudged the money. They would cheerfully have parted with much more to keep Jacques, without friction with his family

After that they settled down again to a tranquil life. Jacques grew like a weed, suddenly arriving at the downy-cheeked age long before they expected he would. A boy is always awkward and at his worst during this period of his growth, and he frequently got on Camilla's nerves. Nevertheless, she took as close care of his well-being and happiness as she could have done if Jacques had been her own son.

It gave her plenty of work, yet she found time to attend to her public duties, which had considerably increased since their return from Europe. With first-hand information, gleaned on the spot, it was natural that Mrs. Johnson should have pronounced opinions on international affairs and our foreign policy. She had listened attentively to the conversation at the teas and other gatherings she attended abroad, and in numerous confidential talks with women of high social standing who had been engaged for several years in various forms of relief activity, she had acquired a considerable store of statistics. She was in whole-hearted agreement with the viewpoint of these ladies, and seldom did a day pass without Camilla taking up her pen to write a letter to the Daily Call about American duty to stricken mankind. The biting sarcasm she employed against the State Department delighted the Call's readers and the paper published everything she wrote.

And then came a series of complications that turned their little world topsy-turvy. The uncle wrote that the shop had proved a complete failure. They had lost all the money Mr. Johnson sent and were in debt. His wife was sick again. What to do? They had embarked in this enterprise on his advice, so surely he would not leave them to perish.

"I see," said Andy bitterly. "It is all my fault. What I want to know is, where is this thing going to end?"

Then they began to receive complaints about Jacques. Camilla was horrified by a visit from Mrs. Walker, who asserted that Jacques had stolen her little boy's bicycle. She flew into a fine rage, took a high tone and ordered Mrs. Walker out of the house. However, that same evening the bicycle was discovered behind a pile of lumber in the chicken yard. Jacques sullenly denied all knowledge of it.

"Don't dare to stand there and lie like that," cried Camilla, "when you know you've been at me for three months to buy you a wheel!"

"I wish we'd done it," said Andy glumly.

"I was afraid he'd get run over by an automobile, else —— Oh, Andy, what'll we do?"

"Search me. I just can't figure him out at all. He seemed such a nice, quiet kid, and now ——"

They were in despair. Andy went to interview Walker and managed to patch up the affair without charges being brought, but it cost him considerable trouble and deep humiliation. Nevertheless, they forgave Jacques, who promised to do better in future even while stoutly maintaining his innocence.

One night Camilla met her husband at the door with a face so white that he could only stare at her, afraid to ask what the trouble was. She drew him into the dining room and made sure neither of the servants was within earshot before she told him. Two mothers had called during the afternoon to inform her that Jacques would not be allowed to play with their children.

"And while they were here the teacher came to say we must take him out of school, for they can't let him stay there any longer, after what's happened," she sobbed. "Oh, I can't believe it—I can't—it's too dreadful!"

Poor Andy just sat motionless, in a cold stupor. He was shaken to the depths of his being.

At last he rose and summoned Jacques, whom he questioned alone in a bedroom for an hour. The boy flatly contradicted the charges made against him, but Andy knew he was lying; and as he stared helplessly at the white-faced lad in front of him, who displayed no indignation and remained coolly watchful, he realized with a sick feeling that he was bad to the core.

"What does he say?" inquired Camilla through her tears.

(Continued on Page 133)

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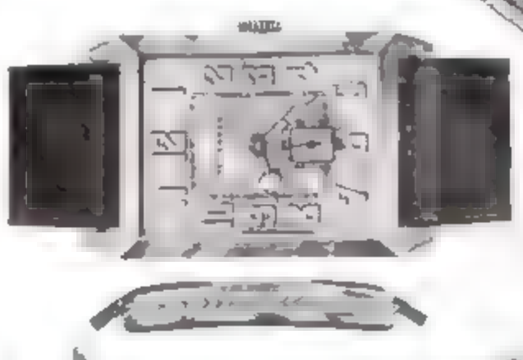

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The largest hotel in the world —with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32d to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Railway Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees

Every room in these hotels has private bath and running ice-water; in every room is posted its rate, printed in plain figures.

(Continued from Page 130)

"Denies it, of course. But we can't keep him any longer, Tweetie."

"No, I suppose not. And to think I kissed him good night! That a—a child of his age—— Oh, oh, I just can't believe it! It's too dreadful!"

"There, there, don't take on so. We've done our duty by him; this isn't our fault. But if we don't send him back quick something may happen that we can't fix up."

Next day he informed Jacques of their decision.

"All right, if that's the way you want to treat me. I'll be glad to leave you," he retorted.

Johnson's first impulse was to buy a passage for the boy, escort him to the boat and put him in charge of one of the ship's officers or a steward. Judge Maillot pointed out the risks involved in this arrangement, however. What if Jacques, who was very intelligent and resourceful, should give his guardian the slip? Or what if he were to be guilty of some act that might land him in trouble and thereby embarrass the Johnsons?

"I guess I'll have to accompany him myself," said Andy glumly, dreading the voyage and the unpleasantness he foresaw on the other side.

A week before the date of sailing he received another communication from France.

"Well," he said brusquely to Camilla, "his father has turned up now."

"His father? Why, they told us he was an orphan!"

"It seems the father wasn't killed after all—a prisoner, or something. Anyhow he has turned up again and he wants five hundred dollars for loss of Jacques' services and affection."

A certain harsh note in his voice made Camilla tremulous.

"What will you do?"

"Do?" cried Andy. "I'll see him in hell first!"

"Oh, Andy!"

"You bet I will! And I'll take that kid back to his hopeful family, and I'll tell them what I think of them all—that's what I'll do!"

He did not reply to this letter, but boarded a slow steamer with Jacques and sailed for Havre.

In view of what had happened it seemed to Andy a simple and perfectly justifiable proceeding to return the boy to his relatives. It did not turn out that way, however. When he took Jacques out to his native village in a motor car there was vast surprise. As soon as they learned that he planned to leave him furious protests broke out. Monsieur Johnson had contracted to provide for the boy during a term of years, to give him an education and in every way extend the care that he would to a son. Then what was this—this talk of dumping a helpless child back on their hands just because he had tired of him? They flashed the contract on Johnson, they called in an *avocat*, the house became a mass meeting.

He was hopelessly beaten, and returned to Paris with Jacques beside him. By this time he could not look at the boy without loathing. And he saw ahead of him endless formalities to be complied with, and possible litigation. He consulted a lawyer. The latter was inclined to take the uncle's view of Johnson's obligations and earnestly advised him to compromise with the family before the negotiations had a chance to drag out.

"If you don't," he said—"well, did you ever get a bill from a hotel over here when you had neglected to arrange about prices beforehand?"

"Go ahead and try to fix it up," replied Andy, with a shudder, and returned to the hotel to stand watch over Jacques

While the man of law was dickering with the uncle, Jacques' long-lost father arrived at the hotel for a conference with Johnson. He had just learned of the American's intention and came to warn him that it could not be done. The fellow looked like the sort of father Jacques might have. There was something unwholesome about him, and a certain watchful slinking in his manner that convinced Andy he was the boy's sire.

"Go and see my lawyer," he said. "I don't want anything to do with you at all."

"What?" cried the other, in fairly good English. "You do not intend to pay me nothing?"

"You've said it. That's just what I intend to pay you."

"We'll see about that!" retorted the father, a threat in his voice and eyes.

"That's all I want to hear from you! Get out!"

"Listen to me, mistair—you'll be sorry for this. If I tell everything I know ——"

"Everything you know?" repeated Andy, puzzled.

"Ha, I thought that would wake you up!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I do not intend to be defrauded. You will pay me or you will suffer the consequences."

"Well, go on. Consequences of what?"

Jacques' father glanced at him with sly malevolence out of the corner of his eye. Then he frowned.

"Bah! I know all, m'sieu," he exclaimed impatiently.

Andy waited, maintaining his composure by an effort. Something in the man's manner made him want to swing a fist against his mouth, but he could not have said why.

"Educate my boy, hein? Fine! Tell that to simpletons!"

"Look here, what on earth are you driving at?"

"I'll tell you, mistair. If you're as innocent as all that—bah, I won't believe it!"

"I'm waiting."

"Fourteen, hey? Jacques was sixteen years old last November."

"Then they've lied to me again," broke out Johnson angrily.

"He is sixteen, just the same."

"Well, what of it?"

Such obtuseness appeared to madden Jacques' father. He cast caution to the winds.

"What?" he exclaimed furiously. "You do not see yet? Then I will tell you. Madame—do you think she was interested in the boy to educate him? He has told me of her embraces and ——"

He got no further. Andy gaped at him a moment in wild unbelief and amazement. Then he burst into loud laughter.

"Get out!" he commanded, almost good-naturedly. "I see that poor little Jacques isn't the only degenerate member of your family."

But the father was deceived by the mildness of tone. He started to amplify his idea. For one brief moment Andy listened, then for the first time in his life completely lost control of himself. Without a sound or a movement of warning, he threw himself on Jacques' father and, hurling him to the floor, choked and belabored him to a pulp. The outcry the victim made brought a valet de chambre, and a host of other employes close on his heels. They dragged Johnson off and carried the unconscious visitor into the hall. Somebody sent for the gendarmes, and both Johnson and Jacques' father were put under arrest and taken to jail.

The next fortnight always remained a nightmare to Andy. He had to appeal to the American consular officials in Paris, and only for a certain discovery the police made, things might have gone hard with him. This was the discovery that the man who had tried to blackmail him was a war deserter, for whom the police had searched two years. There were half a dozen petty crimes alleged against him. But he was undeniably the father of Jacques.

With this information as a basis, Johnson's attorney began an investigation of the entire connection. Their reputation turned out to be decidedly unsavory The aunt had not broken her leg; she had not started a shop; the sister whose appeal Andy had answered proved to be a distant relation of the boy's aunt by marriage. Hot with indignation, Johnson called on Mrs. Turner.

"Yes, we were badly deceived in this case, Mr. Johnson," she confessed, "and I am very sorry. But I would like to point out the large number of cases where the orphans we supplied have turned out well. Yours is the worst on our records. Of course some have been sent back, but the majority ——"

What she said was true enough, but Andy derived slight comfort from it.

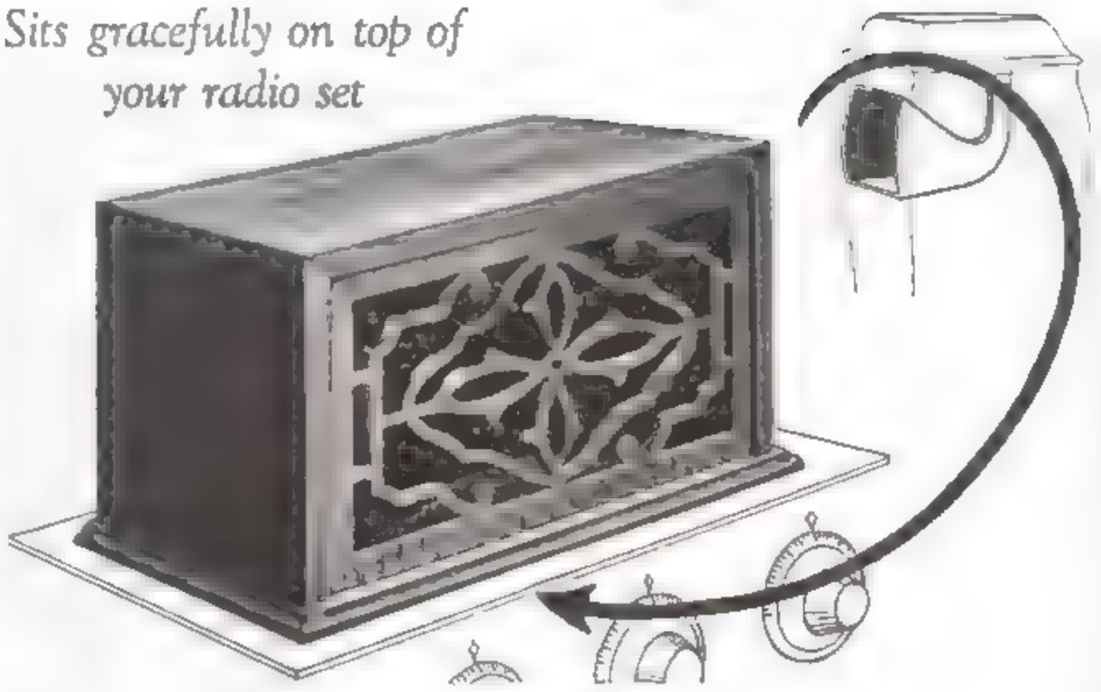
"And I beg you will not judge the French people from these—these ——"

"I'm not a fool, ma'am. I wouldn't judge Americans by a couple of drunks at the Casino!" he protested.

"That's it exactly," said Mrs. Turner sweetly. "And now," she cooed, "won't you let us find you another boy—one we are sure of?"

Well, he got rid of Jacques and a release from everybody who might possibly be

Sits gracefully on top of your radio set



Out of the heart of a Sonora—a new radio speaker

ALL the clear tone, rich volume, and sharp enunciation of the Sonora phonograph has been willed to this new radio speaker by transferring bodily the famous Sonora tone chamber of all-wood construction.

All-wood, but not *solid* wood, for, like solid metal, thick or thin, solid wood will add vibrations of its own.

Instead, ply upon ply of thin, seasoned wood is moulded around a form as perfect as the science of acoustics can make it. Each wafer-thin layer, coated with a sheer film of gum, is set at cross-grain to the next, for sound waves follow the fibres of wood, and by opposing successive net-works of these fibres, no track is left open for tone to escape.

Thus is every unnatural vibration shorn from the crystal-clear stream of sound which pours from the Sonora tone chamber.

Purity of tone cannot be described in words, nor can volume and clearness of enunciation; but of the thousands who have now heard the Sonora Radio Speaker actually reproducing, hardly one has failed to comment with surprise upon the *marked* superiority of this instrument.

Make for yourself a thorough, fair test of the Sonora Radio Speaker in comparison with any other on the market. Dealers all over the country are prepared and eager to demonstrate whenever broadcasting is in progress. However, should the dealer in your city be not yet stocked with Sonora Radio Speakers, send us this coupon *now* and our response will be immediate.

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279 Broadway, New York, N. Y

Gentlemen:

Please send me one Sonora Radio Speaker, price $10, carriage prepaid

☐ Check or cash enclosed, or, ☐ Send C. O. D.

Name

Address

Shipped to any foreign country parcel post prepaid on receipt of price. Reliable dealers wanted

Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL
Radio Speaker

Can be plugged into any Radio Set
No extra batteries required

New York Sun scores a scoop with a Sonora Radio Speaker

The extraordinary clearness of tone reproduced by the Sonora Radio Speaker was strikingly demonstrated when, during the Democratic Convention, the typesetters of the New York Sun set type direct from the official announcer's voice as amplified by the Sonora instrument. The Sun" scooped every other paper in New York by at least one ballot.

Radio Engineer for WCX has purchased two Sonora Radio Speakers

"Gentlemen:

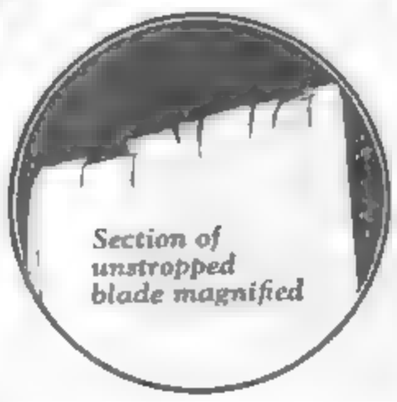
"In the exacting test that I have given the Sonora Radio Speaker, I have found that it is superior to any that I have so far listened to. The tone is perfect: a deep, rich, mellow quality which appeals instantly to the ear of the listener

"I recommend the Sonora Radio Speaker to anyone who is contemplating the purchase of a device of this kind for his receiving set for three reasons: tone quality, clearness and beauty. Yours very truly

Signed: Merrill R. Mitchell WCX"

One order for 5,000 Sonora Radio Speakers!

An initial order for five thousand is typical of the enthusiasm which the Sonora Radio Speaker has aroused among the people whose interest depends upon buying merchandise that people will use immediately. The New York department store which placed this order installed in five of these speakers to the same radio set, and these, enunciating in perfect unison and harmony of tone and volume, kept customers informed of the progress of the Democratic Convention.



A Razor edge is composed of tiny sensitive teeth invisible to the naked eye. Shaving gets them out of line. Temperature changes affect them. That's why even new blades pull. Stropping smooths these teeth back into line and restores a keen cutting edge. A new blade stropped before shaving is improved 100%. Strop regularly and it will last indefinitely.

Strop Your Blades— Speed Your Shaves

YOU can shave with a stropped blade in half the time it takes you to shave with an unstropped blade—and you get a smoother, cleaner shave.

A man just doesn't know, when he thinks it's too much trouble, and takes too much time to strop before shaving.

Stropping with Twinplex is simple and quick—no skill required. Just a few turns and both edges are as keen as a barber's razor. Why man! You spend twice the time needed for stropping just going over the spots an unstropped blade misses.

Twinplex won't revive old blades—but what it does to a new blade will astonish you, both in quality and number of shaves.

Send For Stropped FREE Blade

Name your razor and we will send you a stropped blade free. We would just like to show you what Twinplex can do to a new blade.

Twinplex is 14 years old—over a million sold by best dealers all over the world. Drop in at a nearby store and take a look at one. Sold with a long service guarantee.

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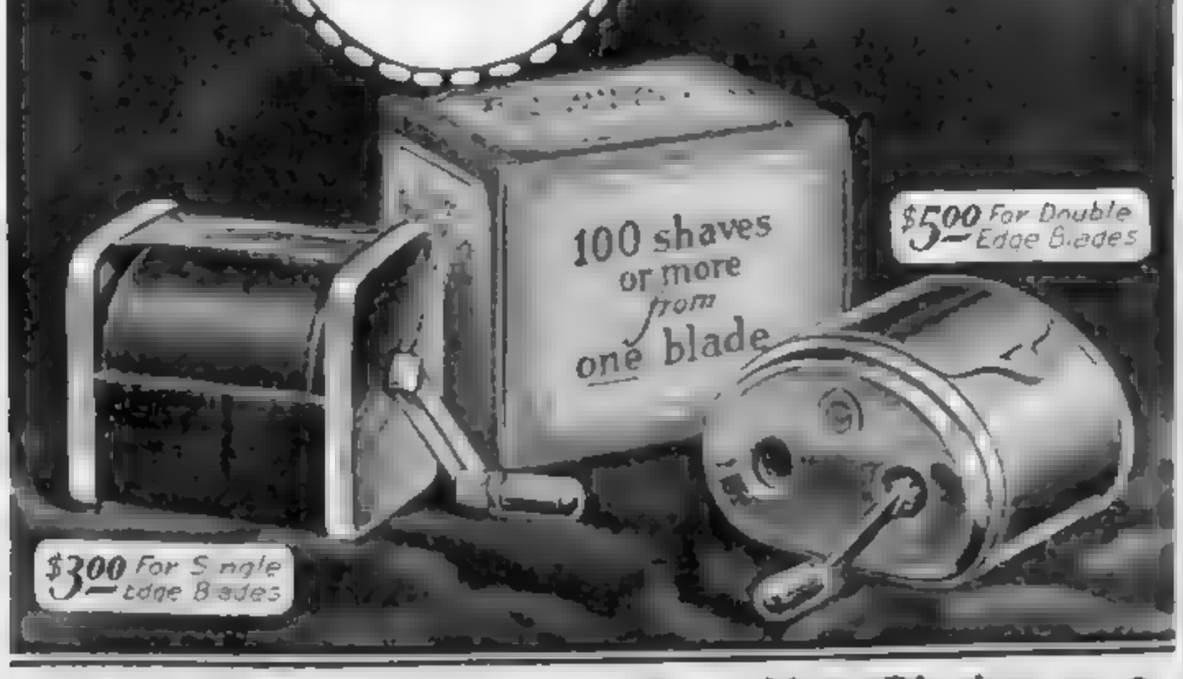


For Velvet Smooth Shaves Strop Your Blades on a
Twinplex Stropper

concerned, no matter how remotely. It cost him five thousand dollars before he sailed for home, but the sense of freedom with which he boarded the steamer was worth the money.

Having apprised Camilla by cable and then by letter of the satisfactory outcome of the business, he looked for an eager and joyous welcome home. Instead, he found her a picture of woe.

"What's the matter now?" he asked anxiously.

"It's Stella." Stella was the housemaid.

"What about her?"

When she had told him Andy exclaimed, "Gosh, I'd never have believed it possible! There's one girl I would have banked on anywhere. What does she say about it?"

"Oh, some cock-and-bull story about being engaged to this man and expecting to marry him right away, and then he got killed by a truck."

"Well, maybe it's true."

"Stuff and nonsense! That's what they all say."

"That's so, too," he conceded. "All the same, we can't leave the poor kid in the lurch. We'll have to stand by her."

Mrs. Johnson was so dumfounded that she could hardly find words.

"Stand by her?" she said at last. "What on earth are you talking about? That woman goes out of this house when her week is up."

Shocked beyond measure, Andy protested: "But, Tweetie, listen! We can't do that. I feel sure Stella's a good girl; but no matter whether she is or not, we can't turn her out like this at ——"

"She goes out of this house when her week is up or I do," Camilla shrilled, losing control at last. "Are you crazy, Andy? What would people think? They might say that you Oh, I have no patience with you!"

He could only stare at her. Was this Camilla—this woman with features contorted by anger and voice raised to furious fishwife pitch? Suddenly his anger boiled up, but he conquered it. He went out without a word, his face pallid.

Mrs. Johnson discharged Stella, as she had threatened. The idea had occurred to Andy that he might ease matters for the unfortunate girl by quietly slipping her some money, but a little reflection convinced him that the possible consequences to himself made it too risky. So Stella went forth to hunt another job and face her crisis alone.

About a month later, encountering Judge Maillot after lunch at the club, Andy dropped into a seat beside him.

"Well, what's on your mind, Andy?"

"Nothing."

"You haven't been looking yourself lately. Is it that boy?"

"No, Shucks, I've forgotten that kid."

They smoked a while in silence.

"Funny thing about women. I just can't figure 'em out, judge," remarked Johnson.

"Why try?"

"Oh, well ——"

"They aren't all alike, you know," ventured the judge, "although they're more of one pattern than men, no matter what a lot of people say."

"Well, what I can't get," said Andy, his brows puckered in a frown, "is how a person with lots of sentiment "

"Perhaps you mean sentimentalism," suggested the judge in a gentle voice.

"What's the difference?" Andy demanded.

The judge laughed and placed his hand affectionately on Johnson's knee.

"Do you know Mrs. Witherspoon?" he asked.

"Sure."

"Well, speaking of sentiment, there's a woman, Andy, who ——"

It was two hours later when Johnson separated from the old judge, and then it was to walk down to the Mexican quarter. He spent the rest of the afternoon there. At dinner he was curiously quiet. Now and again he shot a swift look at his wife.

"Well?" she queried. A certain constraint had risen between them of late and she was uneasy.

"Do you remember Stella?" he inquired lamely.

"Don't be silly of course!"

"Mrs. Witherspoon has given her a job and is going to keep her on."

Camilla heard this in silence, but her hands trembled as she tried to cut her steak.

"I suppose you mean by that "

"Wait! Don't get mad, dear. I don't mean anything. I'm just telling you."

"Well, what if she has?"

"She's been keeping up five Mexican families all through the winter—all during those hard times. Judge Maillot says he has never yet looked up a case of poverty without finding that Mrs. Witherspoon had beaten him to it with help."

Camilla put down her knife and fork. Something told her that she had lost her long, long struggle, but there still remained a weapon. She started to cry.

"Oh, of course! I knew you'd say that! Why don't you say it right out? If that nasty stuck-up thing — —"

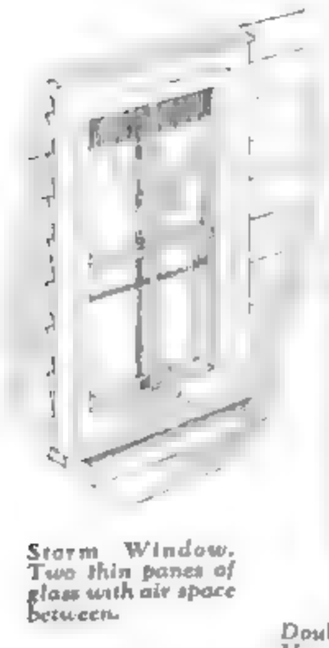
"Hush, Tweetie! I didn't mean to "

"You did too! If you didn't, what did you mean?"

"I only meant," replied the miserable Andy, "that if I were you I wouldn't knock her."

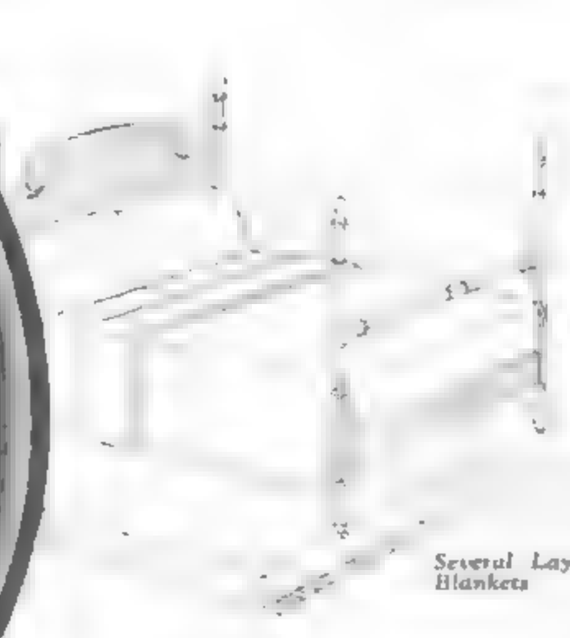
Moonlight on Puget Sound, Washington

Different from all others!



Storm Window. Two thin panes of glass with air space between.

Double Walls of a House.



Several Layers of Blankets

The storm window, the two walls of a house, and the several layers of blankets with air space between, all illustrate the same double wall *principle* used in Duofold for more effective warmth retention.

—a fabric in two thin separate layers

greater warmth and protection with light-weight comfort.

Two *thin* layers with air space between are more effective in keeping warmth *in* and cold *out*, than a single layer thicker than the two combined.

That's why Duofold can be made in comparatively *light weights* and still provide the extra *warmth* and *protection* so acceptable during winter's bitter cold.

The two layers also help to avoid the sudden chills, due to dampness in underwear. Duofold's inner layer which absorbs perspiration from the body, is always completely covered with a drier outer layer. Especially when you go from heated buildings into the outdoors, the sudden change of temperature cannot have the sharp, chilling effect on your skin, because the cold air can't come in immediate contact with the *damp* fabric.

Duofold is well-made, thoroughly satisfying in all its qualities—with the unequalled *additional* advantage of its light two-layer fabric.

Made in two fabric combinations—

1. Both layers of cotton.
2. For those who prefer the added protection of wool—the outer layer made with wool for warmth, the inner layer made of cotton for comfort. The wool can't touch the skin.

For a taste of genuine winter *comfort* plus greater protection to your health—*try* Duofold. Nothing else like it!

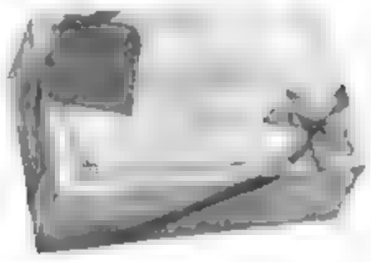
Sold at most good underwear departments and haberdasheries.

Send for free samples of fabric and names of local dealers.

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR COMPANY
Mohawk, New York

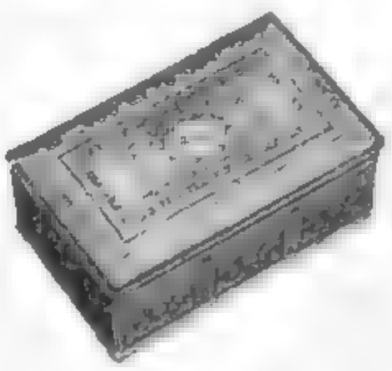
Duofold

Health Underwear for Men, Women, Children and Infants



THE TOKEN PACKAGE

A delicious assortment of bonbons and chocolates or all chocolates 1, 2, 3, and 5 lb. sizes $1.50 per lb



THE GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY PACKAGE

Assortment of the finest chocolates in colored metal box. In 1 and 2 lb. sizes. $1.75 per lb.

ASSORTED CHOCOLATES

All cream centers, assorted flavors. In ½ and 1 lb. sizes. $1.00 per lb

NUTS AND FRUIT CHOCOLATE COVERED

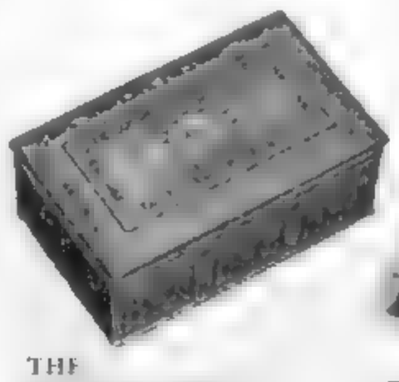
1 lb. box—$1.75

"FRESH EVERY HOUR"

Assorted hard candies in ½, 1 and 2 lb. sealed tins—80c per lb.

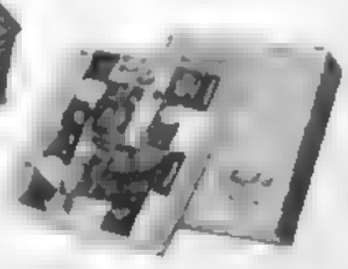
CHOCOLATE COVERED PEPPERMINTS

½ lb. box—50c



THE PERSIAN PACKAGE

Packed in this smart metal box you will find a delicious assortment of the finest chocolates and imported glacé fruits. A versatile assortment you will enjoy. In 1, 2 and 5 lb. sizes, $1.75 per lb.



THE TIDBIT PACKAGE

contains many Huyler's favorites—honey nougat, burnt almonds, cream peppy, assorted caramels, spiced strings, Jordan almonds, and assorted chocolates. In 1 and 2 lb. sizes, $1.25 per lb.

PINK WRAPPER SWEET CHOCOLATE

Equally good for eating, drinking or cooking. 10c, 15c and 40c cakes

ASSORTED NUT CHOCOLATES

Whole nut meats—walnut, pecan Brazil, filbert—chocolate covered. In 1 and 2 lb sizes—$1.75 per lb.

CREAM PEPPERMINTS

½ lb. box—40c

$1.00 per lb.

The BEVERLY PACKAGE

"America's Finest Dollar Box"

Which Is Your Favorite—

and how many of the others have you tried?

HOW many times you buy one of these Huyler's packages, or some member of the family brings one home, or it comes ceremoniously as a gift—but you are pleased, always.

At the left are shown the twelve favorite packages of the Huyler's public. *Look them over.* See which of these candies you remember tasting. Has habit kept you to one or two when you might have been enjoying all twelve?

With a pencil check the kinds you have tried. Double check your favorite and let us see the results. Write us a letter and tell us why your favorite *is* your favorite.

These are not idle questions. We realize we are asking a personal favor from you, but we really want to know what you like best and we believe many of our friends will take the time and trouble to tell us. If we *know*, we can be sure of producing new favorites for your satisfaction.

If you cannot secure any or all of these packages from a Huyler's store or dealer, we will send them to you direct. Just put a check or money order in your letter. On orders of $3.00 or more we pay shipping charges.

America's foremost fine candy

Huyler's

18th Street & Irving Place, New York City

Frank DeKlyn Huyler, *President* — Coulter D. Huyler, *Sec'y & Treas.* — David Huyler, *Vice-President*

THE LURE OF THE PARIS LABEL

(Continued from Page 23

about this, assuming that the bags would take a 30 per cent duty; but on account of being ornamented with beads and embroidery the duty is automatically raised to 75 per cent. Added to this are the transportation charges by rail and steamer, and the insurance. Altogether, the beaded bags he bought so blithely in Paris at a little more than a dollar apiece, American money, stand him fully three dollars apiece laid down in his home town.

He knows by now that big profits are out of the question, but there is still a chance for a fair margin. The owner of the leading department store in the home town is a personal friend and a member of the luncheon club, and to him the retired merchant goes with his proposition.

"I picked up a little lot of goods when I was in Paris," he says, "and if you're interested I can slip the stuff to you at way below the market price. It's a couple of thousand beaded bags that you can retail easy at six or seven dollars apiece. I'll let you have the bunch at four dollars apiece."

It is now that the retired merchant's opinion of himself suffers a disastrous slump.

"Good Lord, Henry," says his friend brutally, "I thought you were smart enough to keep out of things you don't know anything about. So near as I can judge there are just about ten thousand individuals in the United States who have lately discovered a new way to get rich, by buying stuff in countries where the money is debased and bringing it to the U. S. A., where the money is worth a hundred cents on the dollar. Every day I'm having job lots of European bargains offered me by amateur importers, and usually the bargains are about 30 per cent higher than the regular market price. I'll look at your plunder because it's yours; but if you expect me to buy it you'll have to forget the profit you expected to make, and figure instead on the loss you're willing to take."

The end of the story is that the retired merchant's trip to Europe cost him nearly double; and all because the display in the curio store window on Rue de Rivoli tempted him into tackling what is possibly the most complicated business in the world—that of buying merchandise in one country to sell in another country.

Paris seems to be the one city in the world able to maintain itself successfully as a tourist center and a market place. Every great department store in the world has some sort of Paris connection for buying, the larger ones having their own offices and resident buyers, and the lesser ones depending on commissionaires, such as I have described in the foregoing incident, who attend their clients' affairs on a percentage basis. Besides these there is a constant stream of amateurs who drop into the market, buy one time only, and manage usually to lose money for themselves as well as to make things harder for those who operate on a businesslike basis.

Mr. Podger in Paris

There are something like fifty commissionaires in Paris who represent American wholesale firms, mail-order houses and department stores. The commissionaire does not usually do actual buying for his principals. His function is to receive the heads of departments who are sent to Paris, take them around to the various factories, tell them where they can get most favorably the merchandise they want, and see that shipments are made according to contract. For these services his usual charge is 7 per cent on all purchases made.

This looks like quite a good price to pay for the services he gives, but as a matter of fact the firms which maintain their own Paris offices are usually under a greater expense than that; in some cases the expense of an exclusive Paris buying office will run as high as 15 per cent on all purchases made in a year, which is considerable of an item to add to the price of the goods when laid down on the counter for sale in New York, Indianapolis or Seattle.

A familiar figure around the commissionaire offices in Paris is the small-town merchant who likes to feel he is in the swim. Mr. Amos Podger, leading jeweler of Blanktown, Nebraska, was one of them. Three years ago Mr. Podger's physician told him that he ought to get away from the store a couple of months every year, and recommended a trip to Europe. Mr Podger visited Paris and liked the sensation so well that he invented an excuse to make the trip an annual affair.

Mr. Podger has a Paris office at the small cost of fifty dollars per annum, which is the price charged by the commissionaire to display Mr. Podger's name on a glass plate on the door. Whether the plate remains there the year around or is only tacked up for the period of Mr. Podger's annual visit is a question that need not be investigated. But in any case Mr. Podger gets his money's worth. On his business stationery and in his advertisements in the local newspaper back home he can announce truthfully that he has a Paris office, and prove it by a picture of the building. Besides that, what is a little expense compared with the pleasure of being able to mention to one's fellow townsmen that one is just preparing to run over to Paris to see how things are going in the European branch?

This season Mr. Podger was interested in buying imitation jewels for sale to his clients in Blanktown who cannot afford the real thing, but like to have it appear that they can. Accompanied by the commissionaire's young man interpreter he climbed the four flights to the factory of imitation jewelry in the Place des Victoires. Great excitement prevailed when the interpreter told the proprietor that he had brought a buyer from America to look at his line of samples. The proprietor explained that the line was not in. It was out. The sales person was at that moment showing the line to Paris dealers. But if the monsieur would only consent to wait a few minutes all would be arranged. These remarks being translated into English, Mr. Podger stated that he would wait. The proprietor hurriedly summoned half a dozen boys and girls from their workbenches and sent them scurrying out on a wild search for the sales person who had the line.

Putting On the Brakes

Directly one of them triumphantly returned with the sales person, who proved to be a lady. She was middle-aged and of very lusty build; she came swinging up the four flights of stairs with a forty-pound sample case in either hand and arrived in the office without a sign of fatigue. The monsieur wished to look at bracelets? Rings? Beautiful buckles of rhinestone and silver? *Voilà!* All are here in charming patterns and quite more cheap than in any other factory in all France!

This sudden and direct attack was almost too much for Mr. Podger. He wished to buy some jewelry, certainly; but he did not wish to buy it right off the bat, so to speak. He wanted to stay in Paris a whole month like a regular big-league buyer; and if he invested his entire thousand dollars the first day there would be no excuse for lingering the rest of the time. He took the rhinestone bracelet the lady sales person forced into his hand and regarded it gravely.

"That's a pretty nice piece of goods, all right," he said at last, "but I'm afraid I couldn't use it. You see, I sold a real diamond bracelet to a lady customer of mine last Christmas, and if she should see an imitation one in my stock she might be put out with me. A man like me who caters to the best trade in town has got to be pretty careful."

The speech was translated to the lady sales person.

"One can see that the monsieur is a skillful merchant," she said admiringly, "and the real diamond bracelet he sold last Christmas must have been *très* beautiful. But all the more reason for buying this imitation one! The wealthy lady herself might wish to make a gift to some friend, and what would be more *gentil* than a facsimile of her wonderful bracelet, only in rhinestones?"

So enthusiastic was the sales person over this solution of the question that she seized her order book and started to write down the item. Mr. Podger stopped her in time.

"No, ma'am, my mind is made up," he said; "and when I make up my mind it is final. The last time I was in Chicago one of the biggest jobbers in my line told me he believed a good share of my success came from my habit of making up my mind and sticking to it. I wish you could see my store. Solid mahogany fixtures and all plate-glass showcases."

Popularity *Plus!*

Yours-with this most winning of all musical Instruments

The Buescher Saxophone harmonizes perfectly with your piano. It puts the dash and swing of a full orchestra in your home. Never before such a wonderful versatile instrument as the Saxophone. It expresses every mood; it meets every demand. It sounds like stringed instruments, but is stronger and mellower, it sounds like brass instruments, but is softer and sweeter. It supports and blends with voices or other instruments, yet gives beautiful effects in solo. Every young man and woman should be able to play a

Free!

This beautiful book shows how easy it is to learn to play a Buescher. In it you will find the first lesson

BUESCHER *True Tone* SAXOPHONE

Surely you can play—Don't let anyone tell you that you can't. You don't need to be talented. You don't need to "know music." You don't need a teacher. You can "pick it up" yourself. A few minutes a day of fun and in a few weeks you, too, will be playing the popular airs. The ease with which it comes to you is charming. *6 DAYS' TRIAL-EASY PAYMENTS.* Try one of these sweet-toned Bueschers in your own home for six days without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy terms. Pay while you play

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
298 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

Easy to Play—Easy to Pay

Mail

Buescher Band Instrument Co., 298 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.
Gentlemen: I am interested in the instrument checked. Saxophone ... Cornet ... Trombone ... Trumpet ... Mention any other ...
Write plainly, Name, Address, Town and State in margin below

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

THE RUGBY
Style M-160
One of Many Styles

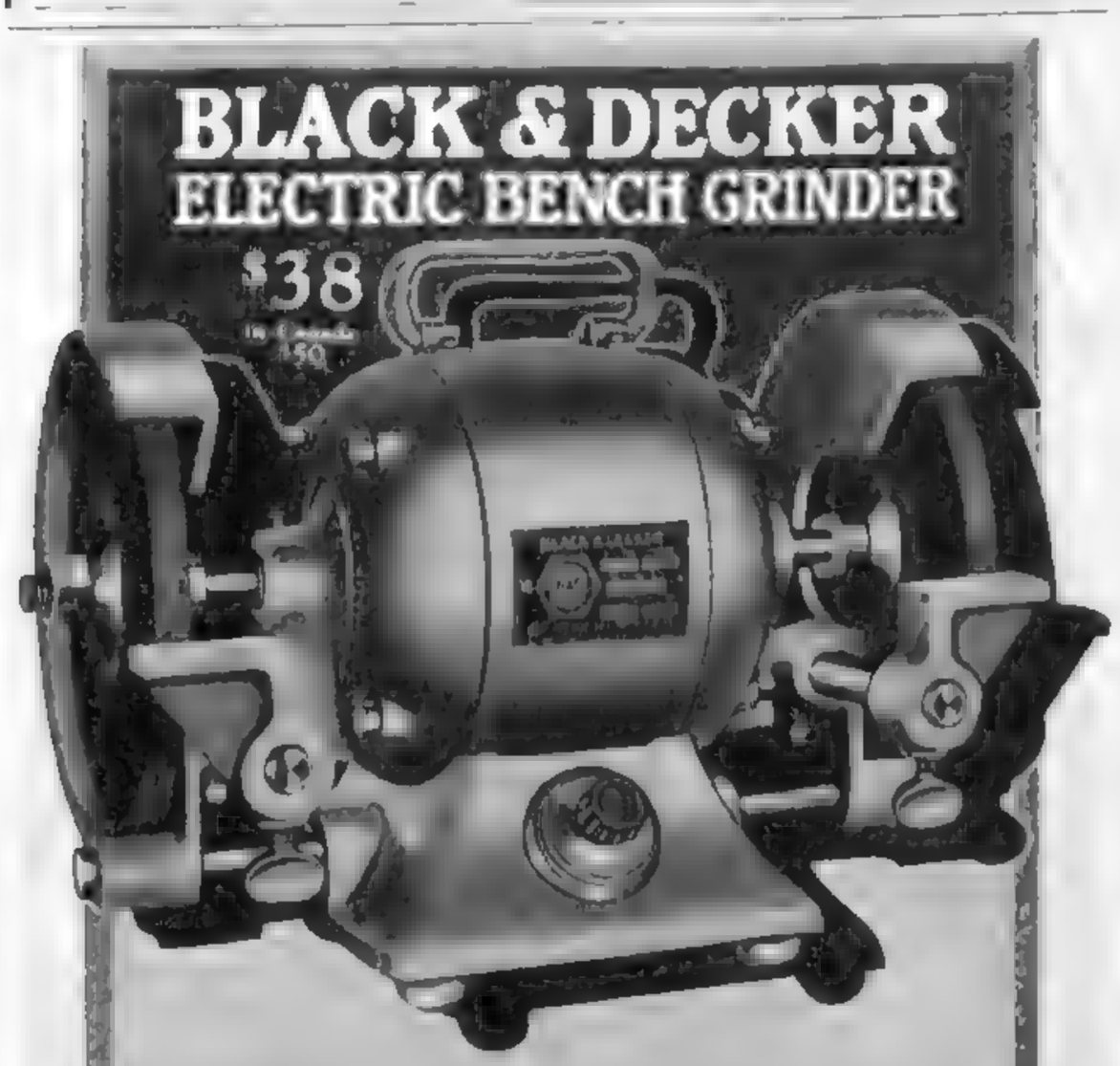
Wearing Florsheim Shoes is a pleasure that every man should enjoy—it means correct appearance—comfort—and economy thru long service.

Most Styles $10

Full Booklet "Styles of The Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers - CHICAGO

BLACK & DECKER
ELECTRIC BENCH GRINDER
$38



Complete with two Grinding Wheels, 6 inches in diameter by ½-inch face

Unusually powerful, but light in weight. Need not be fastened to bench as the rubber feet hold it from moving under grinding pressure. This feature together with carrying handle makes it easy to move from one place to another as required. Practically vibrationless a lead pencil can be balanced on the grinder while it is running. The smooth operation insures long life.

You can obtain Black & Decker Portable Electric Tools from the leading supply houses.

THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.
Towson, Md., U.S.A. Lyman Tube Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

BACKGROUND COPY. 1924

"The shop of the monsieur must be wonderful," responded the sales person through the interpreter, "and he can easily sell the beautiful merchandise from so fine a place. Now this line of rings I have here for the *petits* fingers of young American ladies, genuine imitation stones and only twelve francs each ——"

Mr. Podger was fast getting into hot water under the pressure of this deadly salesmanship. He seized the only straw in sight.

"Yes, your goods are all right," he said, backing toward the door, "but I'm a pretty keen buyer myself, as anyone traveling in my territory can tell you, and it's one of my principles not to buy anything till I have looked around, and maybe I'll come back again, but right now your prices look a little high, and so bong jour, madam, till I have time to make up my mind!"

This speech got him out of the office. Halfway down the four flights the sales person raced past him, carrying her two sample cases, hot on the trail of the Paris dealers she had been calling on when summoned by her principal to wait on the buyer from America.

Next day in the office of his commissionaire Mr. Podger was heard to remark that the French are a nice people all right, but not very businesslike

I have said the Paris commissionaire does not usually do actual buying for the firms he represents. He does not want to; it may lead to unpleasant complications. On one occasion a big Middle West department store decided to cut down expenses in one of its departments and instead of sending the department manager abroad, the Paris commissionaire was instructed to buy certain goods; explicit directions being given as to styles, colors and prices. The commissionaire carried out his instructions to the best of his ability, and in due time the goods were shipped to America.

The results were hardly satisfactory. Back came a letter from the firm criticizing the commissionaire's taste, judgment and sense of proper values. The writer said practically nothing in the shipment was up to standard. The prices were beyond reason. The firm might possibly be able to sell the goods sometime, but would doubtless suffer a severe loss on the transaction. From the tone of the letter the commissionaire had visions of losing the firm's account and it was a sufficiently important one for him to try to save it. He took boat for America the next week.

The Showing Up of Mr. Smith

Arriving at the big department store he found the head of the department out, but took occasion to spend a couple of hours talking with some of the other employes who knew of his connection with the firm. After getting the information he wanted he went upstairs to the office of the general manager. That gentleman was none too cordial, speaking in rather pointed words of the commissionaire's evident incapacity in carrying out a plain and detailed order.

"But how do you know I didn't follow orders?" said the commissionaire. "You haven't examined the goods, have you?"

"No, I haven't examined the goods personally," answered the general manager, "but Mr. Smith, the department head, has reported that he cannot dispose of any portion of the shipment except at a heavy loss on account of the poor selections."

This was the answer the commissionaire had been angling for

"I don't see how Mr. Smith or anyone else can tell whether the merchandise is salable or not," he said, "when it hasn't even been put on the counters for sale. Right this minute the boxes are lying unopened in the stock room, and that is where the stuff has been since its arrival, a month ago!"

Which was indeed true. Mr. Smith wanted his trip to Paris and was taking any means at his command to prove to the firm that no one could buy Paris goods profitably except himself. He is now with another house. Surely Paris deserves its well-known reputation for wickedness when people thousands of miles away will do unscrupulous things merely to get a chance to visit it.

Another department manager took different means to insure his yearly trip. It seems that the women's garments he had been buying in Paris cost more than the domestic product when the customs duty and other charges were figured in; and there was an increasing tendency among the store's customers to buy American-made goods. The average woman liked the idea of a Paris label, but she was not willing to pay several dollars per garment extra for the distinction. So marked had this tendency become that the firm began to consider the advisability of concentrating on American-made garments, merely buying a few imported garments each season from some wholesale importer in New York

If this were done it would, of course, cut the department manager out of his semi-annual European trip, and the idea was so insufferable that he resolved to fight to the last ditch. He went to the president of the firm with strong arguments to show that a grave mistake would be made in passing up the French market when all competitors were showing Paris models, and he added that he had certain plans in mind which he believed would work out profitably. The president asked what the plans might be, but he gave an evasive answer, only saying they were not altogether matured and could not be until he shopped around among the Paris manufacturers once more. The president is a man who believes in giving his subordinates full play, judging only by results at the end of the year; he told the department manager to go ahead with his plans and take his regular Paris trip.

Trickery Discovered

Before going abroad the latter spent some time in American manufacturing centers and bought quantities of garments modeled on foreign lines. Afterward in Paris he bought sparingly, telling the firm's commissionaire who accompanied him among the manufacturers that the prices were too high for the pocketbooks of his customers back home. He also made a trip of a few days into Southern France, the reason for which he did not divulge to the commissionaire other than saying it was for a certain business purpose.

A few weeks later, when the department manager had returned from his European trip, his purchases of American and French goods began to arrive. With the latter came an enormous box with nothing on the outside to indicate its contents other than a stenciled mark stating that the contents had been made in France. All his purchases were assembled in a private stock room where the department manager busied himself for several days, only stating to his assistants that he was preparing a big sale that would make competitors sit up and take notice, besides making good profits for the house.

All might have gone smoothly except that one day the president on a tour of the premises happened to look in this stock room at a moment that proved extremely awkward for the department manager. Paris garments and Hoboken garments were spread out on long tables ready to be price-tagged for the forthcoming sale. Two seamstresses were getting ready to go to work under the department manager's instructions. The mysterious box from France had been opened. In it were one hundred thousand labels bearing the names and trade-marks of various celebrated Paris manufacturers; and the two seamstresses had been engaged to sew these labels on the humble and inexpensive American-made garments.

Before being asked to resign the department manager was given a chance to explain his peculiar course of action. Smitten by remorse he confessed that the thought of losing his regular trips to Paris was more than he could stand. It was not, he said, that he had such an extra good time in Paris, because he attended rather strictly to business while there. Rather it was the pleasant feeling of importance he got out of being an international character; of astonishing casual acquaintances with his knowledge of big steamships; of having his subordinates look up to him as a man important enough to be sent abroad.

The mysterious box full of Paris labels was the result of his trip to Southern France, where he had found a craftsman operating a small shop who was either ignorant of French law or willing to take a chance on the production of counterfeit trade-marks. The department manager was asked why he went to the trouble of hunting up a Frenchman to make these labels when he could probably have found someone equally accommodating nearer home.

"That was the clever part of the scheme," replied the department manager with a

(Continued on Page 141)

Middle-aged - - - *about the waist line*

Long before they reach their forties many men develop the figure of physical middle age.

Actual statistics show that 80% of the men in a class recently examined at a leading university fell far below the normal standard of physical development.

A GREAT Swedish gymnast and trainer, after 25 years of experience, finally came to the conclusion that the special development of leg and arm muscles was unnecessary.

That the thing of primary importance was the development of the trunk muscles.

Leading physical directors and surgeons today say that not only is this true—*but that 90% of the exercise we take is actually useless for these vital muscles.*

They explain, furthermore, that when these muscles are continually drawn in and constricted at the waistline, they *tend to relax.* They weaken—as the muscles of your arm would weaken if held in a sling.

That is why they advise today, not only special exercises designed particularly for the strengthening and development of the trunk muscles, but the wearing of suspenders.

THE President Sliding-cord Suspender, by its special self-adjusting feature, adapts itself to every movement of the body. It permits that thorough physical freedom and ease which we know today is essential.

This explains why the President Sliding-cord Suspender not only gives unusual comfort, but assures a constantly even hang to the trousers. You will appreciate this with business as well as evening clothes.

Furthermore, the webbing comes fresh from our own looms. It not only possesses a large amount of elasticity, but it *keeps* its elasticity over a long period of time.

The President Suspender line today includes not only this self-adjusting President Suspender but, for men who prefer it, a straight "cross-back" style. Also extra heavy, wide-webbed suspenders for out-door work.

These suspenders all carry the President label and guarantee. The long-wearing quality of their webbing, made in our own mills, will appeal to men everywhere.

President Suspenders are made in a great variety of styles, both in cotton and in the silk finish. They vary in price from 50c to $1.50.

No matter what style of suspender you want, look for the President label! It means physical freedom, added comfort and longer wear.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER COMPANY
SHIRLEY, MASS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

President

Look for this label no matter what style of suspenders you want.

President Suspenders

THE PRESIDENT SLIDING-CORD SUSPENDER

The ideal suspender for physically active men. Notice the flexible, self-adjusting back which permits motion of any kind without tension either on the trousers or across your shoulders. 50c, 75c and $1.00.

THE "CROSS BACK" STYLE

President-made and carrying the famous President guarantee band. For men who prefer the straight "cross-back" type. It is built to give a high degree of elasticity and to keep this elasticity.

The President label means greater comfort and longer wear

For heavier work purposes, there is also a Police style, bearing the President label, with a long-wearing quality you'll appreciate.

The most comfortable clothes in history are the clothes men demand today. . . . Why not equal comfort in underclothes? *A good many million men would like to know!*

HERE IS UNDERWEAR

tailored for 1925—*not* 1844

Fitted on living models —and fashioned to keep that fit

THE comfort men insist on in clothes today—why don't they get it in underclothes?

Is it just because they're hidden that the old faults can persist—binding in one place, bagging in another, after a few weeks' wear?

We think the real answer is that *building a permanent fit into an elastic fabric* is no easy job. And yet—several million men agree with us that it has been done.

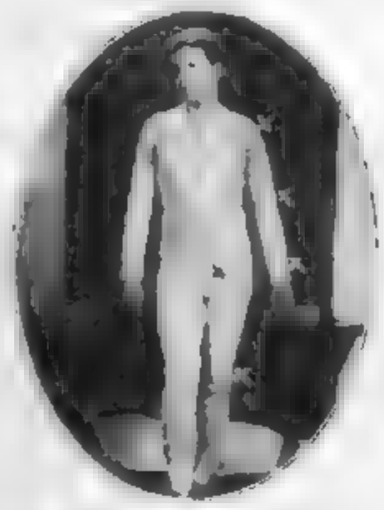
* * *

A Carter union suit is more than just a two-legged bag to keep warm in. It's a kindly, flexible, resilient second skin that fits every contour as though made to order, and keeps its gentle springiness like an elastic band.

Tailored on living models that's why Carter's fits when you take it out of the box. And the easy, springy Carter-knit fabric holds that fit through month after month of wear.

The details help: double-sewed buttons that are there to stay, roomy seat with a special flap that keeps its shape, specially designed cuffs at wrists and ankles, flat-budded seams that won't irritate the tenderest skin.

The result is a real triumph—underwear as up-to-date and thoroughly comfortable as a semi-soft collar, as perfect fitting as full-fashioned hose.

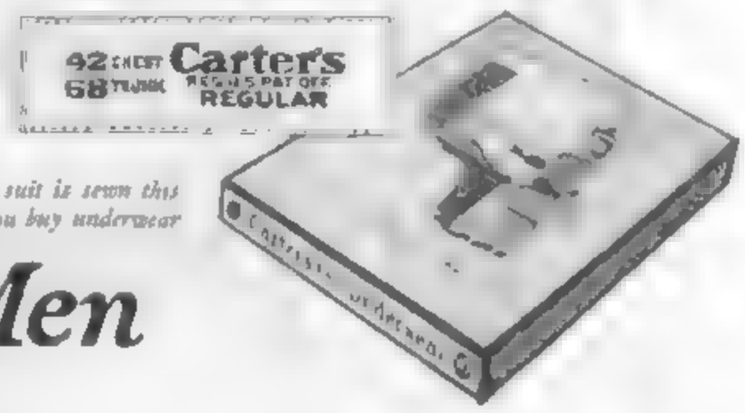


These are the places in ordinary underwear where sagging, bunching, slipover, etc., result from its failure to retain its original shape

Give it a chance to make *you* comfortable, too!

The finest materials that money can buy, tailored so expertly that the garment never pulls or binds, naturally give long life. That's why with Carter's—unlike cheaper suits—the first season is never the last.

The William Carter Company, 605 Highland Avenue, Needham Heights, Mass.



Into every genuine Carter suit is sewn this label. Look for it when you buy underwear

Carter's Union Suits *for Men*

REG US PAT OFF

(Continued from Page 138)

last flash of pride. "The labels all say Made in France. If anyone ever tried to get back at us we could say we advertised only the strict truth because the labels really were made in France. Where the garment was made is no one's business!"

Lest the foregoing should rouse distrust in the mind of the public, or excite a sense of cupidity in others, it should be explained that the Washington authorities have recently put out a ruling making it necessary under penalty that the label and the garment must be of the same declared nationality.

I have mentioned the hard-boiled attitude of the Paris commissionaires in refusing to place orders for foreign clients unless the money is in the bank and securely tied down. The commissionaire is in a peculiar situation. If, as sometimes happens, a foreign buyer comes into the French market, excitedly contracts for more than he needs and later decides to cancel part of his order, French law holds the commissionaire responsible. Let us assume, for instance, that Emil Robinson, of Saskatchewan, makes a trip to Paris and orders ten thousand dollars' worth of ladies' kimonos for his department store, said kimonos being promised for shipment in three months. Mr. Robinson has not brought that amount of money with him, but assures the commissionaire through whom he makes his purchase that he will send the balance over on his return to his home city. When Mr. Robinson gets home, however, he finds business has been so slack that it is going to be a hard matter to spare the money, and so he writes or cables to cancel half of his purchase.

This is precisely what the commissionaire cannot do, for in France when a contract is signed between buyer and seller both sides are held inexorably to the bargain. Mr. Robinson's ten thousand dollars' worth of kimonos is finished as per schedule and delivered to the commissionaire. On the tenth of the following month the bill is presented for payment by a messenger from the manufacturer's bank. It is useless for the commissionaire to protest that Mr. Robinson wants only half the number of kimonos and that he, the commissionaire, cannot pay the bill, for in such a case the messenger returns to the bank and the wheels of the law are set in motion. In three days the messenger returns again, this time accompanied by a government accountant who makes a demand for the commissionaire's books. If the books show that the commissionaire has not enough money on hand to pay for Mr. Robinson's kimonos, as well as for all orders he may have placed for other clients, his license is immediately revoked and he is out of business for all time.

Hard-Boiled Commissionaires

This may appear a high-handed proceeding to Americans and other nationals who are used to more easy-going ways; but like many other peculiarities of French business there is sound economy behind it. The theory is that any individual or firm giving orders to factories without adequate backing is a menace to the business community and as such should be debarred from further operations. Anyone who has ever had to do with export knows how virtually impossible it is to enforce a private contract across international boundary lines. We had the lesson pretty well driven home in the United States in 1921, when some hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of American-made goods rotted on the wharves of foreign seaports because the purchasers could not or would not receive them. In France the man on the ground is held responsible.

No wonder, then, that the Paris commissionaire sometimes seems hard-boiled to the foreign trader who wants to buy goods in France in the informal manner to which he is accustomed at home. During February of this year a buyer dropped into the office of an American commissionaire in Rue Montmartre and announced that he had brought twenty thousand dollars with him to invest in French goods, the money being in the form of a letter of credit to the Paris branch of an American bank. Naturally, the commissionaire was pleased at the prospect of a new client, and spent several days taking the gentleman around to different factories where he could inspect the kinds of goods in which he was interested. Finally the gentleman said he was ready to buy, and agreed to let the commissionaire handle his purchases.

"That's fine," said the commissionaire. "What time will it be convenient for you to go up to your bank and give instructions that your money can be withdrawn only with my consent?"

"If you mean by that," answered the buyer, "that I've got to tie up my own money so I can't take it out whenever I feel like it, I guess it won't be convenient to go at all."

"But that is the only basis on which I would care to handle your business," said the commissionaire, "and if you go around to the other offices you'll find it is the same way. I have to be responsible, you see, to these manufacturers from whom you are going to buy goods; I've got to protect myself against anything that may happen."

The buyer protested that it was an unbusinesslike proceeding, but as there seemed nothing else to do he finally agreed. His dollars were changed into francs and he was ready for business. During the next week he went around with one of the commissionaire's interpreters and placed orders practically up to the amount of his cash in bank.

Then of a sudden the franc took one of its upward turns, almost overnight going from a value of about four cents, American money, to nearly six cents. On a certain morning the buyer dashed into the commissionaire's office in great excitement.

"Look here," he said. "I've changed my plans. Instead of buying merchandise I'm going to take my profit on the francs and call it a job."

"But you've already ordered your merchandise," answered the commissionaire. "What about that?"

"Cancel the orders, of course," said the buyer lightly. "If you insist on your commission I'll pay it, but I'm not going to let a chance like this get away. You just call up those manufacturer fellows and tell them I've changed my mind!"

Introducing Miss Rudd

He was hurt, indignant and disappointed when the commissionaire explained with great firmness that this was the one thing in the world which could not be done.

It is the hard-working women buyers from the great American department stores who are probably the most satisfactory from the standpoint of the Paris commissionaires. I was on one occasion permitted to accompany Miss Rudd, of the Big Store of California, on her tour of the ladies' blouse and waist manufacturers. Miss Rudd has been with the Big Store for more than twenty years, working slowly up from cash girl to the head of the blouse and waist section. It was her first trip to the European market and for her a tremendous event. If she bought successfully she would be sent over every year; if not she would probably spend the rest of her life as a mere private in the ranks of the Big Store's employes.

Miss Rudd went at her work in a manner befitting so great a crisis. At the stroke of nine she was in the office of her firm's commissionaire in Rue Montmartre. She had been invited to the theater the night before by some people she had met on the boat coming over, but had declined. "You can't sit up half the night," said Miss Rudd sagely, "and be in the best shape next day to grab off the bargains."

Miss Rudd had expressed a desire to look at a real swell line of waists and blouses first so as to get an idea of the latest Paris creations, although she confessed that the Big Store's clients were mainly among people of moderate means, and accordingly the commissionaire's young man interpreter conducted her to a manufacturer of the premier class. The office was in a sixteenth-century mansion now given over to business purposes, which one entered through a great carved doorway, across an inner court and up a stairway of feudal proportions. The office itself was decorated in pale gray with divans of the same color, and mahogany tables on which to display the firm's creations.

"I'll tell the world," murmured Miss Rudd admiringly as she sank into one of the divans, "this joint sure is all class. Nothing but!"

Her emotions did not entirely possess her, however, for a moment later when a polite young French salesman appeared to inquire her wants she was all business.

"You can show me what you've got in the line of blouses," she said, "but I warn you before I start that I'm no fancy Fifth Avenue buyer. I can't sell a blouse for more than twenty dollars, retail. I've got to make a profit, too, remember."

THOUSANDS NEED THIS SHOE

Are you on your feet constantly?

• • •

Do they get terribly tired?

THIS remarkable Packard Compo Model has a scientifically shaped, built-in steel truss in the arch which supports the bones of the foot in exactly the right place, eases the strain on nerves and muscles and gives comfort almost beyond belief.

The leather is a silky textured kid—soft, pliant and elastic, yet as tough and long wearing as calfskin.

Matchless Packard shoe-making makes it a fine shoe.

Most Packards retail from $8 to $10; a few styles higher.

STYLE 585
Compo Model
Truss Arch Support

We'll be glad to give you the name of a Packard dealer.

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
Brockton, Mass.

Packard

SPRATT'S
DOG CAKES AND PUPPY BISCUITS

THE better you understand your dog, the more pleasure you derive from his companionship. A little time devoted to the study of his needs brings its reward in his increased health, devotion and faithfulness.

Feeding, the most important problem, is easily solved by standardizing on SPRATT'S Foods. They are a complete diet containing all the nourishing and body-building elements which dogs need—very economical and not mussy to feed.

Try SPRATT'S Ovals, the pocket dog biscuit for all sizes and breeds. Insist on genuine SPRATT'S, otherwise your dog will be disappointed. If your dealer cannot supply you, send for sample and enclose 2c for new book, No. 104, on the care and feeding of dogs.

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED
Newark, New Jersey
San Francisco St. Louis

Clear up the Voice of your Radio!

IF THE voice of your radio is to be clear, the vital contact between tube and socket must be perfect. The exclusive features of Na-Ald De Luxe Sockets insure perfect contact.

Instead of one point of contact, Na-Ald De Luxe Sockets have two with each tube terminal—both on ends and sides—making broad dependable duo-contact.

Tube does not have to be removed and sandpaper used to clean the duo-contacts—they are easily cleaned by rotating tube three or four times. Upper contact cuts into side of terminals, scraping off corrosion while the lower one wipes over bottom of prongs without danger of scraping filament wires bare.

Na-Ald Sockets are genuine Bakelite, Alden Processed, which insures highest insulating qualities and lowest loss.

You can obtain Na Ald Sockets at radio, electrical and hardware stores everywhere. Be sure you have Na-Ald Sockets in the set you build or buy

Send for free copy of radio booklet "What to Build."

ALDEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Also makers of the famous Na-Ald Dials
Springfield, Mass.

ALDEN PROCESSED
NA-ALD
SOCKETS AND DIALS

It's the Contact that Counts

Phantom view of Na-Ald Socket showing duo-contact

DON'T LET STOREKEEPER FOOL YOU

WHY BUY IMITATIONS MADE OF COTTON AND CHEAP WOOL

INSIST ON GETTING

TIM'S CAP

100% PURE WORSTED GUARANTEE WITH TIM'S LABEL IN EVERY CAP LOOK FOR IT

Mild Weather
Muffler Buttoned Around Cap

Cold & Stormy Weather
Muffler Buttoned Around Neck

For Boys, Children and Men

ON SALE AT LEADING STORES

TIM'S CAP CORPORATION, 50-52-54 WEST 17TH ST., NEW YORK

The young Frenchman, who spoke very good English, stepped to an adjoining room and called a couple of girls, who began bringing out armfuls of blouses which they spread out one at a time on the table for Miss Rudd's inspection. Another girl, very chic, hovered in the background; and whenever Miss Rudd showed more than passing interest in any garment this girl slipped it on and paraded about the room, vastly conscious of her charms. One particular blouse appealed to Miss Rudd's taste and she demanded the price, which the young salesman quoted at one hundred francs. Miss Rudd seized her pencil and pad and jotted down some figures.

"A franc is a nickel," she said. "That makes the blouse cost me five dollars. The duty will be 35 per cent. Add about another dollar for freight. Say it costs me eight dollars laid down in the Big Store. Gee, that ought to be a big seller. I guess I can use about two dozen."

The young salesman prepared to book the item. The chic girl approached in order that he might look at its number, when Miss Rudd emitted a loud cry.

"Hey, wait a minute," she said. "Isn't that a bit of lace inserted in the front of that blouse?"

"Certainly yes, madam," responded the young salesman enthusiastically. "Just a touch of lace to give it that so distinguished look!"

"It may give it a so distinguished look," said Miss Rudd severely, "but it also makes it cost me pretty near three dollars more. Plain blouses go through the customhouse at 35 per cent duty. Any bit of lace on them raises the duty to 90 per cent. We'll just forget this item."

"But, madam," protested the young salesman, "what is a few dollars more or less per garment in a rich country like America?"

"That's a good line of talk, young man," answered Miss Rudd with great energy, "but you haven't worked twenty-five years behind the counter, like I have. Just because I'm in Paris I'm not forgetting that most of the customers I sell to have to work just as hard for their money as I work for mine. Three dollars is a lot of money. Now let's see what blouses you've got without those 90 per cent doo-dads on them!"

In the end Miss Rudd left without buying anything, but setting a few numbers down in her notebook which she said she might come back later and order.

The Hectoring Type of Buyer

The next place was more in her line, being an establishment that manufactures popular-priced waists and blouses. To reach it one had to enter a narrow alley and climb three flights of stairs. The office was about ten feet square, with a kitchen table on which to display goods, a couple of wooden chairs for clients, and no chic young lady to show off the garments. The woman in charge was about Miss Rudd's own age, tall and angular and very businesslike. She could speak no English and Miss Rudd could speak no French; but it was evident from the first that they understood each other. Both were bent on getting on in the world, but looked for no other method than to do their work as well as they knew how and to make themselves profitable to their employers.

When two people understand each other it is usually easy to do business. Through the interpreter Miss Rudd asked the Frenchwoman for blouses in certain colors and at prices she could retail at five dollars each. "And tell her," added Miss Rudd bravely, "that this is my first trip to Paris and it means everything in the world to me if I can just make a success of my buying this first time."

The Frenchwoman went to work with surprising interest. Running into the back room she brought out a great armful of blouses which she piled on the table and went through the lot looking for those which Miss Rudd might retail in the Big Store at five dollars apiece. Prices were satisfactory, but unfortunately none of the blouses were of the colors Miss Rudd wanted. When this objection had been communicated through the interpreter the Frenchwoman ran again into the back room, where she could be seen talking to the foreman. Directly she came back bringing a large portfolio in which were pasted bits of cloth in all conceivable colors, and spoke rapidly to the interpreter.

"She says," the latter explained to Miss Rudd, "that she has obtained permission to do something a little out of the ordinary. If you will pick out the colors you think you can use, the factory will make up special sample blouses so you can see just how they will look. She will have them ready Saturday."

Miss Rudd picked out her colors and got ready to leave the office.

"I just knew," she said amiably to the Frenchwoman in parting, "that your politeness wasn't only from the teeth out!"

At lunch time Miss Rudd ate heartily, but declined the interpreter's invitation to share a demi-bottle of red wine. "It's not that I am a prohibitionist or anything like that," she remarked sagely, "but they say wine jazzes you up a little, and if you're going to make good in this business you've got to keep your feet strictly on the ground."

It was in one of the places we visited in the afternoon that we had a glimpse of another lady buyer whose methods were distinctly different from those of Miss Rudd. It was one of the big places, with several rooms for receiving clients, and through a doorway we could see this other lady buyer at work. She was at least twenty years younger than Miss Rudd, and also more forceful of manner. Two Frenchmen who spoke English were waiting on her, and one of them held up a ladies' sport suit.

"You mean to say," she demanded, "that you've got the nerve to ask seventy-five francs for that suit? I'll give you sixty-six."

"But, madam," said the Frenchman, "that would be quite impossible."

Tariff Considerations

"Impossible nothing," responded the lady energetically. "I've been in this game long enough to know what kind of profits you foreigners make. I'll give you sixty-eight francs, but not a cent more. At that price I'll order a hundred suits. What do you say, yes or no?"

To show that her offer was final she got up from her chair as if to leave on the moment. The two Frenchmen consulted together feverishly with many excited gestures and shrill cries of protest one to the other. At the end of their conference one of them bowed to the lady buyer.

"It shall be as the madam wishes," he said gravely. "Her order shall be executed for one hundred of the sport suits at sixty-eight francs each."

The door was closed and we heard no more, but the incident made an impression on Miss Rudd. "My goodness," she remarked unhappily, "I wish I just had the nerve to talk that way to these people. I'm scared to death I'm not getting the right prices."

In her ensuing interview with a salesman of the house she tried half-heartedly to beat down the figures on blouses, but without success, and she fell back on the only method she knew, which was to examine the materials minutely and to take care that she selected nothing that would be beyond the pocketbooks of her clients in the Big Store back home. Constantly she consulted a paper that she held in her hand, on which she had written: "Customs duties on blouses, plain or hemstitched, 35 per cent. Same garments with embroidery, 75 per cent. Same garments with lace or feathers, 90 per cent."

"All I've got to say is," she remarked once, "that the guy who invented these customs duties didn't care how much grief he was fixing up for us poor buyers."

At the finish of her day's work Miss Rudd had bought a sizable amount of merchandise for the Big Store and had steered carefully away from fancy refinements.

"The firm has always been pretty good to me," she remarked to the interpreter, "and I'd hate to think I wasn't making good on this trip."

The interpreter assured her that he believed her selections would prove satisfactory.

"But gee whiz," said Miss Rudd, "you saw how that girl this afternoon beat those Frenchmen on their sport suits from seventy-five francs to sixty-eight. I didn't pull off anything special like that!"

The interpreter's reply was backed by an experience of many years in foreign business circles.

"I know you didn't pull off anything special," he said. "But neither did she. She ordered one hundred sport suits at sixty-eight francs. And that is precisely what she will get. Sixty-eight-franc suits!"

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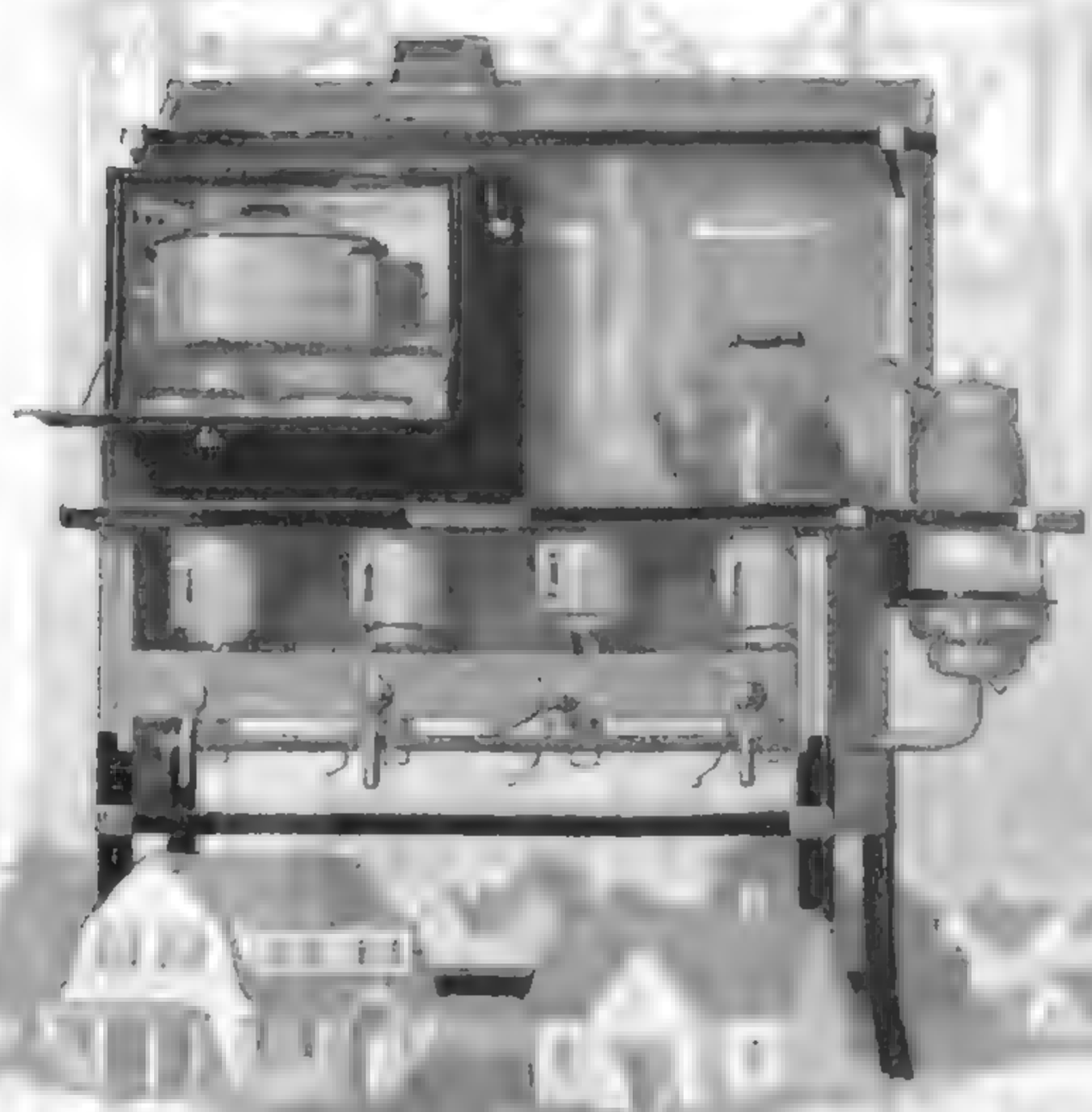

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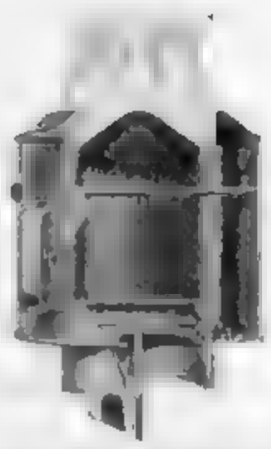

The ROCKWEAVE BURNER is a scientific marvel. Using kerosene, mixed with air, it makes its own gas which gives a clear blue direct contact flame. The Rockweave Wick is non-burnable, needs no trimming and, with an occasional cleaning—a simple operation—lasts a long, long time.

NESCO
OIL COOK STOVE
with the blue gas contact flame

LA FOLLETTE'S PINK TEA

(Continued from Page 17)

the leadership in a national political campaign to wrest the American Government from the predatory interests which now control it, and to restore it to the people."

The significant feature of that opening statement lies in the unqualified assertion by Senator La Follette that the American Government is now controlled by predatory interests. That is the keystone of this new third-party doctrine. What these predatory interests are, and whether they do actually control the Government, we shall inquire into later, subjecting that sweeping statement to the acid test of fact. "Control" is a big word. He does not say that these predatory interests attempt to control the Government or that they put up a stiff fight to control; he confidently and positively asserts that they do control it—that they have swallowed the Government, bait, hook and sinker. A little farther on he reiterates and amplifies the same doctrine:

"They"—the people—"know that their Government at Washington is now, and has been for a quarter of a century, in the hands of small but powerful groups, acting together and controlling it in their own interests."

These predatory interests [*sic*], these small, powerful groups act together; they play one another's game like a well-coached football team; and acting together, they control the Government at Washington and have so controlled it for the last quarter of a century. Thus the candidate of the third party. These assertions are worthy the most careful scrutiny and examination, for they form the basic foundation upon which rests the entire superstructure of the La Follette policy. The predatory interests produce what he calls the system, and this system is in control; the Washington Government is nothing more or less than a servile tool in their hands.

And now to see how these assertions square with the facts. To begin with, what is this monster called a predatory interest? Are all interests predatory? What is meant by these combines, monopolies, trusts, and the like, which Mr. La Follette lumps under the head of "special privilege"? Are there any good combines? Or are all combinations and poolings of business interests bad, predatory—that is, living by preying on others—vicious and subversive of good government?

Restraint of the Trusts

By way of answer, let us survey briefly that sector of our economic history which brought these modern industrial monsters into life. In the latter half of the nineteenth century, with the development of railroads, coal and steel, the telephone and the telegraph, East and West were brought together. Business men, owners of small independent plants, began to consolidate, to pool their interests; they began to form combinations, trusts. They discovered that by so doing they could produce in greater quantity, with a higher grade of efficiency and at a lower cost. That, in a nutshell, is what a business combine means. The forces of coal and steam and steel brought about those combinations; they were the inevitable results of the time. Now some of these combinations were good and some of them were bad. Some of them were based on the soundest economic principles, such as the reduction of waste, introduction of uniform processes and the use of scientific methods. These were the good trusts. When, however, they strove to wipe out their competitors, restrain trade and balloon prices, they were bad—predatory.

In 1890 the Sherman Antitrust Act was passed to deal with these predatory combines. As that act, however, comes outside the last quarter of the century designated by the third-party candidate as a period of complete government corruption under the control of special privilege, I shall not dwell upon it, except to say that the Sherman Antitrust Act is still in active operation today, despite the trusts and combines. But let us skip to the period covered by the twenty-five years during which the predatory interests are alleged to have been in control of the Government at Washington, acting together, for their own wicked ends.

In 1914, with the Government in the hands of these interests, controlling it for their ends, President Wilson indorsed the plan of the Federal Trade Commission and the Clayton Act was passed. Doubtless some nefarious scheme on the part of these predatory combines in control of Mr. Wilson and his administration to grab still more! But such an assumption is wrong. It was the express business of the Federal Trade Commission to sift out the good business combinations from the bad, and to suppress abuses, discriminations and restraints of trade.

This Federal Trade Commission, appointed by the President and the Senate, is in active operation today. And corporation lawyers from all parts of the land are constantly journeying to Washington on behalf of their clients to ask the commission whether such-and-such a business combine would be construed as against the Sherman Antitrust Act or as in restraint of trade. The official who heads the commission has the approval of the third-party candidate himself, who pledged the commissioner his hearty support should the latter run for Vice President at the last Democratic Convention.

And yet this Federal Trade Commission, whose avowed object is to clip the wings of the trusts, was established in 1914, by a Government which the third-party candidate declares was in the hands of predatory interests which, acting together, controlled it for their own base ends!

Alone on the Burning Deck

What zanies and morons these "controllers" were! If they were, indeed, the big toads in the puddle, why didn't they order their servile agents in Washington to repeal the Sherman Antitrust Act, repeal the Clayton Act, abolish the Federal Trade Commission and all other regulatory measures in restraint of trade, and to pass laws which would permit them to swell up as big as they pleased? Instead of this, they let the Government put the reverse control on them. Why? The inference is clear. They submitted to regulations, to restrictions, because they couldn't help themselves; because they were not in control. The balance of power was on the other side. The Government at Washington was not controlled; on the contrary, it controlled.

What, then, is one to believe? That there has been only one honest man, one defender of the faith, in Washington for the last quarter of a century? The solitude of the boy who stood on the burning deck whence all but him had fled is nothing to the high and lonely isolation of this last one of Nature's noblemen in politics who has stood for twenty-five years ringed around by a solid phalanx of "servile agents," the controlled minions of predatory groups, acting together for their own purposes—if one can swallow such a fairy tale.

But actual facts reveal that there now are and have been in the past plenty of government officials who in point of honesty, intelligence and patriotic devotion to their country, in war as well as in peace, compare very favorably with the third-party candidate—but they do not herd in the same political outfit. In short, when Senator La Follette makes the assertion that "the Government at Washington is now, and has been for a quarter of a century, in the hands of small but powerful groups, acting together and controlling it in their own interests," he is again using words loosely and negligently and without due regard for the truth. His statements do not square with the facts.

We might cite other cases which controvert his assertion. There is, for example, prohibition, which was fought tooth and nail by all the "predatory" liquor interests throughout the length and breadth of the land—and nevertheless prohibition passed.

"The heart of representative government lies in the Congress," said La Follette in one of his speeches before the Senate. "If it is corrupted, corruption enters all the life currents in the body of this Government." Was Congress, "the heart of representative government," in the control of powerful interests, acting together for their own ends upon that occasion? Common sense rejects such a fantastic conclusion. But Senator La Follette is a pronounced wet, and it is possible that he would not consider the powerful liquor combines which fought prohibition "predatory interests."

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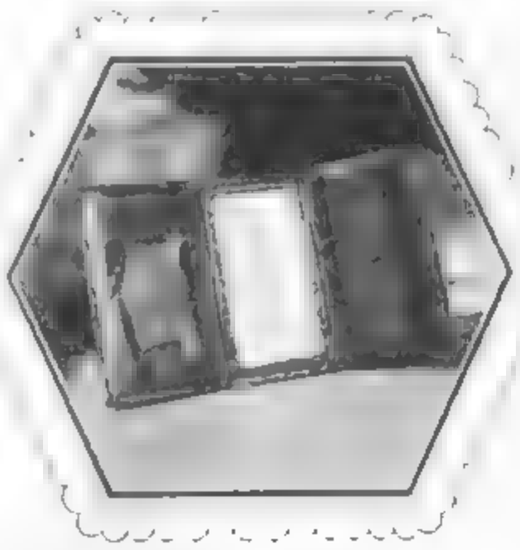

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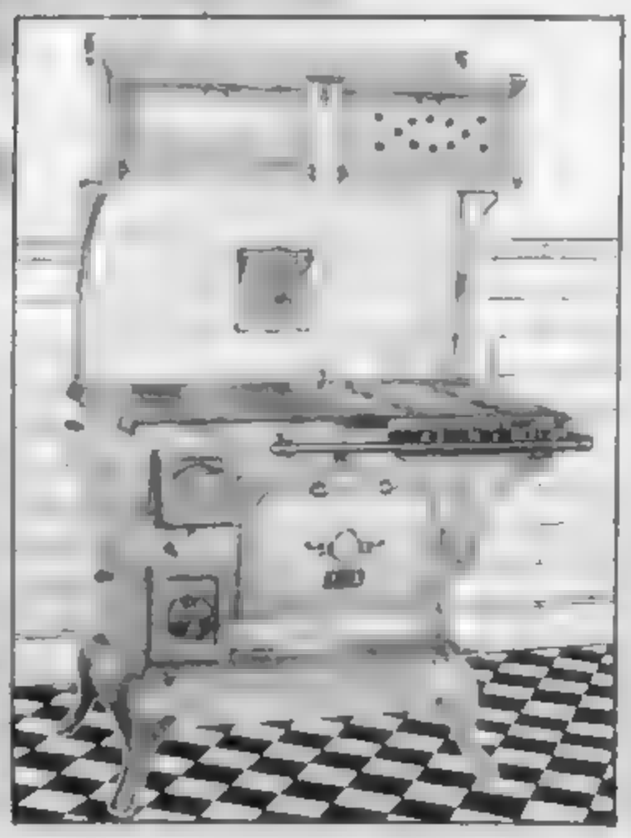

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manufacturing interests—and still it was passed; passed by a government presumably in the hands of a few big predatory outfits which control it for themselves. And there was the Mellon Tax Bill, alleged to be the Multimillionaire Boys' Delight—defeated also! What were those servile agents of Mammon, the controlled Government at Washington, doing down there? Why didn't they play ball? And the Bonus Bill—passed! Truly, these "interests" which for twenty-five years have held the Government of Washington in their hands *sic*] are not much good on their controlling job. If they cannot hang up any higher records than that in this business of controlling where their own vital interests are concerned, they cannot be the big-league pennant snatchers the third party advertises them to be; they had better retire to the tall timbers and learn the first elements of their game.

So much for the basic proposition of the third-party candidate that this Government for the last twenty-five years has been controlled by predatory interests acting together. The only trouble with that assertion is that the interests don't act together and they don't, in fact, control. It is another one of those vague and glittering generalities, thin, watery soap bubbles of theory which explode under the pin prick of fact. And yet it is this very weak and wabbly substructure which the third-party candidate uses as a foundation upon which to rear his entire superstructure and policy. Reiterating this, he says in his official statement:

"To break the combined power of the private monopoly system over the political and economic life of the American people is the one paramount issue of 1924."

Reducing this rather vague generalization to concrete terms, the sentence stands:

"To break the Republican and the Democratic parties, both of which are controlled by vicious predatory interests, acting together for their own purposes, and to substitute therefor the Progressive—La Follette—Party, is the paramount issue of the 1924 campaign."

Indubitably, there is a paramount issue here involved, but which side the voter takes depends upon the nature of the constructive policies which the third party offers in its new Declaration of Independence as a substitute for the present scheme. Those policies we shall now analyze.

The Constitution Attacked

In his recent hour-and-a-half speech at Madison Square Garden, New York, Senator La Follette declared that the Progressive Party differed from the two old parties in two important respects; the first was a political difference, and the second was an economic difference. Let us examine the political difference first. It consists of two proposed amendments to the Constitution. The first amendment reads:

"We favor submitting to the people, for their considerate judgment, a constitutional amendment providing that Congress may by enacting a statute make it effective over a judicial veto.

"We favor such amendment to the Constitution as may be necessary to provide for the election of all Federal judges, without party designation, for fixed terms not exceeding ten years, by direct vote of the people."

The second amendment reads:

"We favor such amendments to the Federal Constitution as may be necessary to provide for the direct nomination and election of the President, to extend the initiative and referendum to the Federal Government, and to insure a popular referendum for or against war except in cases of actual invasion."

The full significance of these proposals does not emerge directly from the text, but their inner meaning is ably illuminated by the United States Solicitor General, James M. Beck. Commenting upon the first amendment, he says:

"Please observe that this is a double-barreled shot at the Constitution. It seeks to destroy the independence of the Federal judiciary by making them depend upon recurrent elections; and it further destroys the Supreme Court as the lighthouse of the Constitution, and gives to Congress the full power to pass any law it desires to pass, whether it be consistent or inconsistent with the grant of power made to them by the Constitution. If this were adopted the states would exist only by sufferance of Congress. In a speech before the American Federation of Labor, delivered on June 14, 1922, Senator La Follette thus explained the program which he made the chief plank in the platform of his so-called party. He said:

"'I would amend the Constitution so that it would provide: That no inferior Federal judge shall set aside a law of Congress on the ground that it is unconstitutional; that if the Supreme Court assumes to decide any law of Congress unconstitutional, or, by interpretation, undertakes to assert a public policy at variance with the statutory declaration of Congress—which alone under our system is authorized to determine the public policies of government—the Congress may, by reënacting the law, nullify the action of the court.'"

Continuing his explanation, Mr. Beck says:

"Not merely would he thus destroy the organ of our country which has given to our form of government its greatest strength—I mean the Supreme Court—but it would effectually destroy the power of Congress and the Executive under a representative form of government; for he has repeatedly advocated the proposition of the initiative, the referendum and the recall."

The Method of Destruction

"Senator La Follette affects to believe that in a nation of over 100,000,000 of people, scattered over a territory as vast as ours and with an electorate as heterogeneous as ours, it would be practical, whenever a portion of the people so desired, to dispense with Congress by having the people themselves enact a law, and that the Executive should be displaced by a recall whenever, in a moment of caprice or passion, the people were temporarily dissatisfied. Experience has shown that in such referendums only a minority vote. It would therefore substitute the rule of the minority for that of the majority. The stability of our Government, which is the admiration of the world, would be effectually destroyed.

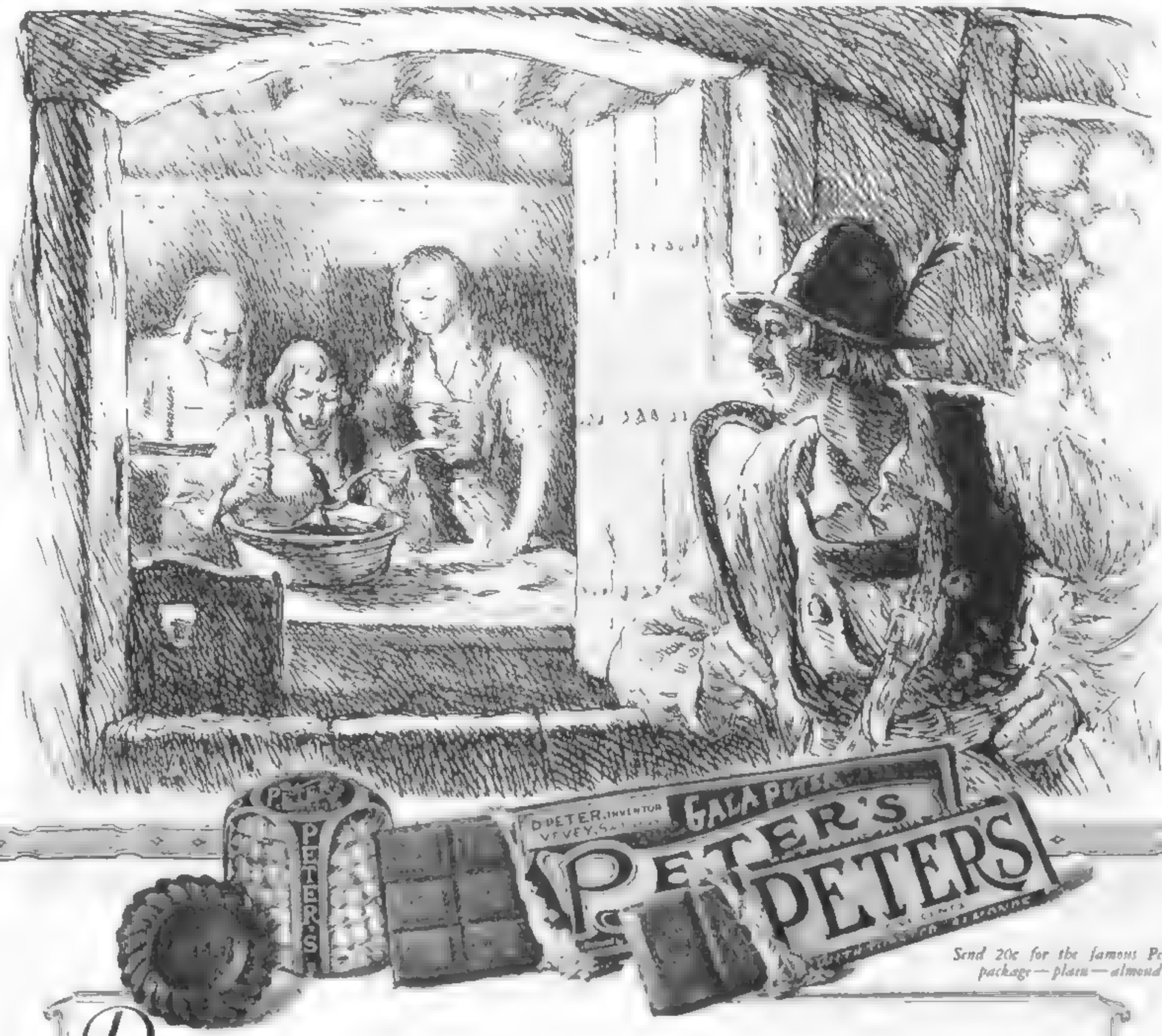
"This, in effect, is a challenge to our whole system, and it is difficult to understand why the Progressive Party did not indorse the platform of the Workers' Party, led by William Z. Foster, and of the Socialist Party, which not only advocates this method of destruction of the Government but boldly proclaims the ultimate purpose of this revolutionary program.

"The fundamental principles of the Constitution are not many and are easily understood by anyone who will give the time to considering them. The first is representative government. The Fathers did not believe in any form of a direct democracy. History had taught them that mobocracies are as short in their lives as they are violent in their deaths.

"The second great principle of the Constitution was home rule. The people of this country, having suffered from the consequences of distant rule and of absent masters, did not intend, in creating a central government for certain clearly specified national purposes, to subject themselves to the mandate of an all-centralizing Federal Government. In a country as vast as ours, ranging from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean and from the Lakes to the Gulf, with states, sections and communities differing somewhat in interests, ideals, conventions and habits, the uncontrolled power of a central government would become intolerable. Even under the present restricted grant of power to the Federal Government, the control of the people from Washington too often creates profound and at times just dissatisfaction."

It is significant to note in connection with the third-party proposal to elect the President by a direct vote of the people, with the accompanying referendum and recall, that our federated labor unions, even the most radically disposed, which believe in the overthrow of capitalism and the ownership of all industry by the workers, do not elect their high executives by a direct popular vote of their members, but by the representative method. Why do even these radical organizations put this check on direct or popular will? Because they have found, by painful experience, that representative government, with its checks on shifting popular emotions and popular desires, is more safe, more solid and permanent, and permits to a much greater degree the continuity of action necessary to success, than does a government which is constantly subject to dissolution by every

(Continued on Page 149)



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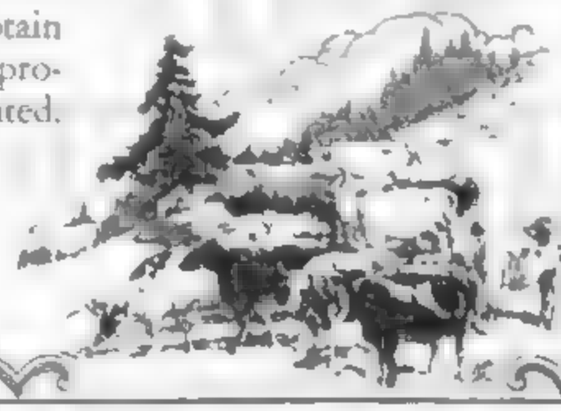

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(Continued from Page 146)

shifting wave of popular opinion. The labor unions that tried out this theory discovered they couldn't get their work done under popular or direct rule; their leaders were jerked in and out of office in the midst of some important enterprise; there was no permanency, no continuity of action; and eventually the labor unions gave it up. It was another one of those theories which wouldn't work; it blew up under the acid test.

And yet for the Government of the United States, admittedly more complicated than that of a labor union, with a far greater need for continuity of purpose, if the country is to be kept stable and prosperous in its intense industrial life, there is proposed by the third-party advocates this direct-action policy of plump 'em in and plump 'em out which failed signally when applied to labor unions and was superseded by the present representative scheme. Thus, on the political side, the changes urged by the Progressive candidate tend directly to break down the present representative system of government inaugurated by our forefathers, and to substitute for it a system of direct government by popular or mass will—which system has been a failure, both in efficiency and in permanency, wherever it has been tried.

We now come to the second, or economic, feature of the third-party program which differs radically from the policies of the two old parties. This is likewise socialistic in nature. It is the principle of government ownership and control of railroads and of all public utilities. In a speech before the Senate Senator La Follette said positively:

"I am for government ownership of railroads and every other public utility—every one."

This means that not only the railroads but gas, coal, electricity, telephones, the telegraph, street cars and scores of other independent industries, now successfully operated by private initiative, would come under government control, with the result that there would be clamped down on this country's back a stupendous bureaucracy, operated from a central source.

These socialistic doctrines, political and economic, form the pièce de résistance in the menu offered by the third party to the public. And that is what this new Declaration of Independence amounts to! But in point of fact, these propositions are not new. They have been offered in various guises every four years by the Socialist Party, and every four years they have been repudiated by an overwhelming majority of the voters, who have refused to take this bogy of bloated predatory interests as anything else than a joke.

A Soft Refusal

Yes, our economic régime is based on capitalism and individual initiative; that's why it is still a going concern. And it is noteworthy to observe that certain of those Old World nations which have tried out those doctrines of government ownership and direct control by the people have crashed with reverberations that have rocked the two hemispheres, and are now begging the loan of our capitalistic dollars, whose trade-mark is E Pluribus Unum, to pull them off the rocks.

Outside of these outworn Old World creeds, born of misery, oppression, class strife and hate, the third-party candidate has no program to offer. He is a critic, but not a creator. He can destroy, but he cannot construct.

One reason why it is impossible for the third party to get together on a sound constructive program is because it is composed of diverse, warring elements, all fighting among themselves like Kilkenny cats. There are, for example, the communists, whom La Follette repudiates. But they do not repudiate him. They are for him, strong. "They thrice did offer him the kingly crown, and he did thrice refuse"—but very, very softly. He could afford to refuse, for he knew he had their votes anyhow.

The communists are for him because he is playing their game. His policies represent the thin entering of the wedge, by means of which they intend eventually to split wide open this whole present form of representative government. In addition, there are the socialists, whose avowed candidate he is. And behind these two frankly radical groups stands what Roosevelt called the lunatic fringe, composed of all the esoteric reds, parlor pinks, discontented bellyachers, crackpots, Greenwich Village philosophers and hot-air artists of various hues, who have jumped aboard the carryall of this prophet of the new era with joyous ballyhoos.

In odd contrast to this group of fanatics and political morons, yammering and grinding their teeth, is another group, composed of honest elements, discontented with present conditions and ready to support almost anything simply as a protest. Among these latter are some farmers. But these farmers believe in competition, which another group, the socialists, would suppress. And finally, huddled by themselves under the Progressive banner and holding their garments carefully away from their wild, frowzy-haired communistic brethren, is a group of honest, sincere men and women, former Republicans and Democrats, with liberal leanings, who have rebelled against the reactionary bosses in the old parties.

This is the protest vote. Just how big it is nobody knows. Some of these were the original Progressives, followers of Roosevelt. But this latter group does not believe in communism, nor socialism, nor government ownership of public utilities, nor the displacement of our present system of representative government by direct popular control—all of which are the frank goals of the radical groups. And there exist still other warring elements.

The Discomforts of Straddling

The third-party candidate is a wet, yet he hopes to lure under his pennant all the women who fought for prohibition. He is an irreconcilable isolationist, yet he asks all the women who believe in the League of Nations or some form of world coöperation to vote his ticket—and some of them are going to. He was a stubborn obstructionist during the entire course of the World War, yet he asks the World War veterans and their mothers to believe he is fighting their cause

These mutually hostile groups the third-party candidate does not attempt to unite on any common remedial program; he cannot unite them, for they are all heading in different directions; and the open avowal of a remedy which would suit one group would inevitably alienate the other hostile groups, which would forthwith take to their heels. He must therefore content himself with panning the present System—spelled with a sinister capital S—and with the utterance of vague generalizations which each group can translate to please itself. Thus he holds his adherents together, not by the bold enunciation of big common issues, but by their own prejudices, hates and fears.

It was for this reason that Senator La Follette, in his speech at Madison Square Garden, New York, enunciated no definite constructive program for the cure of our present problems. He could not afford to do so. He contented himself with making a violent assault on the old parties; he set up a straw figure, a bogy, a chimera of his own obsessed imagination which he named the System; that bogy he attacked with all the ammunition he had in his arsenals after which he sat down. And that is the characteristic of the third-party campaign speakers; they pan the old parties—and then they sit down.

Now panning the old parties is all very well as a preliminary; it is part of the established technic of procedure during a campaign, a kind of warming-up exercise, the opening number on the program, so to speak. But the star portion of the program consists in getting across to the audience the constructive policies by means of which the orator believes the country can be saved. The first part comes under the head of old business; the second, or constructive, part under the head of new business.

But there is no new business in these third-party love feasts; when their campaign leaders have finished berating the present régime, their bolt is shot; they're through; they quit; they sit down. And they do it because their candidate is straddling so many mutually antagonistic forces that he dare not mention a constructive remedy for fear of being unhorsed.

How can he enunciate a program which will please at one and the same time the socialists and the strong antisocialists among his adherents, the wets and the drys, the pacifist boys and the World War veterans? To do so would be to split his variegated crew asunder, divide it into warring factions. The only method by which he can maintain even a semblance of unity is to keep his mouth shut altogether on the

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matter of a definite constructive program, soft-pedal his theories on government ownership and concentrate his heavy artillery on the two parties. But to a thoughtful voter, seeking a way out of our present difficulties, all this provides very windy nourishment.

During a speech at a recent third-party mass meeting, a World War veteran arose and said, "I don't like Senator La Follette's war record as an obstructionist. How do you defend that?"

The speaker side-stepped the real issue by replying, in ringing tones, "Well, I'm proud of Senator La Follette's war record and I prefer it to that of Forbes."

The speciousness of this logic is comparable to that of the boy who, with his small brother, was arraigned before the bar of justice of his mother.

"Johnny," she began on the first culprit, "why did you tell me that lie?"

"Well, I didn't," defended Johnny; "and anyhow, Bill is a bigger liar than I am!"

It is not within the scope of this article to discuss in detail the shortcomings of the two old parties—that has been attempted in previous articles—but only to analyze the major propositions of the third-party program; to point out that it is top-heavy on the negative, critical, destructive side, and that on its creative, constructive side it is a very feeble rushlight indeed.

But in behalf of the present parties, with all their failures, follies and faults, there is this much to be said: Under the present form of representative—not direct—government by the two-party method, and under the fundamentally sound economic principle of business conducted by private initiative regulated by law, this country has jogged along with a considerable degree of comfort, stability and prosperity for the better part of a century.

Party organizations, at bottom, are simply instruments in the hands of the voting citizens to get their beliefs into action. And a nation, only 49 per cent of which votes at a national election and exhibits less active interest in their legislators than in a dog fight across the street, cannot expect that government to be 100 per cent honest or effective. The only marvel is that, with 50 per cent of our men and women too indifferent to vote, we manage to get along as well as we do.

What All the Women Know

But even with this grave handicap, we have survived a bitter and bloody Civil War; we have participated with credit in a great World War; we recovered speedily from a financial depression while European governments were still flat on their backs, and today we are the creditor nation of the world; we have no bread lines; our laborers receive the highest wages ever paid upon this earth; they are able to save, as scores of immigrant banks in our foreign quarters amply testify; they are better clothed, better educated, better fed, better amused than the laborers of any other country in the world.

And the fact that we have accomplished all this by means of a two-party system, operated by less than half the voting electorate, argues that there must be some intrinsic soundness, some integrity and practical merit in the system itself. A tree is known by its fruits; and this tree, putting forth such fair fruits in the sight of all nations, cannot be so completely rotten at its core as its enemies in the third party would have us believe.

It is, beyond cavil, true that both the old party organizations are infected by spots of corruption; and a third or a fourth or a fortieth party would likewise be infected if neglected by the voters. For it is not by any blanket formula or quack nostrums of government ownership, nor yet by tearing down the old gods and setting up strange untried new ones, that a self-governing people can be saved.

This truth the women have already learned. In their four years' experience in city and state affairs, they have discovered that there are crooks in the Republican Party and crooks in the Democratic Party; and their common sense tells them that there would be crooks in a third or a fourth party.

They have also learned that the only way to clean up corruption is to start in at the bottom, get hold of the voters, make a house-to-house canvass and rouse each individual to a sense of his obligations. They know that it is a continuous warfare, first to put in good men and then to hold them in—and the hardest job of all, the most disillusioning and heartbreaking is to educate the voters themselves. But it is the only way. Party corruption, government corruption, cannot be cured by the gospel of socialism or any other gospel save that of education, eternal vigilance and hard, plugging work. And the truth is not in anybody who promises to cure present problems by a blanket formula or by socialistic quack nostrums advertised as a remedy for all human ills. Permanent cures are not effected that way.

How do all these theories, programs and policies touch the women? The truth is, they touch the women more deeply than they touch the men. For in the end, it is always the women who pay. In wars, labor strikes or business depression, it is the women who get the short end of the stick; they are the buffers, the shock absorbers. No matter how black the financial sky, how flat the purse, the women must carry on. By hook or crook they must dish up three square meals a day, cheer the men, stave off the creditors, run the household, and feed and clothe and discipline the children.

It has been said with some truth that woman is a natural conservative. But if she conserves, it is because she has to in order to maintain any footing at all with man, the natural hell-raiser.

In government, women desire peace, not a devouring sword. They want stability, solidity; the substance, not the shadow; permanence, not chaos; construction, not destruction. In a word, they want—safety. Not for themselves; for the race.

Pete, the Porcupine

Luckily, this conserving, guarding, protecting instinct is stronger than any individual woman or class or species; it runs like the bright crimson thread of life itself through all the evolutionary planes, from the bottom up to the top.

A woman in Montana, keeper of a small summer hotel in the mountains, owned two pet porcupines. She called them Mary and Pete. In due course of time Mrs. Pete presented her husband with twins. One morning, not long afterward, the mistress, from her back doorstep, observed that there was a domestic battle royal being waged by her pets in the adjoining field. She took her field glasses, crept up and trained them on the pair.

Pete, it appeared, was engaged in a mad endeavor to slaughter his offspring by a series of slashing frontal attacks, which Mrs. Pete gallantly repelled, holding her infants first on one side, then on the other, the while she dug frantically a hole in which to hide them from their father's brutal blood lust.

Both were good fighters. Pete took the offensive. Watching his chance, he would dash in and try to grab an offspring, but Mrs. Pete was too quick for him. She would yank the child behind her back and then lay down a barrage of porcupine quills, landing them expertly around Pete's eyes, where they would do the most harm. She was, in fact, definitely trying to blind him. Under this barrage, Pete would retire to the supporting lines, spitting rage and porcupine quills; but presently he would rally, dash out again and attack on the other side. So the battle raged.

The woman watched until she marked that Mrs. Pete had the better of the argument and stood in no need of assistance from her sister on a higher plane; then she put the glasses away. Later, Pete wandered in, in a state of complete moral debacle.

He was a ludicrous spectacle. Mrs. Pete had planted her shafts well. She had stuck his face so full of quills that he could scarce see out of his eyes.

"Well, Pete," said his mistress sympathetically, "did you get licked?"

Slowly Pete turned on her his swollen visage, his bloody, baleful eye, and his expression said plainer than words, "I'll tell the cockeyed world I did!"

The trouble was that Pete's remedy was worse than the disease. He had a problem; certain of his inalienable rights were being infringed upon. But he did not rationalize his trouble; he sought direct action, violence, destruction; in short, he used porcupine brains.

It is safe to predict in the November election that any party, program or policy based on similar destructive ideas will meet a like fate at the hands of the women. They will shoot it full of quills.

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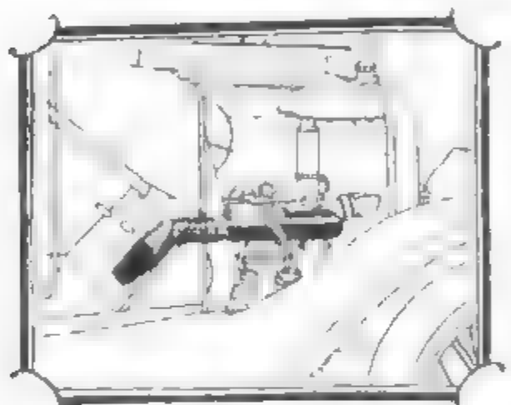

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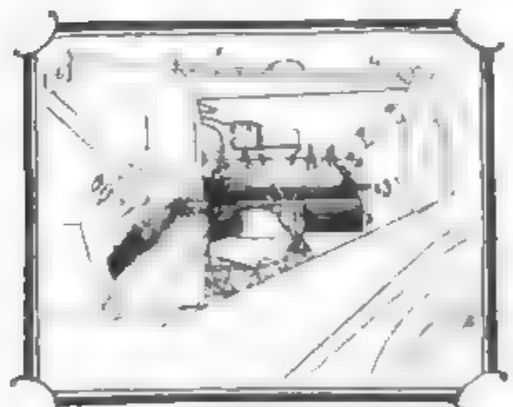

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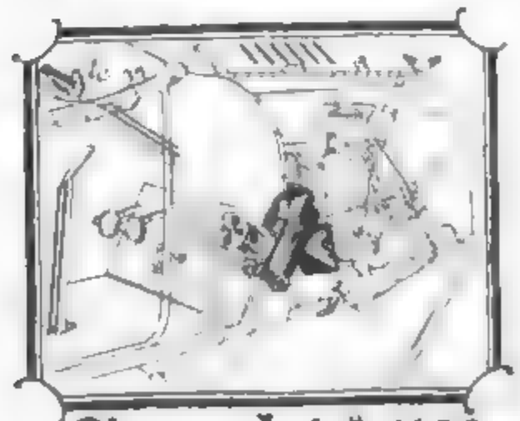

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THE NEW ALIGNMENT

(Continued from Page 9)

La Follette is an old man now, verging on seventy, and he has spent his life in championing certain ideas that have become an obsession with him; but he has never allowed those ideas to intrude in any way when it came to keeping his own fences up or preserving his own political status. When politics has been required La Follette has been a politician. And his work in this campaign, his procedure, and his politics show that. Always an intense individualist, he has enforced his individuality by skillful application of political methods. And he is more of an individualist now than ever.

He is a skillful and an experienced person. Witness his discreet platform, which goes only so far in its radicalisms—far enough to hold all but the extremists and not so far as to offend the timid souls. Witness his early and vigorous denunciation of the reds and the communists. He was too cagy to stand for the extremists, because he knew that such a stand would imperil his vote getting with the great bulk of the people of this country and make him vulnerable to direct and devastating attack. Witness also his careful holding back of his real motives. Like the practical person he is, he has said nothing about the formation of a third party as yet. He has insisted he is running on a third ticket. His plan is to wait and see how he comes out in this enterprise, and then, if the voting response is sufficient, to go about his party plans. Coolidge has nothing on him when it comes to caution.

A Canny Crusader

The reason there is such a wide conjecture over what La Follette's strength in this country is is because nobody knows what La Follette's strength is—La Follette least of all. He has made some tentative attempts at the presidential nomination within the Republican Party without any results that flattered him. Mostly, he has stuck to his native state of Wisconsin, and has had universal strength there, but always as a Republican—nominally, at least. When he started on this adventure, even after he had the nomination, he did not go out himself to make the test; not the cautious La Follette. He sent out his running mate, Senator Wheeler, to go over the ground as a sort of an advance agent, to determine and sound out the sentiment. After Wheeler had made his testing rounds and the results seemed at least promising to La Follette, he announced a grand tour for himself. Until Wheeler had made that round La Follette contented himself with two speeches, one on Labor Day over the radio, and one in New York, and both were mild as mother's milk. Doubtless he will warm up during the last days of the campaign, but only as far as his political judgment dictates. A canny crusader, and never for a moment with his mind off Robert Marion La Follette.

All over this country, in sections that seem amenable to such manipulation, the Democrats are helping the La Follette ticket. They are helping him shove his petitions, select his candidates, furnishing him candidates, indeed, and in numerous devious political ways are putting water on the La Follette wheel. So far there has been no protest from La Follette—not a word. Despite his numerous denunciations of the old parties, he is entirely willing to accept this sort of aid from the oldest of the parties. There can be no political criticism of that, and is none. Politics is politics; but this widespread notion that La Follette is superior to politics, and is wholly concerned with idealisms, seems a bit incongruous in view of these circumstances.

Davis had a slow start. The circumstances of his nomination delayed him considerably, and his record as an Eastern lawyer with many corporation affiliations did not help him any. Moreover, he was not known in the West and had no Western appeal. He had hard work remaking an organization out of the shreds and patches left of the Democratic organization that was overwhelmed in the 1920 campaign. He found his party practically issueless, save as to the Washington investigation revelations, and the Democrats were not wholly unscathed by those. He made a trip across the country, or partly across, and was received with great respect. He is a good speaker and a man of striking and appealing personality. But he got nowhere in particular. He registered only with the regulars.

Davis had, and probably has, no delusions over his part in this campaign. He knew at the beginning, and should know at the end, that his was the off chance of election. Possibly even so level-headed a lawyer as Davis has been susceptible to the hypnosis of a presidential campaign. It generally gets them. Very few men running for President preserve their equilibrium. They all see visions and dream dreams until the stark realities of election day awaken them. However, as the campaign progressed, Davis, sensing the fact that his conservatism got him nothing because the conservatism of the country was largely centered on President Coolidge, began to liberalize himself. I don't know how far he will go before he finishes, but the chances are that he will go quite some distance. He shows signs, as this is written, of getting off on the liberty tack, and that might land him anywhere.

Conditions in New York

Politicians sometimes force those chances on their candidates. For example, there is the case of Governor Al Smith, of New York, who did not want to run for governor again. The politicians made him run. The pressure on Smith to act as a salvager of some of the wreck was too strong for him to resist, and possibly the promise that in his own state he will get so many votes that the ghastly mistake—as some Democrats look at it—of not nominating him in the New York convention will be apparent to all. That vote giving and getting will be an easy matter. The so-called Republican organization in New York City and the Democratic organization are practically interchangeable. Neither is representative. Neither is more than a political machine for the uses of those who manage it. It will be no trick at all to get Smith a million

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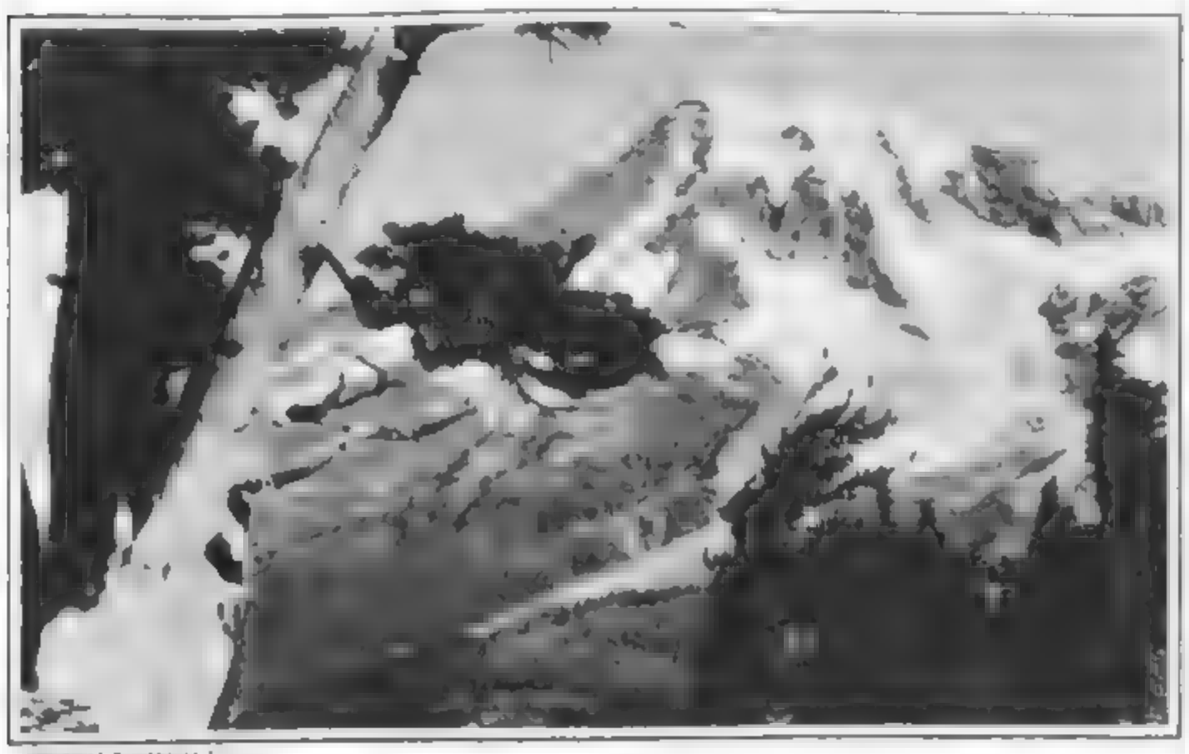

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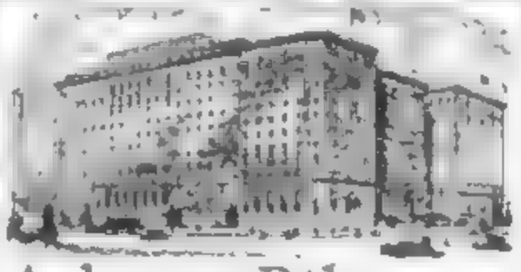

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more votes than Davis in New York, but what will that profit Davis? And why should the people have either respect for or confidence in the party organizations that operate in that fashion?

As it stands as this is written, Coolidge is the known quantity, La Follette is the unknown quantity and Davis is third in consequence. The political situation is unprecedented in this country. There are surface indications that La Follette has a large support among the voters in various sections. It is reasonably certain that he will carry Wisconsin, with thirteen electoral votes, and North Dakota, with five. He has possibilities in many other states—Minnesota, Montana, Washington, Iowa and elsewhere. Davis will get the South and has his chances in the border states. Coolidge is in a position to get the East and enough of the West to give him his electoral majority.

The entire situation revolves around La Follette. As I have said, nobody knows his strength, not even himself. If he successfully capitalizes the discontent, the radicalisms, the protest element, he will come out of the election in a commanding position and with enough votes at least to throw the election into Congress. If his capitalization of these elements is successful, if it is not merely noise and blather and can be translated into votes on election day, Wednesday, November fifth, will see an America that will be facing a new situation, and with a dark-brown taste in its aggregate mouth that will persist for a long time.

If, on the other hand, there is not so much substance as there is froth to the La Follette sentiment, then we shall have witnessed another political experiment that will be a marker for the greater adventure in politics that is surely on the way. Regardless of what happens on election day, eventually the logical political alignment will come. Eventually the people of this country will separate themselves into two schools, or parties, of political and economic thought. Eventually we shall have a radical party and a conservative party.

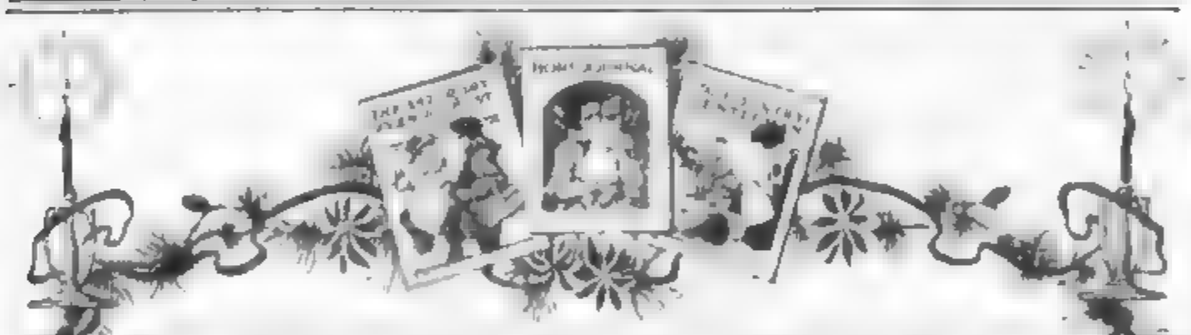
The radical party will comprise the now widely scattered radical elements that are operating in various guises, and will attract the numerous citizenry who are continually seeking for a change. The conservative party will be, at its best, a liberal party that will perpetuate politically the forward-looking, sane conservatism that has made this country what it is. There will be no place for a Tory or die-hard party, albeit there will be some Tories and die-hards left to accommodate themselves to the new situation.

The political conditions in this country are not at all representative of the political thought of the country. We have a Republican Party that is part liberal and part conservative, and we have a Democratic Party that depends for its main support on the South, and operates elsewhere with radical or conservative opportunism as the exigencies may seem to require.

This political realignment is dictated by the present party conditions and demanded by the logic of the situation. The normal, essential, reasonable political requirement of the United States is an opportunity for the people living in them to vote for men and measures that shall represent the real economic, governmental, social and political thought of the country.

Every man and woman of us is, at heart, either a conservative or a radical, and every man and woman should have a chance to vote in accordance with that underlying conviction instead of being tied down to a preference between the nominees of the two old parties; or a party that, if it comes, will be founded upon the obsessions, fanaticisms and fads of Robert Marion La Follette.

Sooner or later the thing is inevitable. We shall be voting for men this time. That's something, anyhow, especially as the choice isn't particularly difficult if the best interests of the country are held in mind.



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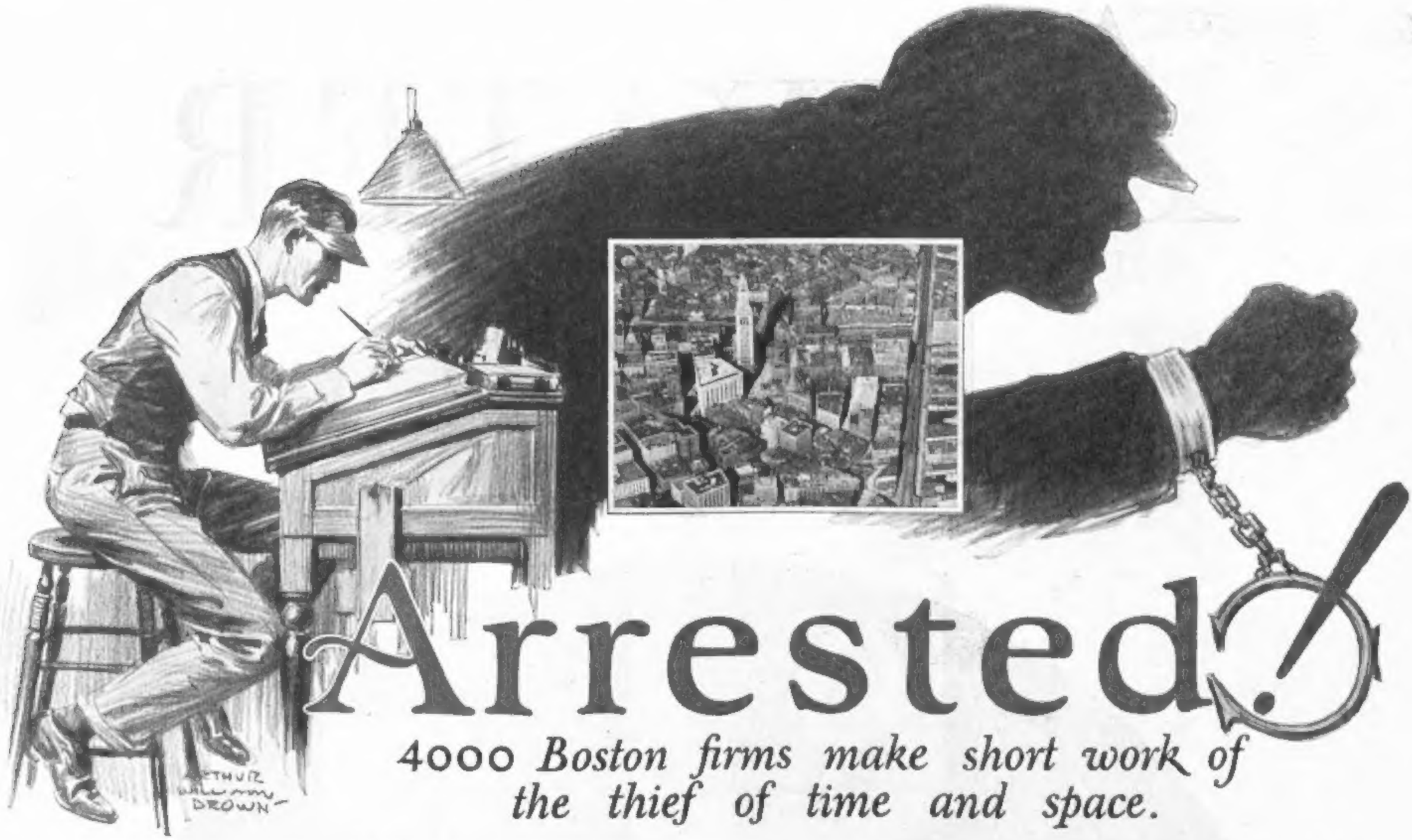

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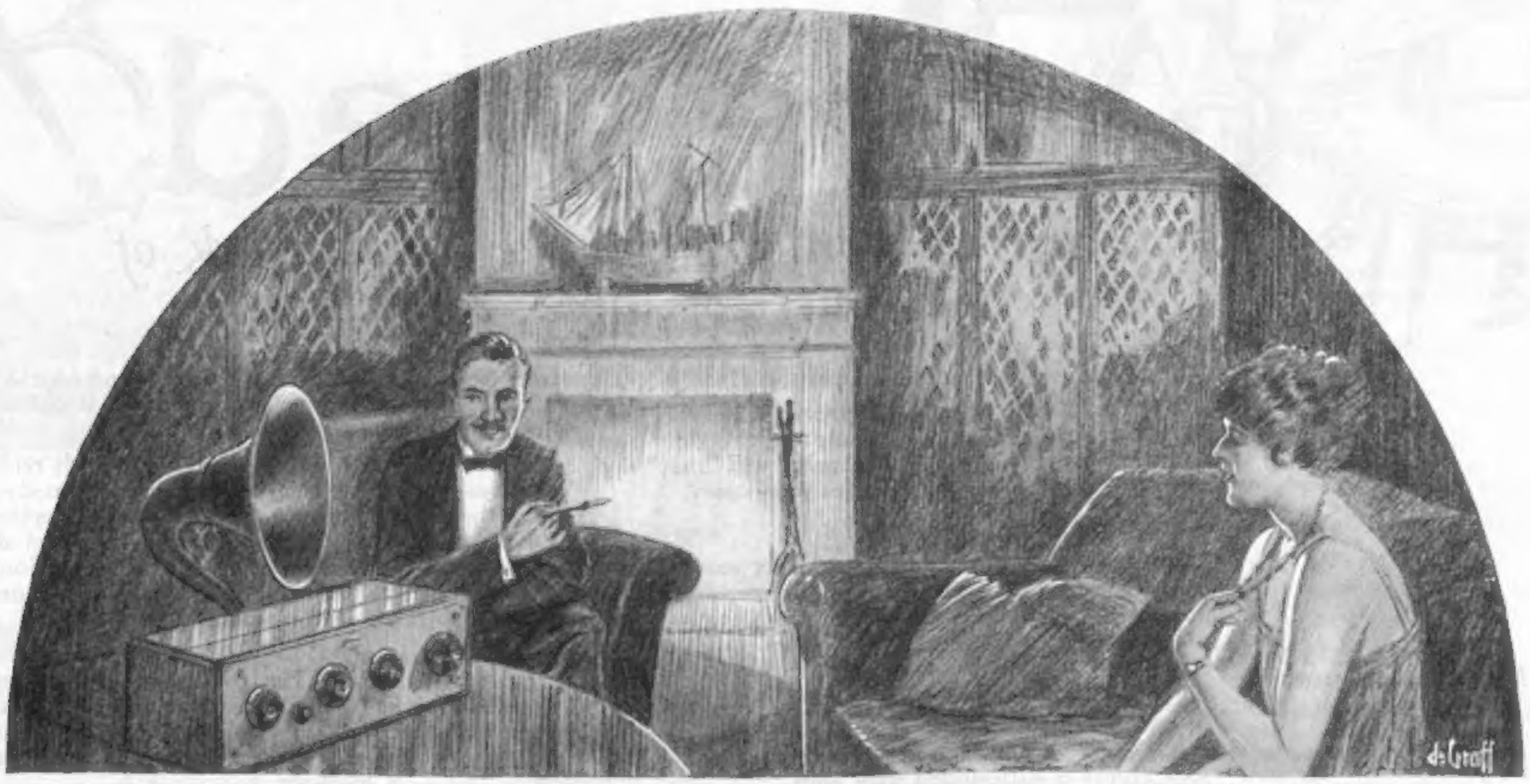

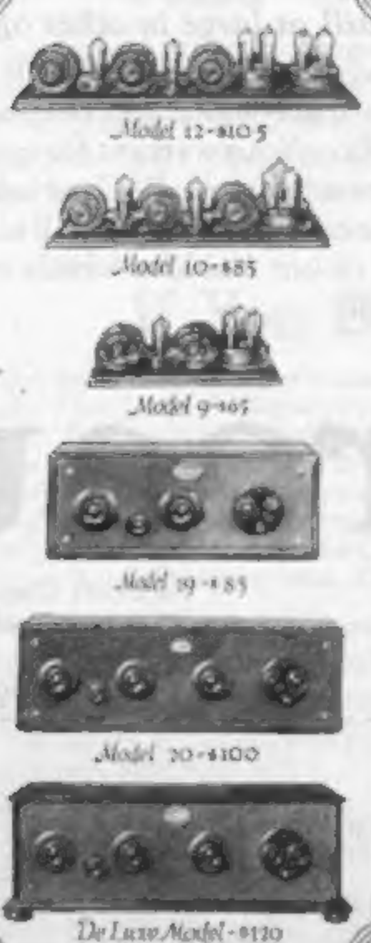

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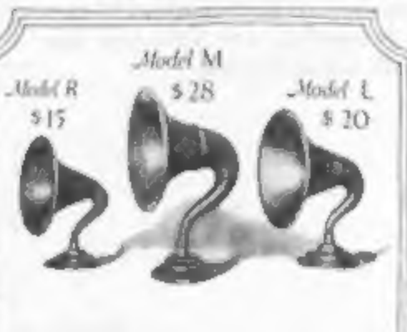

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